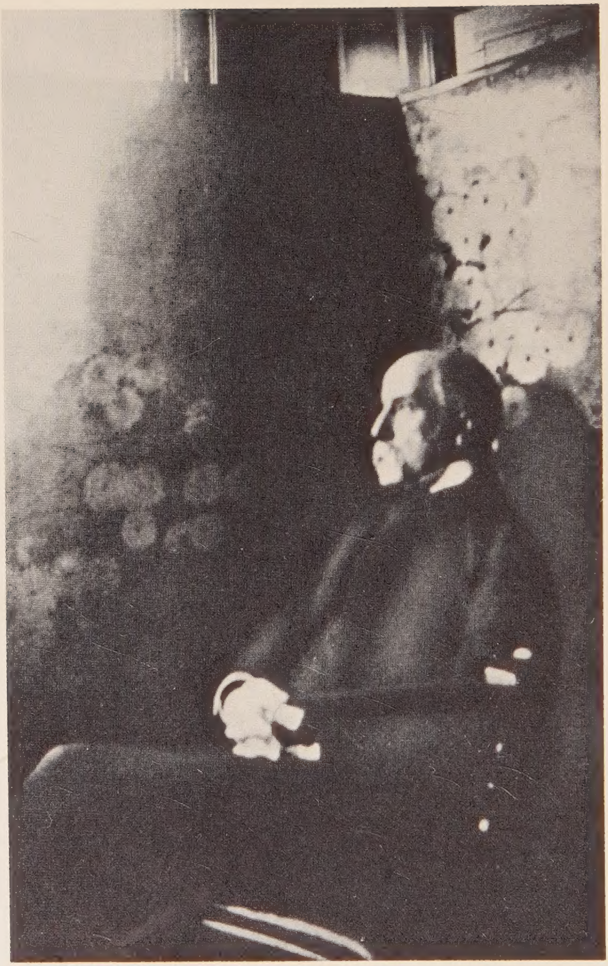
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2023 with funding from
No Sponsor

https://archive.org/details/lettersofhenryad0000adam_a4t0

LETTERS OF
HENRY ADAMS

1892–1918



HENRY ADAMS IN THE LIBRARY OF HIS HOUSE ON LAFAYETTE SQUARE, WASHINGTON, IN THE WINTER OF 1899–1900

LETTERS OF HENRY ADAMS

(1892–1918)

EDITED BY
WORTHINGTON CHAUNCEY FORD

✻ ✻

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
1938

KRAUS REPRINT CO.
New York
1969

COPYRIGHT, 1938, BY WORTHINGTON C. FORD

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED INCLUDING THE RIGHT TO REPRODUCE
THIS BOOK OR PARTS THEREOF IN ANY FORM

LC 30-25080

Reprinted with the permission of the original publisher
KRAUS REPRINT CO.
A U.S. Division of Kraus-Thomson Organization Limited

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

PREFACE

This second volume of the 'Letters of Henry Adams' completes the story of his life as told by himself. There are gaps in the record, partial and complete, but the main lines of his interests are described so fully as to leave little to be desired, and in such expression as to stamp them with qualities well-nigh unique. In a day when letter writing was practised as an art — with a possible glance at posterity and publication — these letters would be notable. In a day when writing of letters has almost ceased, they take a position second to none. The wealth of mention and keenness of observation rest upon a foundation of inheritance and history not to be found elsewhere. Beginning life as a student of medieval history he ended it on a medieval note, and he never lost touch with that epoch and its historical and cultural relations. Circumstances made him an observer rather than an actor in his time, and his very faults gave power and zest to his judgments of men and things. A career colored by tragedy and a habit of self-introspection, united to a tendency to keep apart from the increasing rush and pressure of modern life, only quickened his sense of speculating on the course of events, the parties and men claiming to direct it, the final issue and its effect on society. His early recognition of the world trend toward socialism and trades-union domination is only one and a striking instance of his foresight. From the opening of the Civil War in America quite to the end of the World War he was a close and rarely informed student and interpreter of men and their governments.

He is frank in expressing his opinions. If that be a fault and any excuse needed, inheritance could be pleaded. History would greatly suffer if frankness were suppressed. Mr. Adams was a reformer in politics and government; that is, he desired clean politics, honesty in administration and statesmanship. Like his immediate ancestors he was not a party man; like them he had a code of principle and morals which forbade him to yield blindly to any party and forewarned him when a party was losing its highest standards. So he held aloof from partisan conflict and weighed the assumed leaders by standards he had set for himself. His estimates are expressed in unmistakable language and, severe as they may seem, it is only right to let him speak for himself, without attempting to modify or suppress what he has written.

A public man is a proper object of criticism for his public conduct and friendship gives no shelter from blame for public misconduct. To see a party devoted to spoils and a government honeycombed by inefficiency and corruption aroused the anger of Mr. Adams. The descent from statesmanship to partisan politics and the use of position and influence against the public and in support of private interests, called out his sharp condemnation of those responsible. It would be impertinent to try to explain or apologize for what seems an antagonism between public conduct and private friendship. There is no malice in what he says and, as far as it can be tested, history has already justified his opinions. He had more than a century of political experience to draw upon and he watched from a position of vantage the crooked course of national politics. In that light his judgments could have been even more severe.

There remains the pleasure of acknowledging the many and generous aids given by others towards this volume. First in order and importance comes Mrs. Don Cameron, whose contribution must remain the most notable for its fullness, freedom and regularity. The families of Charles Milnes Gaskell and Sir Robert Cunliffe gave what they possessed, and to these English series Mr. Stephen Gwynn added letters to Spring Rice and Mr. Shane Leslie those to Moreton Frewen. From American sources were received letters to John Hay, already obtained from the Hay family by Mr. Adams himself; to Charles Francis Adams, from the Adams family; to Brooks Adams, from Mrs. Robert Homans; to William and Henry James, from Mr. Henry James; to Henry White, through the courtesy of Mr. Allan Nevins; to Senator and Mrs. Lodge, from Mr. Lodge; to Mrs. Winthrop Chanler, from herself; to W. W. Rockhill, from Mrs. Rockhill and to William R. Thayer, from Mrs. Thayer. Letters have also been received from Henry O. Taylor, Royal Cortissoz, Raphael Pumpelly, Charles F. Thwing, Raymond Weeks, Ferris Greenslet and J. F. Jameson. From the Library of Congress were obtained letters to Theodore Roosevelt. Harvard and Columbia Universities added to the store and the *Yale Review* granted permission to use letters to Professors Luquiens and Cook. It has been a cause for regret that certain series were, for various reasons, inaccessible to me, in particular the letters to John La Farge, Augustus St. Gaudens and Whitelaw Reid.

Acknowledgment is also due to many for assistance in obtaining material and annotations. From the Adams family have been enjoyed confidence and encouragement which I have striven not to abuse. Special mention should be made of Mrs. Robert Homans ('Hitty' in the letters); Mr. and Mrs. Ward ('Looly') Thoron, Mrs. Winthrop Chanler and Miss Aileen Tone; the Frick Art Reference Library and the Theatre Collection in Harvard College Library, both unequalled in resources and usefulness. The Massachusetts Historical Society gave access to the Henry Adams library, and the Boston Athenaeum extended courtesies made doubly grateful by the Librarian, Miss Elinor Gregory, and her capable corps of assistants.

From Mr. Frederick V. Furst I learn that all of the privately printed volumes of Mr. Adams, and also the *Letters and Diaries of John Hay* — with the exception of the original issue of *Tahiti* — were printed by the J. H. Furst Company of Baltimore.

From my collaborator, Mr. Henry Adams [2d], I have received what cannot adequately be paid in words or thanks. He took upon himself the drudgery of preparing the material and has been an unfailing source of advice and suggestion. I have drawn as heavily upon his knowledge of family relations as upon his patient and efficient search for special information.

I owe most in the way of advice and assistance to Miss Elizabeth ('Elsie') Ogden Adams and through her thoughtfulness I have the self-taken photograph of Mr. Adams, so suggestive of the man and of a repose which belongs to another great memorial inseparable in thought from him.

WORTHINGTON CHAUNCEY FORD

BOSTON, 15 *March*, 1938.

CONTENTS

I. London, Washington, Scotland, 1892 — 1
II. Washington, Quincy, Cuba, 1892–1894 — 24
III. Washington, Yellowstone Park, Mexico, 1894–1895 — 46
IV. Washington and Europe, 1895 — 66
V. Washington, 1895–1896 — 89
VI. Europe, 1896 — 105
VII. Washington and Paris, 1896–1898 — 117
VIII. Egypt, Greece, Turkey, Hungary, 1898 — 148
IX. Paris and Surrenden Dering, 1898 — 179
X. Washington, 1898–1899 — 190
XI. Paris and Italy, 1899–1900 — 226
XII. Washington, 1900 — 253
XIII. Paris, 1900–1901 — 287
XIV. Washington, 1901 — 311
XV. Bayreuth, Austria, Poland, Russia, Scandinavia, 1901 — 334
XVI. Washington and Scotland, 1902 — 363
XVII. Washington and Paris, 1903 — 393
XVIII. Washington, 1904 — 418
XIX. Paris and Washington, 1904–1905 — 435
XX. Washington, 1906–1907 — 466
XXI. Paris, 1907 — 476
XXII. Washington, 1907–1908 — 484
XXIII. Paris, 1908 — 495
XXIV. Washington, 1908–1909 — 512
XXV. Paris, 1909 — 517

XXVI. WASHINGTON, 1910 529
XXVII. PARIS, 1910 539
XXVIII. WASHINGTON, 1911 557
XXIX. PARIS, 1911 567
XXX. WASHINGTON, 1912 577
XXXI. SOUTH LINCOLN, 1912 597
XXXII. WASHINGTON, 1912–1913 607
XXXIII. PARIS, MARIVAULT, 1913 612
XXXIV. WASHINGTON, 1913–1914 619
XXXV. PARIS, ENGLAND, WASHINGTON, 1914–1916 625
XXXVI. TYRINGHAM, BEVERLY FARMS, WASHINGTON, 1916–1918 640
INDEX 653

LETTERS OF
HENRY ADAMS

1892–1918

THE LETTERS OF
HENRY ADAMS

I

LONDON, WASHINGTON, SCOTLAND
1892

To Elizabeth Cameron

LONDON, 11 January, 1892.[1]

Back again in England, shuddering at all the horrors of the last four weeks, and swearing frightful invocations of evil on myself if I ever do that again. The journey yesterday added a parting horror to France, and I shivered all the way to Calais in an iced transport of joy, varied by violent outbreaks of barking, at my escape. The channel was calm — so calm that I felt not a motion — and so cold, cold, cold, and iced fog, that I shut myself up in a private cabin and shook and shivered within half a dozen coats and blankets. Thirty years have not made a change in the discomforts of European travel; I should not have known, from anything but the electric light, that our war was over, and that I had ceased to belong to the London legation. The Frenchman and Englishman are just where they were thirty years ago, with a certain halo of vulgarity and commonness added to their stupidity. If they had taste! but what little taste they then had has vanished and vulgarised. Thank Christopher Columbus and George Washington who gave us a country where there was nothing to spoil and where man can play what antics he likes without disturbing the ghost of an artist. Well! I am here at last, in [38] Clarges St., with three inches of thick mud everywhere, and Larz Anderson[2] for a companion. After my long solitude I love him like the sun and moon and planets and Sirius on top of all. We shall dine at the club tonight, and I shall feel young like him, or he old like me. Tomorrow must begin work, for I have only three weeks left; and just think, after all, I have done neither Spain nor Holland, nor made the studies I intended here. I need a year for it, and shall have to return some day.

---

[1] *Cf. Education of Henry Adams*, 316.

[2] Larz Anderson (1866–1937), married Isabel Weld Perkins.

Friday, January 15. Your letter of January 5 arrived before breakfast, and now that breakfast is finished and Larz gone to see how his chief[1] is, I sit down to read your news, which is at least harmless. Here we are influenzaed out of all patience. No one talks of anything else, and now that it has on one day killed an heir apparent[2] and a cardinal,[3] the panic is at its height. I would rather not have it just now, but, if I do, you will have to wait another fortnight or so before I get home, which will be well enough, since you will all be dancing like grasshoppers gay at that time, and I shall be superfluous. Life here is of the quietest.... As for the myriad English people whom one has known, or who have fed at one's table, I believe they must be dead, for I hear not even their names. As I have a rule of never calling on men if I can help it, but only on women, the range of my socialites is limited. I cannot hear of anyone whom I want to know, unless perhaps Arthur Balfour, nor do my friends speak of anyone new as counting for anything in their lives. So I am happy and contented to think that at all events I am not bored by Andrew Lang, and Gosse and Sydney Colvin, and the swarm of writers for magazines, and that I have not a fashionable acquaintance in the world....

Monday, January 18. Gaskell came up on Saturday, and we have been knocking about town renewing our old acquaintances who are packed away into odd corners out of sight, like broken bric-a-brac. None are fashionable; a few are respectable and well-to-do; some are struggling under the heels of the horses. We dined with May Lacaita, the daughter of our old uncle Sir Francis Doyle,[4] a favorite cousin of ours, and still full of Irish charm. She declares she once sat next John Hay at a dinner at the Farrars, and he gave her a book. We sat an hour yesterday with Augusta Hervey who now gives music lessons; but is, I think, rather better off than her cousins the Bristols who are obliged to let Ickworth as well as the house in St. James's Square, and live on husks in the dark. I have just come from an effort of piety — a call on old Thomson Hankey,[1] my contemporary, now eighty-six years old, with a memory gone to the bow-wows, who succeeded at last in remembering my father, but still is hazy as to my identity, and persists in repeating that I am a professor at Harvard College. He was delighted at telling how he had buried all his contemporaries. I have also sat an hour with the Woolners,[2] to bid them good-bye. Queer sensation, this coming to life again in a dead world. People are rather glad to see one; ask no questions; slide silently over all that has come between, as though all the ghosts were taking tea with us, and needed no introductions; and so we rattle on about today and tomorrow, with just a word thrown in from time to time to explain some chasm too broad to be jumped. I feel even deader than I did in the South Seas, but here I feel that all the others are as dead as I. Even Harry James, with whom I lunch Sundays, is only a figure in the same old wall-paper, and really pretends to belong to a world which is extinct as Queen Elizabeth. I enjoy it. Seriously, I have been amused, and have felt a sense of rest such as I have not known for seven years. These preposterous British social conventions; church and state, Prince of Wales, Mr. Gladstone, the Royal Academy and Mr. Ruskin, the London fog and St. James's Street, are all abstractions which I like to accept as I do the sun and the moon, not because they are reasonable but because they are not. They ask me no questions and need no answers. Just the opposite of Paris and the French, they do not fret me with howling for applause because they are original. My only sorrow is to see no footmen in powder, no small-clothes and silk-stockings; no yellow chariots, and no fat coachmen in three-cornered hats. Much has gone, but thank the British Constitution, nothing new has come, and I sleep in peace with all the Georges and Queen Anne.

---

[1] Robert Todd Lincoln (1843–1926).

[2] Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence (1864—14 January, 1892), eldest son of Edward VII, then Prince of Wales.

[3] Henry Edward Manning (1808—14 January, 1892).

[4] Mary Annabell Doyle, daughter of Sir Francis Hastings Charles Doyle (1810–1888) and Sidney Williams-Wynn, whose sister, Mary Williams-Wynn, married James Milnes Gaskell (1800–1873), father of Charles Milnes Gaskell. In 1885, Mary Doyle married Charles Carmichael Lacaita (1853–1933), son of Sir James Philip Lacaita (1813–1895).

January 21. A lovely dark day, black as night, and full of refined feeling. Larz and I have breakfasted, and he has gone to his diplomatic duties, while I wonder whether, if I go out, I can find my way in the streets. My boxes are packed, and ready to go as freight by the next steamer. I have nothing more to do. I have called on all the old people. I have dined with various octogenarians, and buried the Duke of Clarence. As yet I have seen nobody and heard nothing worth remembering. Influenza is the chief topic of conversation, as monotonous as London topics are apt to be, and at the clubs I hear nothing but inquiries whether the other fellow has had it, and replies specifying the rheumatism or the gout or the bronchitis that the other fellow has had....

---

[1] Politician and economist (1805–1893).

[2] Thomas Woolner (1825–1892) and his wife Isabel (Waugh) Woolner.

Saturday, January 23. So the time has come for closing and sending off my last letter. On Monday I go down to Yorkshire to pass the week with Gaskell, and on my return I shall have only a day here to close up and go. London is still quiet, muddy and dark. Last night I went to Sir Charles Hallé's[1] concert with Augusta Hervey and a friend of hers. The hall was only half full, and the big orchestra seemed a majority. I believe I have done all my social duties as far as the season and the influenza allow. The little society I have found has offered a curious contrast to my former experiences here, when the days were hardly long enough to meet the engagements. Now I seem to be the oldest inhabitant, and forgotten by time. I should not mind except that sometimes the feeling of being less than half my old self becomes rather trying. I have seen nothing worth buying, which is another great change; and have heard of no one whom I care to meet. Still, London is in its way rather pleasant and quieting. I am not anxious to get away, and the absence of clatter and fashion is on the whole pleasanter than being surrounded by a swarm of society that is wholly strange. Tomorrow, as usual on Sundays, I lunch with Harry James, who is chiefly excited by the marriage of his friend Rudyard Kipling with the sister[2] of another friend, Balestier, an American who was half publisher, half author, and whose sudden death at Dresden a month ago,[3] was a sad blow to James, who depended on him for all his business arrangements. I imagine Kipling to be rather a Bohemian and wanderer of the second or third social order, but he has behaved well about his young woman and has run in the face of family and friends who think him a kind of Shakespeare, and wanted him to marry the Queen or the Duchess of Westminster. I believe his wife is a perfectly undistinguished American, without beauty or money or special intelligence. They were married very privately and almost secretly last week. James had confided it all to me last Sunday, which is the cause of my happening to know about it. James also confided to me his distress because Sargent, the painter, had quarreled with a farmer down at the place, wherever it is, where the Abbey-Millet-Parsons[4] crowd now pass their winters, and after riding up and down his fields of spring wheat, had been wrought to such frenzy by being called no gentleman, that he went to the farmer's house, called him out, and pounded him; for which our artist-genius in America would certainly get some months of gaol, and may get it even here, which much distresses Henry who has a sympathetic heart. This too was confided to me, and has not yet got into the newspapers. As Sargent seems not to distress himself, I see no reason why James should do so; but poor James may well be a little off his nerves, for besides Balestier's death, the long, nervous illness of James's sister[1] is drawing slowly to its inevitable close, and James has the load of it to carry, not quite alone, for Catherine Loring is here in charge of the invalid, but still the constant load on one's spirits is considerable. I wish I could help him. His sister now keeps her bed, and is too weak to think of anything but her nerves. I sat two hours with Miss Loring yesterday.

---

[1] Sir Charles Hallé (1819–1895). [2] Caroline Balestier.

[3] Charles Wolcott Balestier (1861–1891).

[4] Edwin Austin Abbey (1852–1911) and Francis Davis Millet (1846–1912) were at this time in Russell House, Broadway, Worcestershire, with John Singer Sargent (1856–1925) near by. Henry James was also there.

I suppose that the *Teutonic* will somehow get me across that dreary ocean and land me at New York in due time. I think about it as little as possible, and shall certainly be much surprised at finding myself there. . . .

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

R.M.S. 'TEUTONIC,' 3 February, 1892.

Here I am, sure as eggs is addled, wobbling down the Irish Channel on the big ship, and bound, beyond recall, to a week's misery, and the new world.[2] Robert [Cunliffe] came over to see me off, which was just what I needed to cheer me; and he had hardly gone when I fell into the arms of Rudyard Kipling and his new wife, and wife's sister, and wife's mother,[3] and so have once more attached myself to the immortals. Henry James is responsible for this last variation on my too commonplace existence. . . .

My toes are beastly cold and I expect never, never to be warm again, for the northwest wind blows like Boreas the brawler that he is. My two hundred fellow-travellers are Jews. I am going to my cabin to turn on the electricity and the steam, and read a good book, and try to play that I am enjoying the best of possible oceans.

Farewells to all yours, and more than thanks for all your kindness. *Hasta mas vista.*

---

[1] Alice James, died March, 1892.

[2] *Education*, 318.

[3] Anna (Smith) Balestier and her daughter, Josephine.

1603 H Street, WASHINGTON, 26 February, 1892.

The voyage was less trying than I expected. Not that the weather was better, for we had only strong westerly gales all the way; which pitched and tossed and rolled us until we were quite satisfied; but the ship was so big and so fast, and relatively so comfortable, that as I lay in my stateroom and looked out of my windows on the storm, I felt a little wonder whether this world were the same that I lived in thirty years ago. In all my wanderings this is the first time I have had the sensation. All the rest of the world seems more or less what it was, and Europe is less changed than any of the rest; but the big Atlantic steamer is a whacker.

My only social resource was Rudyard Kipling and his wife and family. With his aid I worried my dinners successfully, and found my pint of champagne tolerable, though I thought with melancholy of yours.

I reached New York a fortnight ago, and without stopping there took the next train for Washington where I rang at my door before dark. Return brings varied sensations; in fact it is a very mixed drink and not at all the pure delight that truly good and virtuous poets ascribe; but I am most astonished at the absence of astonishment or sensation of any sort, which leads me to think that the grey matter of my brain is becoming hard and insensitive. Everything points to a Euthanasia....

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, Sunday, 5 June, 1892.

. . . .

Friday, after a hot day, I rode a new horse out to the Rock Creek Church to inspect my planting; then across through the wood to Saul's, and having done with Saul I rode across through his fields to come out through the bars opposite the Argyle on the 14th Street road near the Brightwood race-track, when my horse shied at a nigger, caught his hind-foot in a deep, muddy rut, and in half a second rolled over, catching my right leg under him. As we were going a slow walk through thick grass, no bones were broken, both of us were up in an instant, and I did not lose the bridle, but my ankle was bruised, and painful, and I had a pretty tough time getting home. Yesterday the ankle was inflamed and much too stiff for walking on. So I had to hop about on my left leg, or shove a chair before me.... You may imagine me hobbling about my house for the next ten days at least, and you can also imagine with what regret I shall lose Constance's[1] wedding....

Of course the great excitement was Blaine's resignation.[2] My ever-respected great-grandfather, John Adams, some ninety-odd years ago, addressed to a distinguished predecessor of Mr. Blaine, to wit, Timothy Pickering, a letter beginning: 'As I perceive a necessity of introducing a change in the administration of the office of State'; Blaine has judiciously reversed the proceeding; his letter runs: 'As I perceive a necessity of introducing a change in the administration of the office of President.' Both sides are greatly upset; Blaine's friends have lost their breath, and feel that at last the party has got to pay a pretty considerable bit of piping. Harrison's friends are outspoken in bitterness, and plainly say that Blaine always was a liar and traitor. Roosevelt dances from one to the other, and comes in gaily with the latest remarks of both sides....[3]

To Charles William Eliot

Private. WASHINGTON, 12 June, 1892.

Your private note of the 9th[4] has given me much tribulation. You know that for ten years past I have not appeared in the world, even so much as in a drawing room; and the idea of facing a crowd of friends and acquaintances in order to receive a distinction troubles me more than you, who are used to such things, will readily believe.

Yet such an invitation from the College is in my eyes so nearly a command that I should face the ordeal without hesitation if I were not distressed by another and more practical difficulty. The College is singularly sparing, not to say jealous in its distinctions. Anyone on whom it confers its honors stands before the public much in the attitude of a successful candidate to the French Academy; he tacitly assumes to be the first in his profession. I cannot accept such a situation. The public would infallibly consider the degree to be given, whatever might be the expressed motive, for work done in American History; and the public, I think justly, would regard it as favoritism. I cannot stand alone before a great crowd of people, in such a position. The mere attitude would, in my conscience, be impertinent. No work of mine warrants it in itself; and still less when compared with other contemporary work. Indeed, in my opinion, the College should long ago have conferred degrees on the authors of what I consider far the first work on American history in popular and political importance that has appeared in my time; I mean the *Life of Lincoln.* If I am in error, you can correct me, but as far as my literary knowledge goes, no great man of any time in any country has ever had from his contemporaries a biography that will compare with this whether in scope, taste or literary execution. Nothing that I have ever done, or ever shall do, will hold its own beside portions of the Lincoln, as for example the account of Gettysburg. The admirable character of the work, which raises it above all books of the kind; the subject, peculiarly interesting to Harvard College; the opportunity to testify respect for the fame and character of Lincoln; the chance for once to escape from the circle of University limitations, and to take a lead in guiding popular impressions; all these motives struck me as overwhelming in dictating recognition of the history. I could not without positive shame put myself in a position where I should seem to countenance the idea that any work of mine compared in importance either of purpose, of moral value, or of public interest to the singularly noble and American character of this monument to the greatest man of our time.

---

[1] June 4, 1892, Augustus Peabody Gardner (1865–1918) married Constance Lodge, daughter of Henry Cabot Lodge.

[2] The resignation as Secretary of State was presented June 4, three days before the meeting of the Republican nominating convention.

[3] 'Probably you know more politics than I do, for I see no newspapers, and get no information except from Roosevelt; but he dances about in the different camps, and his reports lead me to think that the White House is rather more bitter against the late Secretary, than ever the mugwumps were. The same old story of sacrificing everyone to himself.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 9 June, 1892.

[4] Giving notice that Harvard University desired to confer upon him an honorary degree which, by the regulation governing such a ceremony, was only given to persons actually present.

With Hay and Nicolay beside me I could stand up before public criticism, but alone I cannot. Please reflect on this, and give me advice. This letter is not meant for communication to the Board.[1]

---

[1] President Eliot replied, inclosing a list of thirteen Americans to whom had been given since 1825 the Harvard LL.D., and stated that Adams' claim to this academic distinction 'did not rest exclusively on your writings. You served as a teacher of History in the University for seven years; and it is accurate to say that your work here as a teacher greatly enlarged and improved the work of the University in history; and this not temporarily or during your actual presence alone, but permanently.' As to the suggestion of Hay and Nicolay, which, as will be seen, was repeated in 1894 in connection with the Loubat prize, President Eliot justly said: it was an 'attractive one, but I cannot see that it has anything to do with your case. Those gentlemen did not write history; but the historical biography of a man just dead. They were actors in many of the scenes they described, and, therefore, could not be historians. They have prepared invaluable materials for the subsequent historian, and done an admirable piece of literary work; but I submit that they have not written history. You took a period so remote that you could fairly write in the historical manner; yet you found some of the passions of the period still hot. Your suggestion, therefore, seems to me a valuable one for the future; but to have no immediate bearing on your problem. On the whole, the question of the propriety of this degree may better be settled by judgment of your elders and contemporaries than by your own. You

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 13 June, 1892.

. . . .

Your elections seem to be as foggy as ours. No one knows or cares greatly about the result of ours. Blaine, who seems to be the scare-crow of your preposterously stupid and blunder-headed *Times*, never wanted to be a candidate, but was forced before the Convention by a general revolt of all the party leaders against the President, solely on account of Harrison's morbidly and insanely bad manners and pettiness of mind. Otherwise Harrison has made an excellent President, and I shall be pleased if he is reelected; for I do not care to see my own party return to power quite yet. . . .

So Robert stands again.[1] Of course I felt he would; he could not well help it, but I hope it costs him nothing. I had still hoped you would slip in somewhere at the last, for, after all, you had better keep in the saddle than give up riding; but the party is going to fight a good deal, and perhaps you have a better chance if you keep out of the squabbling. I am still ready to stand if you can find me a good radical district. I am not afraid of eight-hour law, disestablishment or prohibition. Both parties strike me as about equally dangerous, and on the whole the Tories the more so. . . .[2]

To John Hay

WASHINGTON, Monday, 13 June, 1892.

I am glad to know where you are. I have a basket of mangoes to acknowledge, and did not know where to write. The mangoes came

---

are not conferring this degree on yourself — it is the act of the University. To decline it would require a thousand explanations — to accept it is natural and modest.'

[1] Sir Robert Alfred Cunliffe (1839–1905).

[2] 'Apparently our Gladstonian friends have had the conceit somewhat knocked out of them. The election is by no manner of means the walk-over that was described to me so confidently by both sides last winter. As far as I can see, judging from Monday's results, it is in effect a conservative victory, and Gladstone can at best hardly take office — much less legislate for Ireland — or anywhere else. The funeral is none of mine, and I have no opinions on the subject; but I would rather like to know, as a study of human nature, what Harcourt and Trevelyan are thinking about their political future — or futures?' — To Gaskell (RMS *Teutonic*), 13 July, 1892.

'The election is sorry enough; a snub to everybody everywhere, except your pride and prejudice, Jasper More. On the whole I think Gladstone is the snubbedest of the lot, and my knowledge of history is too slight to suggest a way for him out of the furious muddle into which he has got himself. You are lucky to have escaped; — yet the Parliament will be an amusing foot-ball game. I should like to be in it.' — To Gaskell, 18 July, 1892.

just in time to make La Farge think he had returned to the South Seas. The temperature today completes the illusion. If you were here we were all happy — mangoes, La Farge and I — for, although your carriage and horses give me all the activity I enjoy, strange to say they do not wholly take your place.

The ankle has almost recovered its refined outlines, but I am nursing it more carefully than ever to hurry the process.

Really I was not principally responsible for Harrison's success. I own that I had a share in it, and my friends are good enough to think it an important one, but my influence on the convention was not decisive. Mr. Harrison's own great and noble qualities alone decided the result, as I am sure the *New York Tribune* will testify, and, under Providence, we all feel grateful beyond all other influences to the disinterested patriotism of our southern fellow-citizens.

The elevation of Whitelaw Reid[1] over the unscrupulous and licencious[2] Morton testifies also to the improvement of our race and the perfectibility of man.

Washington furnishes no news. La Farge is with me, but we mostly sleep and eat, or drive in your outfit. I am torpid as a grizzly in winter, and have nothing to say to a Mud-Turtle. Nothing suits me. Everything frets me. Evidently the time has come for moving.

Gaskell writes about his elections, too; our race is daft on elections. Robert Cunliffe after all is contesting a seat reported to be safe for the other fellow. Gladstone is now to have a narrow majority. Yah Yah Yum.

Love to Mrs. Hay and the monks.

To Charles William Eliot

(*Private*) 1603 H STREET, 16 June, 1892.

Your very kind letter of the 14th leaves little opening for a reply; yet the list you sent is eloquent. Three degrees in thirty years! Palfrey was seventy-three; Parkman was sixty-six; to find a precedent for your proposed honor, you must go back to Motley in 1860 before the University fairly had a standard of scholarship.

Imagine me as a critic commenting on your action. 'On any proper standard,' I would say, 'Henry Adams has no claim to such distinction, either as instructor or author; on any French or German standard — compared for instance with Taine or von Sybel in his own branch —

---

[1] (1837–1912), nominated for the Vice-Presidency.

[2] Politically.

he holds no position in literature and still less in pedagogy; indeed in his own cool judgment he would himself go further still, and say that he had never done any work that he would have acknowledged as his own, if he could have helped it, so imperfect and inconclusive does he know it to be.'

Since you deny me the right to have, or at least to hold, an opinion, I suppress it; but you should also bear in mind that you and a majority of the Board are my old friends, relations or connections, and therefore not perfectly unbiassed judges, while my attachment to the University gives me almost a claim to be heard.

Anyway the enclosed official note will show you that I must forego the honor this year. Wait till I am sixty, and then see if your mind holds.[1]

To John Hay

WASHINGTON, 18 June, 1892.

I was glad to get your letter this morning, and learn something about the wedding. I feared you would be a bit warm, but that is better than an easterly storm.

We here escaped the hot bath which jumped us to get at you. We have the regular June tropics like Samoa; 86 degrees to 72 degrees see-saw, from day to night. Your horses and carriage are my chief means of existence. They give me a couple of hours outing every day.

The ankle probably improves, though I dare not yet put it to a test. I use it in the house, go up and down stairs, etc., but not more than is necessary. I dread a set-back much more than a sit-back, which last is no great trial with the mercury above 80 degrees.

Driblets of visitors still drop in from day to day; Stoddard, Langley,[2] Lowndes,[3] and such, none of them apparently wild with emotion. No one talks politics. Cleveland seems to be going to follow in Blaine's path; the two rivals of eight years ago will apparently have their heads cut off by the same sort of machine. As a straight-out party man, the New York democrat of the Tammany stripe is a leetle too mugwumpy in his party allegiance to suit me, but the *Sun* says that all the rest of the party is mugwump, and the *Sun* knows. War on mugwumps like Blaine and Cleveland is good old Jacobin principle. Robespierre was that kind.

---

[1] 'I had thought that I might with confidence accept your flattering invitation for Commencement, but I regret to say that I am now confined to my chair by a sprained ankle, and that I see no prospect of being in a condition to bear the inevitable fatigue of such an occasion, at so early a date as the 29th.

'Please accept, and convey to the other gentlemen of the Board, my sense of the distinction which you intimate their intention of conferring on me; and believe, I pray, that my regret at my enforced incompliance is equalled only by my deep appreciation of the honor and my consciousness of the insufficiency of my claims to it.'

[2] Charles Warren Stoddard (1843–1909); Samuel Pierpont Langley (1834–1906).

[3] James Lowndes (–1910), married Laura Tuckerman.

Would indeed that you were with me here. I should be quite content. But won't King be returning soon?[1]

WASHINGTON, 23 June, 1892.

. . . .

I wonder that you dare sympathise with Blaine. The *Tribune* yesterday swore by its God Jahveh Harrison that not even we democrats should dare to say we are sorry that Blaine has lost his son; *à fortiori*, *priore* and *posteriori*, Republicans must not say so.[2] Such a reflection on Baby McKee and Russell Harrison shall not be permitted in a party loyal to Whitelaw and Benjamin.

Dear Bill Whitney![3] How he has just rattled old Dave Hill! Now you waltz in and rattle Cleveland, and everybody will be all right, and Whitney will be President in '96. Did anybody ever help an enemy as Hill has done!

I went to base-ball yesterday and saw the Senators rattle the Bowery Boys, the third game running. . . .[4]

---

[1] The Western Reserve University conferred upon Adams the degree of LL.D. John Hay, writing 21 June, 1892, says: 'The corporation of Western Reserve University, with entire unanimity and ombliferous enthusiasm, made you today an LL.D. It is no small shakes of a hayseed college, I would have you know.'

[2] Emmons Blaine.

[3] William Collins Whitney (1841–1904).

'Your friend Whitney is very grand. Evidently he will be President some day. The Chicago convention is great fun.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 20 June, 1892. 'So Bill Whitney is to be the democratic party of the future. If he can escape a big wreck next autumn he is all right for '96. Oh, but this is a bad year for the bosses! Whichever way they have turned, they've got nothing but kicks and cuffs, and now they can't cut anybody's throat without also cutting their own, — and no one cares for them, or whose throat is cut, or for Harrison or for Cleveland, or for Mr. D. B. Hill, who is the worst tainted carrion of the whole heap. He and I were at the baseball match and saw his Bowery Boys beaten at the same time his Tammany Boys were walloped; — but I wish I had heard Burke Cockran; the scene must have been superb.' — To the same, 24 June, 1892.

[4] 'Jim Wadsworth was on the train yesterday and all his talk was of Harrison, and the bitterness of Tom Reed and Wolcott. Benjamin does not mind. He has all the cards in his hands and has begun by turning down Clarkson in the style of a Napoleon. Wadsworth feels evidently worried at being almost alone as a Harrisonian, but it is pretty clear that Harrison is really popular. Only the party managers dislike him.' — To the same, 29 June, 1892.

To Elizabeth Cameron

ABOYNE, 20 July, 1892.

Settled in our quarters! We came directly up to Edinburgh from Liverpool on Thursday, having got ashore Wednesday night. Friday we came on to Aberdeen where Sir John Clark[1] met us. Saturday we came up to Aboyne and took possession of our Lodge,[2] which is the usual Scotch villa, in a small enclosure, by the roadside and the river. It is new and clean, and just barely holds our large caravan. We look west up the valley of the Dee, and south towards the hills which enclose Glen Tana. Quiet pervades the realm, and as yet we have seen the sun but once, for the season is colder, cloudier and backwarder than usual, with the mercury always about 50 degrees and the wind north or east.

Sir John insisted on our all going at once up with him to Tillypronie. We resisted, and after a desperate battle we succeeded in getting him to be satisfied with Looly [Hooper] and Polly [Hooper] and me. So we drove up with him Saturday afternoon leaving the four others to settle down in the house, where, thanks to the Clarks, they had a full outfit of servants, including cook and our own William.[3] Tillypronie is about ten miles above Aboyne, high on the mountains, and the drive was about as cold and cloudy as in November. Even down here at Aboyne we have fires everywhere, and at Tillypronie, eleven hundred feet above sea-level, hardly anything seemed changed since I was there in the winter. To the children everything was new, exciting and delightful; the yellow broom, the purple heather, the strange stillness of the air, the outlines of the mountains, and the sense of novelty with the feeling of freedom that always comes with the moors. They were delighted with everything, and on Sunday afternoon when the sun shone bright for a few lovely hours, I took them up to the top of the hills, and turned them loose to wander where they liked over the heather. They started off in two different directions, and except as dots on distant hillsides I did not see them again till I got back to the house, two hours after....

Of other news I have little or none. The elections are over. Everybody is beaten, and all are disgusted. I have not been quite able to comprehend who is most beaten, but I should incline to think it was Gladstone. At Tillypronie I was in a Gladstonian atmosphere as far as it went, and it was very far from hilarious. My personal friends have fared ill. Cunliffe contested a strong Gladstonian county, and made little or no headway.[1] Gaskell retired and stands aloof. Trevelyan, Bryce and the liberal lot, are reelected, but have got the hardest kind of political impossibility before them. Probably I shall see none of them, and certainly I have no particular wish to hear their patter; but as you are acquainted with the nobility and gentry, you may be able to fill in the gaps in my ignorance....

---

[1] Sir John Forbes Clark (1821–1910).

[2] Gordon Lodge, about ten miles from Tillypronie.

[3] William Gray, long in Mr. Adams' house in Washington.

TILLYPRONIE, TARLAND, ABERDEENSHIRE
Thursday, 28 July, 1892.

Up here again with the Clarks, who insisted on having the rest of the babes, and me as nursery-maid. They were enjoying themselves so satisfactorily in their own quarters that I was inclined to leave them there until they had exhausted the resources of Aboyne; but the Clarks wanted them now, and it was indifferent to us all, so up we came. The children's enjoyment is almost pathos, for it is all new to them; the weather is divine; the scenery beautiful, and Sir John drives them off to see ruins and castles which fill their little souls with joy. Yesterday we went to Glenbucket, a ruined keep some seven miles north of us in the valley of the Don. I rode over, across the moors, on a pony, with a young Coltman nephew[2] who is studying for his degree at Cambridge. The children drive with Sir John. Lady Clark[3] is much too much an invalid and does not leave the house. We had a charming little picnic. Today is divine; the heather streaks the mountains and moors with purple, and the air is luminous with purple haze, while one can almost sit outdoors in the shade without a sense of shiver.

The kindness of the Clarks has been unlimited, and they have even drummed up the neighboring squires to call on us at Aboyne. We are as nearly as possible the last persons in the present æon of Brahma who require that nobility and gentry should derange their habits on our account, but the excellent baronets and retired admirals have duly sent their wives to call, and the wives have obediently come to see us in a state of visible panic before these hobble-de-hoy American schoolgirls who, being absolutely without self-consciousness, and as simple as so many collie dogs, could not quite understand the alarm they caused. I left Hooper[1] preparing to take Looly and Mabel to Glen Tana to lunch with the Cunliffe Brookses,[2] and am curious to know how they fared.

---

[1] He contested Flintshire, as a Liberal Union candidate. 'If I did not at once telegraph my sympathies on your polling experiences, I neglected it not because of forgetfulness or thoughtlessness, but because I knew not whether you considered the result as on the whole encouraging or otherwise. The surprises of this election have been unusually great. Everyone is publicly expressing satisfaction, and privately is disgusted, and mortified. The Gladstonians are in despair and confusion; the Unionists in a rage and ruin. I see no gain to any party, least of all to Ireland. Under such conditions I know not whether to congratulate or condole. You must assume that I do the right thing.' — To Sir Robert Cunliffe, 18 July, 1892.

[2] Thomas or Hugo Coltman.

[3] Charlotte (Coltman) Clark. She died 7 October, 1897.

They start Saturday for Inverness via Braemar and Glen Shee. The Clarks insist on my remaining here to help them entertain George Broderic,[3] Curius Dentatus. I know that the Clarks really want to amuse me, not to have me amuse them; but I am wax in the hands of the potterers and if anyone says he wants me for any purpose not absolutely philanthropic, I assent on the chance that after all the hospitable inviter may be telling the truth in part....

ABOYNE, 4 August, 1892.

. . . .

You want to know about the house? It is the usual stone structure, accommodated to a family of five young children and a royal navy captain, a brother-in-law of Alice Dugdale.[4] His wife is another Alice, and on the 200 guineas they get from us — for rents are American in this happy valley among the rich swells — they have given their babes a lesson in French at Boulogne or somewhere thereabouts. The house stands close on the road and river-bridge, quite at the end of the town, in an acre or two of garden and grass, tennis-court, etc. The valley is two or three miles wide; but we get into the woods in five or ten minutes walk on either side of the river, and climb up to the moors in a couple of miles pretty walk. Glen Tana lies just above, and opposite. ... Looly and Polly went to lunch there the other day and were highly amused with the old man and his show; in fact they were kept till sunset driving up the glen, and looking at the show. Besides Glen Tana, which is one fragment of the Huntly estate, the castle itself is next door, just behind the village green; but the Marquis is somewhat suppressed by debts and domestic troubles, and his castle is not a social centre, especially since he and his wife have quarrelled with their rich papa at Glen Tana.[1] A third great piece of the Huntly property has been sold to one Wilson, brother of Baccarat Wilson.... The older lairds of the larger sort are Ballogie and Desswood. Their ladies have called, but I have not yet seen the places or families. Still further off, some ten miles, is Craigievar, a show keep, owned by an impecunious Lord Sempill.[2] We go there on the 10th. I tell you these details in case you should be tempted to try the experiment of taking a house on the Deeside. The Clarks seem to have no special intimates or favorites unless it is the Aberdeens, who live rather far off; but I am satisfied that for my purposes, Aboyne or Ballater is as good as any possible place we could have found. Above all, the climate is as dry as ours, and the country very charming. Of course we are absolutely under the protection of the Clarks, who run us as completely as though we were their property, and whose kindness is both untiring and completely disinterested, for I have never been able to repay any of the friendliness which for a dozen years I have received from them....

---

[1] Edward William Hooper (1839–1901).

[2] Sir William Cunliffe Brooks (1819–1900), a banker of Manchester, who married 1. Jane Elizabeth Orrell and 2. Jane Davidson.

[3] George Charles Brodrick, warden of Merton College, Oxford (1831–1903).

[4] Alice Frances (Trevelyan) Dugdale, wife of William Stratford Dugdale and sister of Sir George Otto Trevelyan. She died, 2 January, 1902.

ABOYNE, 11 August, 1892.

. . . .

Your hot weather was telegraphed. Hot weather is not precisely our complaint. We have had ten days of northwest and northeast winds, cold and cloudy, piercing my marrow and bringing coughs and sniffles to all the babes. Yet when Scotland is fine, it pays. I thought so Tuesday afternoon when I walked up four miles to Glen Tana to call on the Cunliffe Brookses. The afternoon came out fine while I was walking, and Glen Tana looked like a lovelier South Sea valley without the palms....

How awfully good, in the middle of Balestier's vulgar commonplaces, two or three of Kipling's chapters are, in the *Naulakha;* the arrival, Chapter V; the Cow's Mouth, Chapter XII; and all Chapter XX. I feel India in these sketches as I felt that I felt it, and no one could tell me why. Here, where Indians are thick as grouse, they fight hard about Kipling. The women, who have lived in India, hate him for his undeniable vulgarity. I do not myself love him on that side.

Lady Brooks was very nice, pretty and simple-minded, deeply busy in her Primrose meeting, to which she invited me, but I thought myself unworthy. Another woman, brighter than Lady Brooks but not so pretty or quaint, — Mrs. St. John, one of Admiral Sir Arthur Farquhar's daughters, — was at Glen Tana. I had met her already, for the Farquhars are legion. Mrs. St. John is bright and agreeable, and reads as well as politics. Everyone hereabouts politics wildly, and except the Clarks, all are Unionist, and as I go into both camps I get all their confidences....

---

[1] Charles Gordon, Marquess of Huntly (1847–1937), married Amy, elder daughter and co-heir of Sir William Cunliffe Brooks.

[2] William Forbes Sempill, Baron Sempill (1836–1905).

I suppose the Whites[1] are not much in with Gladstonians, and a change of administration will give them a chance to develope their stores of diplomacy. I hear nothing of the expected cabinet except what is in the newspapers, but the Unionists are very full of fight, and the Gladstonians do not seem eager to talk. The worst symptom for them is Gladstone's evident failure in physical strength. I imagine that the mental decline is equally decided. As I have told you all about our surroundings here, I have little left to say. You can imagine me passing day after day quietly, sometimes reading French Revolution; sometimes playing schoolmaster; walking or driving with the children; making a few calls with them if they want me to go, or taking some of them out to lunch. We seem to do nothing, but the time slips away fast, and we are already talking of our start for London and home. About six weeks more will finish the Aboyne venture....

The prettiest things I see are the Scotch children, with their red cheeks and thick legs, and the Scotch terriers which always move my sympathies. Tomorrow the grouse season begins, and all the shootists are discussing whether the grouse are poor.

TILLYPRONIE, 18 August, 1892.

. . . .

We have begun our second month here. Already the days are shorter, the tourists are swarming up to Braemar, and the grouse are dropping on our heads and into our mouths. Among the grouse come ducks, dukes and earls. This reminds me that last Monday, Sir John took us all up Glen Muick to lunch at the Queen's Lodge at the Loch, an annex to the Balmoral Forest. The day was fine; the scenery was finer; and the children were delighted. I had never been there, and was more impressed, I think, than the children were, by the silent grandeur of these heather-clad solitudes, where, much more than on my South Sea valleys, I feel alone and lost; but this was not what I was thinking about just now; on the contrary, the connection of ideas was purely social, for at the head of Glen Muick stood a big stone house like a hotel, which on inquiry was declared to be the residence of an American named Lawrance who rented the deer-forest, and whose daughter had married Lord Vernon.[1] Further, that a small adjoining house in a charming situation should have been taken for me, instead of the Aboyne house, except that Mr. or Dr. Lawrance had insisted upon having it for Lady Vernon who was now there with her nurses, guardians or keepers.

---

[1] Henry White (1850–1927), married 1. Margaret Stuyvesant Rutherford (died 1916) and 2. Mrs. Emily (Vanderbilt) Sloane.

Why did it seem a coincidence and almost make me laugh in the face of Mrs. Wickham Hoffman,[2] whose face is not usually hilarious to me, when I walked over her near the little Aboyne post-office the next morning, and she, with quite a twitter of excitement, imparted to me that the John Davises[3] were coming to Aboyne, and had written to her to get the necessary quarters prepared, which she was then in the act of doing. Purely an association of names, no doubt, yet, upon my word, might I not as well or better be at Washington? Only a day or two before, I had taken Ellen [Hooper] and Mabel to an afternoon At Home at Desswood, and the first thing said by Mrs. Davidson, my hostess, was an inquiry whether I knew Douglas Robinson[4] in New York, who was her brother or nephew or something, and that Bammy Roosevelt[5] had stayed at Desswood only last year. The American and Scotchman pervade creation.

All this is little to me, to be sure — almost as little as English affairs; yet I am amused too at the hog-like scramble of our English friends back into the public trough, and the silent scrunch with which they thrust their snouts into the public patronage. Actually I made an effort, and read part of the debate; and never have I felt more personally ashamed of my fellow-creatures than when I read Chamberlain's speech. Such a blister I never saw applied to a politician, and I cannot conceive how the Gladstonians sat still, and did not cry and kick with pain; but they took it in absolute silence, and yelled only for the offices, which Chamberlain had shown them was all they would get. The case is worse for the party than appears on the surface. Gladstone is about in the condition of old George Bancroft five or six years before his death. The other evening he mistook Sir Alfred Lyall,[1] the Indian authority, for old Sir Charles Lyell,[2] the geologist, who died twenty years ago, and wanted to talk geology with him. I doubt whether Gladstone can conduct his government at all. Poor George Trevelyan, I see, is snubbed again, and my other acquaintances seem to be less prominent in the new arrangement than they intended. I am no prophet, — or rather, I rarely fail to prophesy wrong, — but I seldom have seen a less dignified or promising entry on office than that made by my patriotic and highminded liberal friends last Tuesday.

---

[1] Frances Margaret, daughter of F. C. Lawrance, of New York, married George William Henry, 7th Lord Vernon (1854–1898).

[2] Elizabeth Baylies, of Taunton, Mass., married Wickham Hoffman (1821–1900).

[3] John Davis (1851–1902), married Sally Frelinghuysen.

[4] He married Corinne Roosevelt, sister of Theodore Roosevelt.

[5] Anna Roosevelt, another sister, married William S. Cowles. The familiar name was derived from Bambina.

To John Hay

ABOYNE, 30 August, 1892.

. . . .

All the political riot is over, and the Gladstonians have crawled back to office. Our Joe is about the only man bigger for the election, and his speech on the Address was cruel. The Ministers themselves talk of their six months' term; Gladstone cannot, if I understand his condition as described by his friends, attempt to carry on the business of a session; and as far as I can see, Joe Chamberlain has got to keep him in office long enough to let him do something to kick him for. The luckiest chance for the ministers would be to have Gladstone break down now, and give them a chance to construct a new ministry — Harcourt or Roseberry. Already the party is quarrelling between the two; and alack-a-day, I am but a poor old imbecile who can't understand what on earth any party hopes to get except the offices. For these they are more frankly greedy than your dearest Tammany friends, who at least enjoy selling out their beloved Cleveland.

I am going to Ross-shire on the 9th, if Gaskell persists in wanting me, but alone, to meet Sir Alfred Lyall if he persists in letting me meet him. I want to talk India, which still lures my fancy. Except this expedition I expect to stay quiet and see no one till I get aboard the *Majestic* on the 5th [October]. . . .

I have been in Britain six weeks, and have met grouse and partridges, and even pheasants, but a duller crowd I never struck. Samoa was exciting to it. The liveliest topic is bimetallism!

---

[1] Sir Alfred Comyn Lyall (1835–1911).

[2] Sir Charles Lyell (1797–1875).

To Elizabeth Cameron

ABOYNE, 2 September, 1892.

Long walks on the moors or in the woods are my occupation now. Either with some of the girls or alone, I wander a good deal on foot, and find no end of walks. The other day, being historically inclined, I took the whole outfit off to inspect Macbeth's Castle; for the hero was hunted up here, and killed on a hillside above Lumphanan. In his day, castles were earth works, — a moat and a mound, — with wooden buildings; and Shakespeare's battlements were an anachronism; which amused us for a variety, especially as Macbeth left in his moat and on his mounds a large harvest of wild raspberries. We know pretty well the meadows and moors and even the woods in our immediate neighborhood; but I am bewildered to find that I can't get a riding-horse, and have seen neither man nor woman, prince nor peasant, on horseback, since we came.

George Howland[1] is to be sent up here next week by his brother Clarence, to wait till the cholera-scare is over. Wherever I go, I carry pestilence. In Japan in 1886, a hundred thousand people, more or less, died of cholera while we were there. In Tahiti I had a hospital of fever. On landing at Batavia I was greeted with news that cholera had just broken out. A few months afterwards, in Paris and London, I heard no subject of conversation except influenza. All this summer London has had an epidemic of scarlet fever, far worse than cholera. On the whole, cholera, I believe, is not a bad kind of death, and one ought to be rather grateful for having it.

INVEROYKEL,[2] CULRAIN, ROSS-SHIRE, N. B., 8 September, 1892.

Our visit last Friday afternoon to Crathes and Drum was charming. We all went down to Banchory by rail, and from there Sir John took us in a coach to Crathes and Drum, returning afterwards to Banchory. The two castles are charming. As Sir Robert Burnett,[3] the laird of Crathes, is insane and in the asylum, Crathes is occupied only by a housekeeper; but at Drum since I was last there the old Irvine is dead, and his son[4] has come in. There we had tea, and were very kindly entreated by Mr. and Mrs. Irvine, as befitted hosts who hold their titles from Robert Bruce, and have a dungeon with walls thirteen feet thick. Drum is really a very interesting place, and quite genuine in its two different periods, and not more knocked about than the law allows. I know of only two other places in Scotland that I specially want to see; one is Glamis, but as it never has come in my way I shall probably never hit on it; the other is Fyvie, and as Fyvie is more or less on the road between Aberdeen and Inverness, and as I had to go that way in order to get to Gaskell's moor, I got Sir John Clark to ask for me permission to see Fyvie. So I slept at Aberdeen Monday night, and went on to Fyvie Tuesday morning, arriving there at half past ten, and walking down to the Castle, feeling like Tom Thumb knocking impudently at the giant's gate. To my consternation, on sending up my card, I was ushered up stairs, and received by Mr. Leith,[1] the owner, in person. Probably you know all about him and his wife. I do not know to this moment anything about either, except that both were more than half American, she wholly so, and very kind indeed, showing me all over the castle and grounds, giving me lunch, and sending me away with blessings. Add to this that the morning was quite exquisite, almost the only soft, and summerlike day I have seen in Scotland, and that the castle looked almost inviting. If you ever have a chance, you should go there, if only to see the stone staircase for which it is architecturally best known. As it is quite close to the Aberdeens, you might very well chance on it, even if you do not know the Leiths, which you doubtless do.

---

[1] George Howland (1865– died in Paris), artist, married Virginia Stackpole. He was half-brother to Clarence King.

[2] A hunting moor belonging to the Gaskells.

[3] 11th Baronet (1833–1894).

[4] F. H. F. Irvine.

Greatly pleased to have accomplished Fyvie with such success, I came on to Inverness and passed the night in that dirty barrack, the Station Hotel, which, since I knew it thirty years ago, has accumulated uninterrupted strata of decay. Glad to escape after passing a lovely half hour of the soft and sunny morning looking at the prospect from the castle terrace, I started at noon for Ross-shire in midwinter, driving storm, and cold as man's ingratitude. How Scotland manages these instantaneous changes I cannot understand, but apparently winter insists in retirement of the sun, and when one is in the shade, one is in the glacial epoch or episode. All the way to Invershin the rain rained, and at last I paddled into a carriage at the Invershin station and drove off into the rain. I don't know where I drove; Scotland in rain is all alike; but at last I was roused from my book by finding my carriage bumping across a meadow and into a river. This proceeding struck me as so eccentric that I looked out to see whether I should have to swim for it. While I was looking, the carriage reached shore, and a moment afterwards I was hailed by my host and hostess as though they were highland robbers, and I an English tourist, or Doctor Johnson, or Waverley or a victim of some kind, to be plundered. At all events, here I am, and I know little more, except that from the windows I look into Sutherland, and that on all sides I seem to be surrounded by moor; no neighbors at all, and the nearest railway station some twelve or fifteen miles away. The house is a shooting-lodge, not large, and in no way gorgeous. The moors are a mixture of moisture and midges, which bite; and of course the landscape and air, between showers, have the usual fascination and colored silence of the regular Scotch legend. My host and hostess, being old and intimate friends, do not require ceremony, and I take the liberty of doing as little as I please. Just now I please to write to you. We are quite alone, except for the two children and the dogs, but this afternoon comes Sir Alfred Lyall, the gentleman I was invited to meet; an Indian official and authority, and otherwise an agreeable man, as is currently avowed, who happens to be the only Englishman now living whom I had expressed a wish to meet. . . .[1]

---

[1] Alexander John Forbes Leith.

I have now told you all my story that I can think of. If you want to read something which is to me like autobiography, read Stevenson's Samoan story. It deserves reading if only for its account of fine old Mata-afa.[2]

10 BOLTON STREET, LONDON, 1 October, 1892.

London again! the same old barrack, chiefly full of ghosts, who go about with me gaily shopping, and dodging on me from round corners. I rather like them, though they're queer in their habits. The last is Nick Anderson, and the last but one is Ben Crowninshield who were my two companions when I first came abroad and inspected London

[1] 'Sir Alfred Lyall came and proved to be, as I expected, an interesting man, quite of the best Indian type, which is to my fancy, the most interesting of all British varieties; but he is not a wit in the old sense, and tends to be, as my very dear friend Lady Catherine [Gaskell] writes me, "a grave, sad man, with certain side-folds of irony and laughter, and that indefinable something that comes from life spent in the East."' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 15 September, 1892.

'His [Lyall's] attitude towards India and Europe was what I wanted most to understand, and I found him perfectly frank and candid, and as clear as even I could wish. He and Rudyard Kipling and I are all three, in different ways, befooled by India, and the worst of it is that the more we talk about it, the more hopeless it seems that I can ever see it as I want to do, or swallow the great Asian mystery with any hope of really enjoying it.' — To the same, 22 September, 1892.

[2] *A Footnote to History: Eight Years of Trouble in Samoa. Letters of Henry Adams*, I. 421, *et seq.*

in October, 1858.[1] Nick dropped out quietly some ten days ago at Lucerne. I found only Lincoln at the Legation, but White arrived the same night. Lincoln was very friendly, and insisted on having our whole circus to dine, and go to Kiralfy's show, which was done, the magnificent White acting as master of ceremonies. Of course the girls were amused, and in my office of educator I was glad to bring them to the Legation, which is, so to speak, a kind of *stammschloss* or family hotel of mine, where I feel almost too much at home, whoever is the temporary occupant. Lincoln quite shone, both in conversation and in benevolence, but told us with a face green with horror, that he had unknowingly ignored Truxtun Beale in his own office, and could never make it right....

To Sir Robert Cunliffe

R.M.S. 'MAJESTIC,' QUEENSTOWN, 6 October, 1892.

Good-bye, my dear Baronet! I'm sorry I can't stay to help you save the country, but as far as I can see, the country is bound to go to the devil anyway; which need not alarm you, because, in the fifty years we have lived we have seen the world go quite to the devil half a dozen times, and as we had very little to do with saving the pieces then, the chances are that we shall have still less to do the next time.

This wisdom is gratuitous. I make no extra charge for it. Meanwhile I am off for McKinleydom. I have nothing on the Lord's footstool to do there, and in all probability I shall reappear on this side soon. Hang me if I know where else to go, for get to Asia I must, and if you will get some friend made viceroy, and invite me to go out with him, I'll go with you by the next mail....[2]

---

[1] See *Letters of Henry Adams*, I. Index.

[2] He landed in New York October 12th, went to Cambridge the following day, and to Washington on the 18th to meet Tati Salmon.

II

WASHINGTON, QUINCY, CUBA

1892–1894

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

New York, 1 November, 1892.

. . . .

I am now taking my Tahiti brother round the country, devoting a month to him and his interests. Having landed my nursery well and with vast success, I have turned to this other member of my adopted family, who is a giant of copper hue, and a great social success. Just now he and I are waiting for dinner at one of our numerous and gorgeous clubs,[1] which gives me time to scratch a line to you.

Otherwise I have absolutely nothing of news to tell. Our voyage was vile, like most voyages, but it ended well, and quickly. The first news I heard on landing was of Woolner's death.[2] I had sat with him two hours the last day I was in London, and though I felt sure that something serious was the matter, he insisted so vigorously that he was quite well again and strong, that I hoped for the best, and am still wondering what was the true disease or trouble.

Here I find a very dull election going on, and no one can tell me what the result is to be, or seems to care. . . .[3]

To John Hay

Washington, 7 November, 1892.

This village is deserted without you. I returned here Saturday night, leaving Tati to pursue the war-path in New York without me. I find Martha [Cameron] here, and her mother, but, as far as I know, no one else. This morning I get a letter from home warning me that my sister-in-law,[4] Charles's wife, is very seriously ill, and unless some improvement takes place soon, I may expect a telegram at any moment announcing her death. No telegram has come yet, but I am a crouching coward, and always at this season expect a new victim, and this one being, as usual, probably the most useful and needed member of the family, is likely to be the one chosen. What fiendish ingenuity fate has!

---

[1] The Century.

[2] He died, somewhat suddenly, October 7.

[3] 'I am back here [Washington] again for a time, after running up and down the country like a dog tied to a tin can. In the interval I hear vague mutterings of politics, business and art, but no literature, though I saw Rudyard Kipling in New York two days ago, and had a letter from Robert Louis Stevenson last week. But perhaps they're not literature.' — To Gaskell, 18 December, 1892.

[4] Mary (Ogden) Adams (1843–1935).

As you will know who is to be your President, I will not prophesy except to say that in New York both sides were amusingly sure. As my dear mugwumps and democrats are bad politicians, and your scoundrels are and have always been shrewd and clever with their dollars, I back Benjamin [Harrison] now as always; but if he's beaten, and the democrats get the Senate I'm thinking we'd better get in out of the cold, for I shall look for a big smash. Our bladder has been blown up till it must burst some day; perhaps better now than later, for our assessment is, I believe, trebled or so on our land, and though we don't pay it this year, it is coming.

Please hurry up. I can't run this city alone. Give my love to Mrs. Hay and the babes. King is still monkeying with the Survey; poor investment for him, whatever it is for us.

WASHINGTON, Saturday, 12 November, 1892.

Bear up, poor babe! For once the innocence of the party of truth and disinterestedness has been outraged by the brutality of a savage democracy; but bear up! I regret deeply to say that even I bear up. I supposed that the dreadful event would have overwhelmed me. Even now I cannot understand what became of all that McKinley money that ought to have been on hand. Is it possible, as dimly reaches my ears, that our republican manufacturers, after pocketing the swag, refused to disgorge? If so, they'll catch it. Meanwhile poor Benjamin and I are a party by ourselves, and need you.

Dear Cabot seems to be the only man who has the people with him. True heart! Pure people's patriot! He and Cleveland. Two stuffed prophets! How I love the people; they are always right. 'Tis my weakness that I love Benjamin better. I never could rise to the very best.

My sister-in-law, thank God, is better; I hope convalescent; but she scared our wits out.

Tati is still in New York. I rather expect him back today. He has but about a week more. He wants to arrange to send his brother's pearl-shell here, but needs a business connection with a little capital, to take it. On such matters I am helpless as a republican national-committee-chairman. But I've promised him that you shall take all the coffee he can send; say one or two hundred tons.

Your window seems to be playing the deuce! Bancel promised to show me the last new one but I couldn't wait. I've not heard how the batch turned out this time....[1]

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 1 February, 1893.

. . . .

I am dragging the winter along here for want of some companion to go elsewhere. Everyone is too contented and dull to move. Such a universal state of stupid felicity is calculated to please political economists more than it does historians.

If possible I shall get away somewhere before spring, I know not where, but unless I set up an establishment at Chicago and run a hotel for my friends, I prefer to get out of the country. As yet I have been unable to secure a house in Chicago, and the chances are I shall do the other thing.

I presume you take no great interest in our politics. My party is coming in, but as yet none of my friends are in it. For social purposes, one should always put one's opponents in office. If I had any influence, I would get myself made ruler of the Sandwich Islands, and invite you to visit me; but I have not so much political standing as would sustain a dormouse.

I see that you have at last made your cast of the Irish dice. I have even tried to understand the Irish bill. My success has not been great. Joe Chamberlain will probably instruct me. My highest idea of intellect is to understand Ireland and silver.

To Elizabeth Cameron

HAVANA, 23 February, 1893.

. . . .

Our steamer carried us off at ten o'clock, and after a beautifully calm passage, we reached Havana at seven yesterday, Wednesday, morning. On getting ashore, we made the usual hopeless attempt to get tolerable rooms, with the usual signal failure. The struggle lasted nearly all day, and in the course of it we had a just angelic breakfast at the old Restaurant de Paris, and I dragged Phillips[1] out to Vedado, five miles out of town, into a violent rainstorm, all in vain. When we returned to our despised Hotel Telegrafo, with its liveliness, my wanderings were stimulated by the information that my trunk had gone back to Tampa on the steamer. I went down to the Custom House to search, but it had certainly not come ashore; so I took a boat, by way of a diversion, and sailed out to a steam-yacht, announced in the *Lucha*, as the *Wuill Yuch*, carrying the distinguished Agassiz. Alex[2] was on shore, and I only left a card, but before I had fairly got back to my hotel, Max Agassiz[3] appeared, and took us on board the *Wild Duck* to dine. This morning the whole party dined with me at Chaix's Restaurant de Paris, and we passed the morning geologising on the coral reef, and driving about the environs....

---

[1] Two panels by John La Farge, 'Peacock and Peonies' and 'Peonies in the Wind,' were placed in the dining room of the Hay house and, when that was demolished, were transferred to the house of Hay's son-in-law, James W. Wadsworth.

Saturday morning. We went last evening to Vedado, to dine *chez* my old restorateur Petit, on the sea-shore, and the night was so beautiful and the place so quiet that we stayed there in my old rooms; but the mosquitoes were somewhat active....

I have taught Phillips to drink a fresh cocoanut, to eat half a dozen strange fruits, and to shake with fear of half a dozen strange diseases.

HAVANA, 28 February, 1893.

. . . .

Of all the dirty holes in the world, Havana is hard on to the dirtiest, and quite the noisiest; but it is amusing, and we have panted with heat, gasped in dust, and enjoyed ourselves with nothing, in an exemplary tourist way. Among the other follies of the place, as you will be amused to know, I have been obliged to succumb to Sala,[4] whose civility and good nature are too much for me. We breakfasted with him Sunday, and today (Tuesday) he has largely devoted to showing us things which he thought would interest us....

We have only amused ourselves, I hardly know how. We have eaten a good deal, and driven about the country; wilted at noon; revived towards evening; and slept when we could. I know a little more of Havana than I did, and have smoked frightfully the most delightful cigars after seeing them made in a manner that would disgust a pig. The great Havemeyers have been here, occupying all attention. To them I have left social distinction and the charms of society. The square under my windows is noisy enough for me, day and night; and more amusing than sugar-bakers.[1]

---

[1] William Hallett Pnillips, a lawyer of Washington.

[2] Alexander Agassiz (1835–1910).

[3] Maximilian Agassiz (1866–).

[4] Count Maurice Sala, Secretary of the French Legation at Washington, 1884–1890.

To Charles Francis Adams

WASHINGTON, 22 April, 1893.

How are you off for great-grandfathers? As I have no children, I have thought the family-business none of mine, and have made over to you-uns all the heirlooms accordingly; but now I receive from Philadelphia a full length portrait of John Adams painted during the Presidency by an Englishman named Winstanley,[2] and I want to know what to do with it. Frame and all, it measures 52 × 44 inches. The figure stands 33 inches high, and the body is about a third larger than it should be, compared with the legs. It is very well painted though ill-drawn, and is in some respects a really fine portrait.

I have tried to get the ruling quotations for great-grandfathers, but they must be scarce in the market, for though all my friends tell me decidedly to buy the picture, I think they are really thinking more of the value of a great-great-grandfather President than of my generation. In fact I suppose Molly's baby[3] might double up the price, for great-great-great grandfather Presidents, full length, contemporaneous, and pointing to the Constitution, must be almost a monopoly.

The fact is I don't want it, and have no money. Do you care to take it? Or does anyone in the family care to authorise me to offer a thousand dollars for this perfectly authentic ancestor? I admit that if I were Jack or Harry or George or Charley,[4] I should want it. Nothing but weariness of accumulation, and poverty of bank account, checks my buying it now.[1]

---

[1] On March 13 he arrived at Coffin's Point, South Carolina, where he remained till the 24th.

[2] This portrait hangs in the stone library forming part of the 'Old House' the home of the two Presidents, now the Adams Memorial at Quincy, Massachusetts. William Winstanley came to America in the last decade of the eighteenth century and later returned to England.

[3] Henry Livermore Abbott (1892–), son of Grafton St. Loe and Mary (Adams) Abbott.

[4] Nephews of Henry Adams. John (1875–) and Henry (1875–) were sons of Charles Francis Adams, and George Caspar (1863–1900) and Charles Francis (1866–) were sons of John Quincy Adams.

KNICKERBOCKER CLUB, NEW YORK, 2 June, 1893.

. . . .

Housatonic[2] fell on my surprised eyes one day in Samoa in 1890 or 1891. I read him or her in the *Tribune* with the world between me and my critic. I had no observation to make then, and have none now. I own a copy, presented to me by Teddy Roosevelt as a gauge of affection. My only curiosity is to know who could have gone to the expense and trouble of publishing such a pamphlet, when he or she had not the courage or the interest to take the credit of it. Professionals are not that altruistic. This writer must be young and tender. The pamphlet certainly indicates it.

I trust your biography of C. F. A.[3] will profit by your home leisure. Hurry that up! We wax old and imbecile.[4]

To Elizabeth Cameron

'UMBRIA,' QUEENSTOWN, Sunday, 30 July, 1893.

Oh — oh — oh — oh! Imagine a groan that reaches four thousand miles, from Homburg to Boston. Here I am, sure enough; — I, that, only a week ago, was pavoneggiarcing[5] myself at Lucerne like a Prince; — here I am, solitary as an Owl, among three hundred people whom I don't want to know; on a dirty old ship, with bad food and impossible neighbors, going where I particularly object to going, in order to do what I most detest doing....

London was pleasant, thanks to the Hays, who were at Brown's, and with whom I passed most of my two days, including Charley's Aunt. I saw no one else, except Alice Dugdale, who was at the Hays', very funny about the Irish fair in the Commons, which she, and Mary Chamberlain,[1] and various pearls of refinement, witnessed....

---

[1] 'By the bye, if you feel rich again, you can have more great-grandfathers. The other day a person in Georgetown offered me the miniatures of Joshua Johnson and Catherine Nuth, the latter broken, but very nice work, done in London by Pell. They were about all the property that our cousin Dr. Frye left. . . . As I am not particularly in the market for that sort of art, I have not felt impelled to sacrifice much money for ancestors.' — To Charles Francis Adams, 30 November, 1894.

[2] In 1890 a series of letters, signed 'Housatonic,' severely criticising Adams' *History of the United States*, appeared in the *New York Tribune* and were reprinted in a pamphlet of thirty-four pages: *A case of Hereditary Bias. Henry Adams as a Historian. Some Strictures on the History of the United States of America. n.p.* [1890.] The writer has not been identified.

[3] A Life of his father Charles Francis Adams.

[4] He sailed on the *Paris* from New York June 3, was in London, at 6 Half Moon Street, on June 13 and joined Rachel and Don Cameron at Chamounix on July 11.

[5] Strutting like a peacock.

The American news of Friday seemed to announce the failure — impending — of the General Electric Company which will smash Boston flat, and I fear will stop Cabot Lodge's little building plans. I have not seen yesterday's news, but I have made up my mind to finding myself in a universal mess a week from today. I only hope I have pocket-money enough to reach Quincy. If obliged to tramp, I shall be too late to sign my certificate of insolvency.

For once I think I am worse scared than your husband, who has also made up his mind to being broke, but hopes to make it easy. He is certainly much excited, and ought to stay anywhere else, — say on the top of the Gorner Grat, — but so ought I, in my opinion; yet here we are; he, in one vessel, a few miles off, and I in another; both wishing we were anywhere else. Luckily I can't play poker!...

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

STEAMER 'UMBRIA,' QUEENSTOWN, 30 July, 1893.

Last week in Switzerland I received letters calling me home post-haste, so I set out at once, and after two days in London, am now, in half an hour, to sail once more over this miserable ocean. As I do not know what I am to do when I get there, or why I am needed — except that it is a matter of finances, — you can imagine that I am not gaily pleased to go. The Devil take Crises! They pursue me everywhere, and on the whole I greatly prefer Cholera, with which I am also constantly pursued.

We are all ruined — that is, all of us who owe five shillings, for we can raise nothing even on government bonds. As you will — for you always do — follow in the track of our panics, I expect everyone in England except yourself, to be in the same situation before long. Much good may it do you. For myself, I care not for it, nor does it amuse me. You may take it all....[2]

---

[1] Mary (Endicott) Chamberlain, wife of Joseph Chamberlain.

[2] 'I hasten to answer in order to reassure you as to any anxiety on my account. As far as I know, I have lost nothing whatever, and owe nothing, and have a year's income on deposit, to supply all possible wants. I was recalled because everyone was so scared that the mere word trust had become a spectre of terror....

'As I have already said, I have no debts, and am in no business, so that unless every-

To Elizabeth Cameron

QUINCY, 8 August, 1893.

The voyage was smooth, the ship slow, the fog and clouds incessant, and the people most uninteresting. I did not get ashore till Sunday morning, twenty-four hours after your husband; and I came on by the Fall River boat that evening, arriving in Quincy Monday morning.

Of course I was plunged at once into the maelstrom, which is furious enough. Everyone is in a blue fit of terror, and each individual thinks himself more ruined than his neighbor. Until they recover their reason, I see no hope of getting on sound bottom. Personally I cannot see that I am affected. I owe nothing either on my own account or as trustee; and all my property seems to me excellent in every respect. My co-trustees are in more trouble on account of notes falling due, but these are their private affairs, and their estates seem ample and solvent. Of course they are worried and anxious; everyone is; but pretty nearly everyone is unable to meet such obligations, and I see nothing, except the frightful sinkage in values, to warrant any serious alarm. Not a corporation in the country can now meet its notes, and very soon I think the panic will end, as all panics do, in general exhaustion. Then we shall be all right. There has been little or no inflation. We have only to stand up and go on.

Of course I have not had time to see anyone or talk about much besides business. My own family, and Edward Hooper have been the limit of my range. Already I have finished all I was sent for, and can do no more. The next two months are a mystery as to passing the time, for I shall be dreadfully bored at Quincy, but have no notion where else to go.

Really the world is a very hard place to live in. Even Homburg may, I imagine, have drawbacks. Still I envy you there....

QUINCY, Thursday, 31 August, 1893.

. . . .

As far as I know I am the only prosperous man in America, and cannot be ruined until society goes to pieces. Just now society is picking itself up, and feeling its bruises to see what bones are broken.

thing stops, and society is dissolved, I am all right. Meanwhile I think we are nearly past our troubles, and another month or two will see us on our legs again. The scare is senseless; a mere device of the capitalists to make us give up silver.' — To Gaskell, Quincy, 22 August, 1893.

We feel not much hurt, but like the cow before the railway engine, some discouraged....

If you escaped the typhoon, as I hope you did, you will probably be astonished to hear that St. Helena [Coffin's Point] has been blown and washed away, or rather that we are still in ignorance how much of it has been saved. You will know before I do whether those peaceful retreats are still left for winter service, or whether they have gone to the *ewigkeit* and the crabs; as though a financial typhoon were not enough, without tucking a hurricane on top of it. These are parlous times for shepherds. As usual I am the scaredest man this side of the Milky Way, and ask myself dreamily from moment to moment what infernal convulsion is to kick us next. All the mules in creation have got loose, and are whacking at us with their hind hoofs. As far as I can judge, too, from the look of Europe and Asia, the circus has only just begun.

In short I am a gayer companion than ever, and fully as cheering as a skull-and-bones. Unfortunately Mrs. Brooks Adams[1] does not play poker, and I can't even lose money that way, which would be saving it. She only plays solitaire, and on hurricane days, three times a week, we play solitaire from ten A.M. to ten P.M. with half-hour intervals for meals....

QUINCY, Friday, [15 September, 1893.]

. . . .

At last all my affairs seem finished here. We have got through our squeeze better than most people, though at a considerable cost, not to me so much as to my brothers, and on the whole I am inclined to feel rather proud of the way in which my virtuous family has stood up to the fight; but we could not do it again. The strain has broken men down by scores; it killed Fred Ames;[2] I am told that Gordon Dexter[3] has gone under, and certainly my two elder brothers are badly shaken up. Henry Higginson[4] has been nearly killed; Jeff Coolidge[5] has nearly had nervous prostration; the whole generation has had notice to quit.

My dentist keeps me here till Monday. I expect to reach Washington Wednesday. On the 26th I propose to visit Chicago with a family party.[1] On my return from Chicago, things will probably be so far settled that I can decide where to pass my winter....

---

[1] Evelyn Davis (1853–1926), sister of Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge.

[2] Frederick Lothrop Ames (1835–1893).

[3] Franklin Gordon Dexter (1825–1903).

[4] Henry Lee Higginson (1834–1919).

[5] Thomas Jefferson Coolidge (1831–1920).

I expect troubled times for many years to come. On all sides, especially in Europe and Asia, the world is getting awful rickety. In our country we shall follow more or less the path of the world outside. For my own part, hating vindictively, as I do, our whole fabric and conception of society, against which my little life has squeaked protest from its birth, and will yell protest till its death, I shall be glad to see the whole thing utterly destroyed and wiped away. With a communism I could exist tolerable well, for the commune is rather favorable to social consideration apart from wealth; but in a society of Jews and brokers, a world made up of maniacs wild for gold, I have no place. In the coming rows, you will know where to find me. Probably I shall be helping the London mob to pull up Harcourt and Rothschild on a lamp-post in Piccadilly.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 26 November, 1893.

. . . .

For two months I have been hanging on the verge of a start to the Indies, and if I had found anyone to go with me, I should have started at twelve hours notice; but no one goes anywhere, and I hate travelling alone. So I hang on here, and winter comes apace, with nothing under the sun to do. The squeeze of last summer has scared people out of their little wits, and out of their big incomes, so that the restlessness which they please to call society is much alleviated. Not that it ever affects me. Our troubles were wholly imaginary, and we are slowly picking ourselves up, furious with some one, we don't know who, and very much inclined to thrash policemen. Governments have hard times in these days, and our fat-headed sculpin who thinks he rules us, is

[1] 'Surely the Fair is a seductive vanity. My brother Charles whose severe nature rejected my proposal to take a house here, for a month, has been unable to tear himself away at the appointed time, and I have very willingly agreed to stay another week and help him out with his women. Phillips foolishly returns today....

'We have moved into this Hotel [Windemere] at the very door of the Fair, and we haunt the lowest fakes of the Midway, day and night. We have passed our evenings on the water in the administration launch, looking at fireworks and electric fountains; we have turned somersets in the Ferris Wheel, and have been robbed of our surviving dollar. Charles and his wife, his daughter Elsie, and Looly Hooper, are the party. Brooks came for a day, but fled from rheumatism. Maggy is solidly putting in eight hours a day, and vows she will see everything.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, Chicago, 8 October, 1893.

Maggie Wade was long in the service of Mr. Adams and died in 1909.

no exception to the hard times. As for me, I am, beyond all political measure, tired of being ruled by fat-headed or other sculpins who are themselves ruled by a pack of howling liars and thieves on the stock-exchange, and I care not what happens to governments or societies. The worst can hardly make us more uncomfortable than we were last summer, and total ruin appears to be now only a question of time for all of us survivals of a misty past, who know not the tricks of money-making....

John Hay is, I believe, bomb-throwing in Spain. He writes me naught but dolefuls. Clarence King,[1] having been worried into an insane-asylum by the troubles of the summer, is well and comparatively happy, but is so sane that he has got to come out. All my acquaintance, and ego, have been, are, or ought to be in asylums; but those who are not, are getting wives, which proves their superior fitness for the other alternative. Some of my nieces have been, or are, with me. I hope to see Cecil Spring Rice[2] here in a month of two. Perhaps he will brighten me up. Otherwise I am quite finished. Nobody writes anything; nobody reads anything; nobody acts anything; and, by the immortal Kung-fu-tse, nobody says anything.[3]

COFFIN'S POINT, FROGMORE, P.O.
BEAUFORT, S.C., 23 January, 1894.

Your last letter has followed me southward on my usual migration with the ducks and geese. I have been a fortnight here with the Camerons, among the niggers and the mosquitoes; and a week hence I shall wander on to join Clarence King somewhere in the islands, and to wait in the tropics till the sun comes north again. The comfort is great to escape the dreary collapse of society in the north; for although I have escaped thus far, and have suffered only from the anxieties and troubles of other people, the collapse has been, and still is, very sad to me. Among my friends and family, the strain has told terribly. In fact, my generation has been cleaned out. My brothers and their contemporaries are old men. I am myself more than ever at odds with my time. I detest it, and everything that belongs to it, and live only in the wish to see the end of it, with all its infernal Jewry. I want to put every money-lender to death, and to sink Lombard Street and Wall Street under the ocean. Then, perhaps, men of our kind might have some chance of being honorably killed in battle and eaten by our enemies. I want to go to India, and be a Brahmin, and worship a monkey.

---

[1] Clarence King (1842–1901).

[2] (1859–1918). He married Frances Lascelles. There is a lack of uniform use of his name. The *Dictionary of National Biography* gives it Spring-Rice; we have followed the form used by Adams.

[3] 'The latter [Lodge] is standing on his head with the fury of battle, and swears that the republican party will be deserving of the nethermost pit, and the den of wild beasts, if it consents to save the Treasury by issuing bonds or any other flyers before the Treasury abandons its new tariff and taxes. Surrender or perish, is his war-cry! John Hay writes from Paris, December 20, about anarchists and Morton, who are both and all in a bad way.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 1 January, 1894.

So Lord Crewe has at last consented to move on, and Milnes' peerage begins to count,[1] as the poet unpoetically calculated thirty years ago. A letter from Moreton Frewen [2] last evening brought this piece of news. Another from Spring Rice announces his arrival in London. John Hay has gone to Italy, to establish a Republic, I suppose; for I should think it a poor sojourn now for any other purpose. Wayne MacVeagh,[3] one of my closest friends, goes there as ambassador this winter, and I rather envy him the interest of the position, though not the position itself. Politics make a mighty poor show now in all countries, and one may thank the blessed damozel to be spared responsibility for them. News of any sort for you, I have not. Washington was almost a solitude to me, except for the dozen friends, who occasionally shared my champagne. President Cleveland is very like Gladstone in some ways. He has the art of getting rid of every friend above the level of an attorney's clerk....

Do you play cribbage? That is my chief industry. I have amused myself by printing (ultrissimo-privately) a small volume of South Sea Memoirs,[4] for 'my sister Marau, the Queen of Tahiti,' and it has amused me much more, and is much better reading, than my dreary American history, which is to me what Emma Bovary was to Gustave Flaubert. But the *Memoirs of Marau* belong to her, and have gone to Tahiti for correction and enlargement....

To Elizabeth Cameron

HAVANA, February 10, 1894.

We had a very pleasant voyage from Tampa,[5] with lovely blue skies and calm water, just escaping a change of weather which followed; but we could find no means of going further, and have had to pass the week here, though the city is a vile hole. I found Sala, and set him to writing to you. He has been incarnate good-nature. I had to make use of him in order to bring King in contact with a person who could give the information we needed, and Sala, with the utmost kindness, had us to breakfast with the person we wanted to see, and has given us letters to everyone he could think of. We have tramped over the country, geologising under a sun that melted me into a jelly-fish. We have enjoyed ourselves a good deal, and on the whole King has stood it fairly well.... So tomorrow morning at five o'clock we start again for Batabano, on the south side, only two hours away; and there we go on board of a coasting steamer, which will lounge along the shore, inside of the keys and islands, stopping at various ports, and bringing us in five days to Santiago de Cuba at the east end of the island, where we propose to stop. There King has vast geological plans which involve weeks of riding along the shores and over the mountains, with nothing to eat but chalk, and still less to drink. Unless he improves very rapidly, I doubt whether the scheme can be carried out. If he gains, and seems doing well, I shall be content. If not, we shall probably take the next steamer, a fortnight hence, from Santiago to Nassau, and try what quiet will do. The doctors promise him complete recovery by May.

---

[1] Sir Robert Offley Ashburton Crewe-Milnes succeeded his father as 2nd. Baron Houghton in 1885 and was created Earl of Crewe in 1895. His father had married Annabella Hungerford, daughter of John, 2nd Lord Crewe. The mention in the text is cryptic.

[2] Moreton Frewen (1853–1924).

[3] Isaac Wayne MacVeagh (1833–1917).

[4] *Memoirs of Marau Taaroa, Last Queen of Tahiti.*

[5] He left Tampa on the evening of February 3.

As I am a professional wanderer, all is much alike to me, provided I am not seasick or ill, and I am ready to go on wherever the steamers or the donkeys can take me. I am learning all the phrasebooks by heart, and struggle wildly with the Colon shopkeepers. You would appreciate me at last, if you could hear me *hablar*. We have looked at lots of country-houses with a view to future winters, but I cannot find the precise Paradise I seek. We did hit on one superb villa, like Pompeii, but the roof was gone, and the chambers were pens for pigs. I am more than ever in doubt what would be best to do, but the island becomes more ruinous every year, and I need not hurry to buy or build. The Carnival was very dull. The cigar-makers have discharged half their workmen. In another year or two, nothing but the brigands will remain. To be sure, they are about the whole population now....

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, 16 February, 1894.

The coasting-steamer *Joséfita*, which left Batabano last Sunday morning, carried a very distinguished list of passengers. I do not include myself or King in the number. I refer to the famous *espada*

Minuto from Spain. I knew too little of the Spanish tongue to converse with the bright little man, who seemed to me mostly drunk when he was not seasick, and was apt to be both at the same time. With his exception, the voyagers were beasts, and the women both deadly and anaemic. The four days were very pleasant, except some interspersed passages of open sea, which tried our digestions badly. I don't think King the worse for it, although we got, and have had all along, only naps of sleep, and chiefly canned food fried in garlic to eat. We reached Santiago at five o'clock yesterday morning, and drove about the place in the dark for an hour, trying to find rooms. I wish you could see those we are now in. Santiago gives any number of points to all the cities of the world for hopelessness. We should certainly have gone on to Nassau tomorrow, had not King known Ramsden,[1] the British Consul, and had not I sworn that I would stay, and would buy a whole plantation, if necessary to get lodgings. We breakfasted this morning with the Ramsdens, when I made this defiance; and thereupon, what did Ramsden do, but get his partner, Brooks,[2] to lend us his country house for a month. We went at once to see it. A short railroad carries one about eight miles back into the mountains. There, in a valley, high and cool, the Santiagones live in summer. We rushed to the house, for we had only half-an-hour. It was a smaller duplicate of Hartwell's Honolulu house, without sea-view.[3] The valley is narrower and prettier than Nuuanu at Honolulu, and is crammed with palms and flowers. Everything was clean and fresh, cool and romantic. As soon as we have got a cook, and the necessary articles, we shall go in, and become decent once more. There is no end of geology for King; no end of sketching for me; mountains in heaps to climb, and even society to entertain. We have the loan of our Paradise for a month. I expect to talk Spanish like Don Quijote and Don Juan Tenorio, rolled into one, by that time, and I hope to get King a new steel-spring back, warranted to outlast all the rest of him. . . .

DOS BOCAS, SANTIAGO DE CUBA, 23 February, 1894.

Really, this seems to be much like what we came for! I wish you could see it. Just now, at two o'clock, the *siesta*, my thermometer stands at 83 degrees, and at the same hour every day varies little.

---

[1] F. W. Ramsden, of the firm of Brooks & Co.

[2] He had two partners, E. A. and L. Brooks.

[3] *Letters of Henry Adams*, I. 406. Alfred Stedman Hartwell (1836–1912) was a college-mate of Adams.

King has gone out to geologise. I have done my *paseo* for the day. I was up at six o'clock. Pepe, our cook, had to go off to buy marketing, so I made chocolate and started off at seven for a walk. As I could not find the path I wanted, I climbed the hill where it was steepest, and walked into all the huts on my way, to ask in the sweetest Spanish where to find the road. No living two-legged animal could understand these Cubans anyway, but I seem to guess their answers, and generally guess right. At all events I struck my road at last, on the ridge, six or eight hundred, or perhaps a thousand feet up, and walked along with ravishing views, until at last I marched into a man's farm-yard on the very apex of a mountain, and informed him that he had a *maravigliosa vista*, and would he permit me to look at it. He appeared to appreciate the fact, and pointed out to me all the places to be seen, beginning with the city of Santiago of Cuba, as they call it here, which lay below us six or seven miles off, its long bay stretching out to the sea, which spread all over the distance, till it was cut off by high mountains on either hand. The man's wife came out, and said it was very cold up there. But, by Saint Iago, it was beautiful! These high *haciendas* are *cafetales*, or coffee plantations, and I am clear that these are my long-lost home. The climate is divine. No words can exaggerate its perfection in winter. The landscape is fascinating. There are no venomous snakes. I have not yet seen a scorpion, centipede or tarantula, or newspaper, or anything vicious. I have still to inspect Jamaica, all the Windward Islands, and Mexico, which will take several more winters, but I can see nothing likely to suit me better than a *cafetal* in these mountains, if the water-supply can be managed. Water is scarce. Building is very expensive; three times what it is with us. Everything is dear and bad; but it has charm, and is healthy. It is also a long way off, but steamers come every week from New York, and one can get here through Havana without winter ocean-passage, whereas, to reach St. Kitts, or Nevis, or Dominica, one must sail from New York.

The people are very friendly. The Brookses, who lend us their house, and the Ramsdens, who got them to offer it, are of course absolute spendthrifts of kindness, and have done us whole epochs of favor; but everyone else seems kindly, even down to the ragged boys and the negroes. We have found nothing to complain of, except the condition of Santiago, which beats cock-fighting clean out. As for the young people, about twenty of them rode out here the other night to enjoy the full moon, and danced till towards eleven o'clock. They seemed much like our young people. Most of them talked English. None were specially remarkable, and I thought Santiago, for some reason which I suspect goes deep into mysteries of race and sex, decidedly beneath its reputation for show of handsome women, whether white or colored. I suspect that there is domestic insurrection there, against the *double ménage*, but I have not had a chance to ask. Up here, we are quite alone. In winter no one lives in the country. Indeed, I can make out only three or four country houses up here, and these seem all to belong to the Brooks firm. King has discovered an Yznaga connection, a sad-looking young man in custom-house service. He comes out to breakfast Sunday. You can judge that we are alone when I say that I can find no one even to read Spanish to me, much less to talk it. Pepe, the cook, is our chief friend, but his whole genius turns to serving us with soul-compelling compounds such as require two hours to ascertain the tastes to each mouthful. They are good. I am far from offering objections to them. I say only that they form most complicated harmonies.[1] Otherwise we see nothing and hear little, except the mule-trains which climb up the valley day and night, with their flavor of Spanish bells, and cries of their *arrieros*. I think King improves and grows indolent and sleeps; but he will take fits of untimely energy.

DOS BOCAS, 1 March, 1894.

I write a line by this week's mail only to say that I am still out of the world, and have seen neither letter nor newspaper nor note of time, except the passage of the sun, and of Canopus, whose decline gives us our hour for bed at nine o'clock.... As for us, our life of Bucolics continues. I delight in it daily more; but King, whose restless youth will last till ninety, frets himself because the women have no charm. Amaryllis is wanting. A stray English botanist from Kew startled us the other day by a call. He seemed to know little of botany, but was a specialist on Amaryllidae, and complained because he could find none.... Nevertheless we generally rise at six o'clock, and at about seven start up the mountains with barometer, thermometer and glass, to geologise and topographise. We have fixed the height of two points to start with; the two buttresses of our valley, which rise at either side of its mouth, and look down more than a thousand feet on the plain and harbor of St. Iago, with the ocean outside. As far as my knowledge goes, it is one of the views of the world, for a city prospect. Naples alone beats it. I think I spoke of it last week, but I return to the same point because we have now learned that the *cafetal*, or coffee-plantation of which I told you, is called the *Dulce Union*. Is not that sweet and Spanish? The owner's son is Rafael Sanz. Of course my heart is set on owning such a combination, for it is lovely beyond water-colors. The mule, being a hardy animal, requires no more than three-quarters of an hour to climb up even from here. Another path leads down directly to Boniato below. I should have to build a house, and the question of water is in doubt; but the temptation is still so great that I dare not ask whether the place could be bought.

---

[1] 'Pepe means well, but his genius lies in using a little of everything in every dish. A Spanish meal seems always to consist of an Olla or Cocida, Frijoles or beans, and rice. The meat is too poor for true respect. To these dishes I try to add fried bananas. Pepe sends in other compounds, of egg-plant; or what I knew in the South Seas as taro; and we have made him generous of okra and tomato; but his passion for mixing all the genial fruits of nature together, and then adding all the flavors he can lay his hands on, is truly Spanish and even Oriental. I despise my own narrow sympathies; but I was born under the shadow of Boston Statehouse, and I prefer my beans without saffron.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 8 March, 1894.

As for sketching, everything is so picturesque that I cannot begin. I need something simple, with broad lines, and no drawing. Here everything is complicated, with all sorts of lines, and myriads of lights. My attempts are more humorous than ever. They all end in going to walk, which is so much easier. King is about equally puzzled with his geology. At this moment he is off with a pick-axe and a basket, to collect specimens from all the railway cuttings for nine miles, in order to map out the succession of strata of which the system is made up. His soul yearns for a fossil. To amuse and occupy him, I dispute all his theories, and deny his conclusions. He takes my disputation seriously, and labors to show that he is right. As far as I can see, he is perfectly well, especially in spirits; but he still sometimes lies awake a part of the night which he considers pure Bloomingdale, and which I have had to do these ten years. I sleep a good deal less than he does; but when he is sleepless, his back troubles him, which is a remnant of the spinal congestion that upset him. He has enjoyed our vacation intensely, and wants to drag me on to St. Kitts and St. Thomas; but I hope we shall find no steamers and shall go back by way of Nassau. I am in no hurry, but the prospect of my getting to Washington before you do, is becoming dim....

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, March 16, 1894.

. . . .

Our visit to this queer little sink of smells comes to an end tomorrow, when we take the steamer for Nassau. We have had many struggles about going, for we like Cuba much and this last week has been a piece of acrobatic gymnastics. King was bound to do some geology, and geology means mountains. The nearest and easiest mountain hereabouts is the Gran Piedra, about four thousand feet high, and some twenty miles to the eastward. Ramsden was delighted to go with us, and undertook all the arrangements. King and I started on Monday to geologise the coast by railway, and did it in a way worthy of imitation. The railway is only an iron-road, with no passenger trains, so the manager took us out on his little engine, which carries half-a-dozen people. The day was of course divine. All days here seem to be divine. We ran close along the sea-shore, under a cliff of coral rocks; and whenever King saw anything that amused him, he stopped the engine and we strolled among the stones. The coast is wild, and mostly uninhabitable; the sea was superb; the sea-breeze cooled us down to a reasonable point below boiling; fossils were plenty; the geology was just amusing enough to give us something to do; and we ran on without fatigue till we got to the mine which lies some way up a side valley in the hills. The mine is American property, and our hosts were Americans; that is to say, we had clean quarters, good food, and an excellent bath. Ramsden came out with the horses and men at dark and in the evening dropped in, or were called in, a man with a guitar; the priest or *cura*, a young fellow in a jacket, and without much voice; an officer of the rural guard, and a private of the same. The entire company, except myself, then set to drinking rum, singing and dancing, and kept it up till twelve o'clock. I was amused, especially by the private soldier, who danced the Bull-fight and the *Culebra* with as much spirit as my Samoan friends used to put into their dances, which were quite the same sort of thing. The *Cura* danced less well, but took his rum like a Saint, and applauded a variety of the very least spiritual songs I ever heard. They would have gone on all night if, at twelve o'clock, our host had not sent us to bed, for we had to be up at five.

At five we were up, and as soon as we could breakfast, we mounted, and rode on through the woods. Our party was then enlarged. Ramsden brought with him his brother-in-law, Don Pastor de la Torre, and another Don who owns the Gran Piedra, and who wanted us to see his estates. The *cafetal*, from which we were to go up the mountain, was, he said, only two hours off; the summit of the mountain another hour; we should be there by eleven o'clock. So we rode, and we rode, and at length began to climb uncommonly stiff hills on a path that I have learned to call a road, although as yet I've seen no road at this end of Cuba that would admit even one wheel. A *camino real* is a mule-track. The views over the Caribbean towards Jamaica grew more and more superb, as the ride grew longer, but it was near eleven o'clock before we reached the shed called a *cafetal*. There we all decreed to breakfast, and I improved my mind by asking questions. Our host, it seemed, owned four of these old coffee-plantations. As far as I could make out, all but one were abandoned, and on that one, the buildings were in ruins. It seems that, after the Haytian rebellion in 1793, a number of French planters came across from Hayti, which is almost within sight; and here they created a lot of costly coffee-plantations. Coffee requires high, cool, and rather protected ground. For beauty, the planters chose spots for their houses, with the finest view. These places were kept up till about 1850, when, for several reasons, they were mostly abandoned. Now, coffee has become profitable again, and land is coming back into cultivation, but not with the same style or charm. Creole society has gone to pieces, and nearly all the record of it that is left, is these ruins dotted over the mountains. Our host showed us a fascinating one that afternoon. We were two or three hours in getting breakfast, and things moved so slowly, that at last King and I, with Don Tomas, our host — I never learned his full name, but he was rather a Ravenswood sort of saddity — took to our legs and walked up the hill, which he said was a mere twenty minutes. At the end of an hour and a half of divinely beautiful walking, we came to a crest on which stood the ruins of an old *cafetal* — the *Isabelita* — which nothing in Italy could beat. These buildings were large stone structures, on foundation, extending over a deal of ground, with an outlook over ocean, mountain and valleys, in all directions — forest and rock and red hill-sides — that makes one cry for want of expression. We had another hour, mostly through a forest of ferns, especially tree-ferns, before we scaled the Gran Piedra. Ramsden and the others soon joined us. The men, with their *machetes*, cleared a space for a camp in the crack of the huge boulder that makes the summit. Our Dons declined to pass the night, and preferred walking back to the *casita*. So Ramsden, King and I, with Blanco, our Spanish guide; and Sisto, a Cuban mulatto, who helped, remained on the top alone.

The sunset was indescribably fine. Such colors and shadows I never saw. Our men had to make us a ladder twenty feet high, to reach the top of the boulder, and it was an awkward climb at that, but we were uncommonly happy. Blanco made us an excellent *cocida* for dinner. A shower came on, which made us creep under the rocks, and call for hot rum and water in large doses. The night was warm; the moon came out; the scene from the summit was greatly enhanced by the rum; and I crept unwillingly from the fire to my fern-leaf bed, at some hour which I do not know, for watches were few in our party. With one blanket I felt no cold. The woods were perfectly silent. King had one lizard creep up his back, under his shirt, but lizards are harmless though active. When I woke at the first dawn, I was just as glad I had come as when I turned in at night, rum and all. The sun-rise was almost as fine as the sunset, and only at eight o'clock did we get started downward.

This was Wednesday, 14th, and the hardest day's travel I have known for twenty years. We began by walking over the hills, down to the next valley where our horses were brought; and I walked on further, as I dislike riding a poor animal down mountains. I walked some three hours, and mighty warm I was. When I mounted, the heat was not so very much less. We stopped only twice, of course to take coffee and to consume buckets of oranges. I was certainly tired, and would have been glad to rest, but the scenery was so lovely, the air so dry, and the variety so great, that I enjoyed every moment, and as afternoon came on, and the sun lost power, we all freshened up for the last lap. After passing through one valley after another, and stopping at a great *cafetal* named *Simpatia*, for a rest, we came out on the open country, and struck for the *cafetal* of Ramsden's son, which gave us about twenty-five miles for the day, almost all at a walk, up and down mountain paths. We reached Willie Ramsden's *cafetal* — also called *Isabelita* — at seven and tumbled in — seven weary men — and animals — on an unsuspecting host, who certainly had no want of us.

Once there we were really at the end of our trip....

To Seth Low [1]

[March–April, 1894.]

I have to thank you for your kind and altogether too flattering letter of the [16 March]. The question and the arguments which you urge are worth spending a little time upon, and I am pleased to have an opportunity of discussing them with you. When I last wrote I had in mind only that I am no longer a candidate for honors, or even a man of letters. I needed not to trouble you with the reasons, personal or literary, which led me to lay aside the career, and which will probably preclude my resuming it. The fact was all that seemed required, and I did not go beyond it. The fact remains, and is as decisive with me as ever, but, setting my own personal difficulties aside, I see other objections even more fatal to carrying out your wishes.

---

[1] A draft in pencil written on the leaves of a letter from President Seth Low, dated 16 March, 1894, in reply to Adams' letter of March 2.

The Loubat Prize for 1893 was awarded in February, 1894, to Adams' *History of the United States*, as the best work on the subject published in the period 1888–1893. The award carried the conditions that five copies of the work crowned should be given to the College Library and that all subsequent editions should bear upon the title-page the words:

No one could feel more strongly than I the compliment conferred on my book by your selection. Authors have every possible reason to be grateful for such favors, and when they express their sense of gratitude you may be sure it is sincere. They do not decline honors if they can accept them. I should very much like to accept the honor you offer me; if the committee pleased to confer such a distinction, without regard to the author, the author would have nothing to say except to thank them for the kindness. He would be then in his proper place. He would be no party to a transaction, and would assume no responsibility for it. But when he receives money, and makes the distinction so conferred on him an integral part of his book, and formally accepts and approves the choice of his own work, his attitude is very different. I could do neither one of those three things. Certainly I could not formally accept or agree in the selection, for I should have given the preference to at least two other works of the same period: Mahan's *Naval Warfare*, which is a more original and much more widely influential work, in a larger and less studied field; and the *Life of Lincoln* by Hay and Nicolay, which stands, I believe, without a parallel in biography. Both these books meet the conditions as well as mine, and both have been much more widely read and adopted as standard authorities.

If I could not make myself a party to the choice by formally accepting it, still less could I accept the money or make the distinction a

'Loubat Prize, Columbia College in the City of New York,' with the date of the award. In this particular case President Low had modified the second condition so as to 'request' the author to place the words on the title page. Adams declined in the above letter and later, on the suggestion of Professor John W. Burgess, who urged that the award once made could not be recalled, Adams directed that the money — one thousand dollars — be expended in the purchase of books on American history for the College Library. In May, 1894, President Low announced that the Prize had unanimously been awarded to Adams, subject to no conditions. It may be noted that Adams' brother, Charles Francis Adams, nearly twenty years later, returned to Oxford University Library the honorarium received for his course of lectures, and directed that it should be expended for American books in history.

part of the book. You are at liberty to confer distinctions, it is your right and your duty. We, upon whom you confer them and among whom you select, ought to have nothing to say in the matter; much less anything to do. We should have no voice or choice. Such greatness we are neither born to, nor do we achieve it; it ought to be thrust upon us. Otherwise, sooner or later, we shall excite very unpleasant jealousies in the breasts of rivals, who, even in our own opinion, deserve as much honor as we who have taken it.

French custom is different from ours in this respect, but there the French Academy gives the law and has several centuries of established authority behind it. Even there the jealousies it excites are such as we should not care to raise.

Still, I admit that the question is an open one, and I hope it will be fairly tried. For the reasons I have given, I am out of the field. I cannot accept the prize or carry out the wishes of the donor. But I can see no kind of obstacle to avowing frankly that, although I would very much like to accept, I have thought myself bound in justice to others to withdraw myself from the field as a judge; and with that I would recommend conferring the prize on Captain Mahan. If he sees no objection to his taking it — and I see none — your object will be doubly gained. You will in fact have crowned two works instead of one, and given your prize a wide European as well as American vogue.

III

WASHINGTON, YELLOWSTONE PARK, MEXICO

1894–1895

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 28 April, 1894.

I found your letter of April 11 awaiting me here last Monday, when I arrived at my house after four months absence in the south. The spirit of unrest which drives me from one form of seasickness to another has hunted me this season through Cuba and the Bahamas, regions mostly new to me, and with much that has amused me immensely. One effect of years I can now take as constant. I love the tropics, and feel really at ease nowhere else. A good, rotten tropical Spanish island, like Cuba, with no roads and no drainage, but plenty of bananas and brigands, never bores me.... Every time I come back to what we are pleased to call civilized life, it bores me more, and seems to me more hopelessly idiotic; and, as I do not care to imitate Carlyle and Ruskin and Emerson and all the rest of our protesting philosophers by trying to make a living by abusing the society of my time, nothing remains but to quit it, and seek another. I am satisfied that Pearson[1] is right, and that the dark races are gaining on us, so that we may depend on their steadily shutting down on us, as they have already done in Haiti, and are doing throughout the West Indies and our southern States. In another fifty years, at the same rate of movement, the white races will have to reconquer the tropics by war and nomadic invasion, or be shut up, north of the fortieth parallel. I know that with our fatuous self-esteem, our newspapers admire themselves too much to admit their own possible inferiority to niggers without newspapers; but as I rather prefer niggers to whites, and much prefer oriental art to European, I incline to make the most of the tropics while the white is still tolerated there.

My return here is not of a sort to discourage these notions. If ever one saw an enormous exhibition of imbecility, we give it here. We don't know what is the matter with us, yet we all admit that we have had a terrific shock of some sort. We see no reason at all for assuming that the causes, whatever they are, which have brought about the prostration, have ceased, or will cease, to act. On the contrary, as far as we can see, if anything is radically wrong, it must grow worse, for it must be in our system itself, and at the bottom of all modern society. If we are diseased, so is all the world. Everyone is discussing, disputing, doubting, economising, going into bankruptcy, waiting for the storm to pass, but no sign of agreement is visible as to what has upset us, or whether we can cure the disease. That the trouble is quite different from any previous experience, pretty much everyone seems to admit; but nobody diagnoses it. Probably in a year or two, we shall pick ourselves up again, and go ahead, but we shall know no better what hit us. To judge from what I can gather from the *Economist* and other European sources of financial wisdom, Europe is rather more in the dark than we are. Europe and Asia are used to accepting diseases and death as inevitable, but to us the idea is a new one. We want to know what is wrong with the world that it should suddenly go to smash without visible cause or possible advantage. Here, in this young, rich continent, capable of supporting three times its population with ease, we have had a million men out of employment for nearly a year, and the situation growing worse rather than better. Society here, as well as in Europe, is shaking, yet we have no bombs, no violence, and no wars to fear. I prefer my Cuba, which is frankly subsiding into savagery. At least the problems there are simple.

---

[1] Charles Henry Pearson (1830–1894) who wrote *National Life and Character: a Forecast* (1893).

Thus far I have not suffered. As well as I know, I have not lost a dollar either in capital or income. Of course this cannot last. Probably within another year, I shall feel the shrinkage. At present I feel it only through others, and chiefly in the form of physical collapse. All my brothers have gone, or are on their way, to Europe for rest. They need it. Men of sixty wear out fast under steady anxiety. Edward Hooper has also gone over, probably for the same reason, although he says nothing of his health. My friend La Farge is with him, also for health, although collapse in his case is not due to finance, I suppose. Clarence King woke up one day to find himself in Bloomingdale Asylum. He stayed there some weeks, till the congestion of his fifth or fifteenth or fiftieth vertebra subsided, and then went with me to Cuba. He is still with me, never better, but dreading return to New York and care. These private instances of the collapse would not bother me so much except that I feel the same unhealthy excitability and worry in society, high and low, rich and poor, industrial, financial and political. Moreton Frewen is rushing about, quite out of character, with feverish activity to cure creation. Spring Rice is furious with Frewen. Sir Julian Pauncefote has taken to gout and worry.... My favorite girls, too, have all got married — which is a bore.

Never mind! We have had our little day.

I agree with you about Lowell's letters.[1] They are deadly. But what letters are not now? Do tell me of a new book.

WASHINGTON, 18 June, 1894.

. . . .

Thousands of Americans are now abroad, mostly for economy, which is my reason for staying at home. It's a bore, for I've nothing to do. In despair, I've taken to reading history again, and as our world seems to have gone to the devil — at least in art and literature — I have taken up the story of that greater world, the Roman Empire, which went so inexplicably to the devil before us. I find it very entertaining, especially in its bearings on our droll assumptions of superiority. How much Petronius could give Zola, and yet need no odds! I am now preparing to start into the Rocky Mountains for the summer, hoping to pitch my camp all through the Yellowstone and Teton range, far beyond sight or hearing of white men until snow begins to fly, which, out there, is in September; and I am going to carry with me a small library of the Roman decadence. The contrast should be entertaining.

Naturally I have no news to offer you, which would be worth your hearing. Public affairs are all on your side. We seem to have settled only one point, and that is that we shall henceforward be more protectionist and exclusive than ever before. I shall not be surprised if within another five years, we clap on a hundred per cent duties on every foreign product, and go over to the silver standard besides. The reaction against European influence is terrific. Nothing short of total non-intercourse seems quite to satisfy our people, and the next elections are likely to sweep the old democratic free-trade doctrines simply out of existence. I look forward to them with a certain curiosity, though it is chiefly the curiosity of a monkey on a hand-organ. I want to break it, to see what is inside. To me personally nothing seems to matter much, — unless perhaps we too take to bombs....

I will try to read Kidd,[2] since everyone is talking about him, but on these matters I have my own prejudgments, and hate to see half-treatment, like Pearson's, etc. We know too little yet to make a science of history. Another fifty years will do it, I've no doubt. I can wait. It will do no one any good. Did you ever read Karl Marx? I think I never struck a book which taught me so much, and with which I disagreed so radically in conclusion. Anyway, these studies of morbid society are not so amusing as Petronius and Plutarch.

---

[1] *Letters*, edited by Charles Eliot Norton, Boston, 1894.

[2] *Social Revolution*, London, 1892, by Benjamin Kidd (1858–1916).

We are now in the midst of a spasm of virtue, the outcome of hard times. Everywhere we are rubbing our noses in filth with high delight. After all, it is nothing much, to one fresh from later Rome. A few bribed policemen and speculative legislators make the whole harvest.

To Sir Robert Cunliffe

WASHINGTON, 21 June, 1894.

My life has been so hop-o'-my-thumb for the last year that I cannot even remember whether I ever answered your last letter. Anyway it must have been so long ago that you can stand another. I hear of you from time to time, and know your honorable age. So my silence is not altogether dumb as well as mute.

Summer has come again. You may have remarked it. Not that one always does, in your island. Elsewhere one generally knows when summer comes, although I get myself a good deal mixed up, and have pretty well made up my mind to abolish winter altogether. Winter is good for boys, and perhaps, for bears, but not for a man or woman normally constituted, after fifty. Good or not, I prefer to take mine in summer, so in a few weeks I mean to start off to the Yellowstone, and go into camp for a couple of months in the mountains. I am closing up my letters now, before breaking with cities and railways.

Carlo [Gaskell] writes me about you and miladi, and my very last letter yesterday — from Hay — speaks of you as in London, looking after your crops, I suppose. Among the other curious portents of the last few years, I notice an entire cessation of the travelling Englishman, which leads me to suppose that he must be looking after his crops. To me who, all my life, have been dependent on the gentle English stranger for all the facts and ideas which I had to avoid in life, the loss is very serious. If I now saw an Englishman of the old school I think the sense of my past offenses would overcome me. I should certainly weep with pleasure at a last product of an extinguishing race; but I should entreat him to hurry home and look after his crops, for if they are worth no more than ours, he and I had better retire together to the South Seas and fish for squid by hand. All my last winter was passed in the attempt to discover some retreat nearer at hand, and as soon as cool weather returns, I am going back to the West Indies to pursue the search even round the entire circle of our Mediterranean seas. King and I skirted its edge last winter, and made many new and striking observations on the cosmos, or chaos, or whatever kind of *os* the western tropics may be. King has now gone off to the Columbia River, a long way beyond the Yellowstone, to inspect a mine for some Chicago bloke. He will be busy there till August when he may perhaps join me in the Teton country. Edward Hooper reached home today, I suppose, and I don't envy him the job he will find on his hands of running his University finances for the next year. Yet somebody must run things, and as long as he likes it, the University ought to be happy even if the professors go unpaid. I suppose La Farge returns with him.

While these birds are coming back to their roosts, a whole cloud of pigeons are flying your way, chiefly to economise their establishments. Of these more or less gilded birds of fashion I know but little, yet a very large proportion of my own friends are among them. Indeed two of my brothers are now in Europe with their female consorts. Mrs. Cameron and her sequela go next week. Her steamer as usual will carry a Washington congressional army — that is, the feminine part of it. The males must remain here a good while yet, for politics and finance wax daily more desperate, and the unfortunate government is at its wit's end. It came into office pledged to reduce taxation, and it has got to cram on the most unpopular taxes possible to fill a deficit that would not be less than £20,000,000, if its pledges were even partially kept. Hence much howling, shrieking of newspapers, scandal-mongering and chattering of the vast monkey-tribe. Everyone scolds. Everyone also knows what ought to be done. Everyone reviles everyone who does not agree with him, and everyone differs, or agrees only in contempt for everyone else. As far as I can see, everyone is right.

I trust you are better off.

To Elizabeth Cameron

KNICKERBOCKER CLUB [NEW YORK], 6 July, 1894.

You showed a certain share of selfish intelligence in going abroad just now. As far as I can see, this country is travelling too fast for comfort. You will notice that I write from New York. Apparently the chances are about even that I shall pass the rest of the summer here. Owing to the recent deposition of President Cleveland and the installation of Dictator Debs,[1] accompanying the general and hopeless bankruptcy of the Northern Pacific, the Yellowstone Park is about six months' journey today, and I am far from sure either of getting to it, or getting from it. My consolation is that your good brother-in-law, Miles,[2] is in a worse hole than I. His situation this morning is highly ridiculous. By evening it may be stupendously tragical. Never was such chaos — at least since February, 1861. Cleveland has undertaken to run the railroads by the army, against the protests of the States. *Il ne manquait que ça!* With Olney as Acting President and Miles as Railway Superintendent, running the country in the interests of George M. Pullman[3] — if that is his name, — I will bet my useless pair of new mountain boots that long before two years are up, all the bankers and brokers of Wall Street, State Street and Jerusalem will have gone down on their knees to your husband as the only safe and reactionary mugwump in the country, who can alone represent the interests of capital.

Just now they have not got that far. Your friend Horace White[4] seems to be greatly exercised about your husband's profligate ambition. The *Evening Post* every day reads him out of the republican party. None of the other papers open their mouths. I enclose a cutting from yesterday's *Evening Post*, giving an idea of the way it is advertising you, and another from the *Mail and Express* which braces you and Teller.[5]

For the moment, the silver question has disappeared before the cyclone of other disasters. The lightning that ought to blast your nefarious ambition, has to dodge off and attend to less wicked criminals like Debs, Altgeldt,[6] Olney, and David B. Hill.[7] Never mind! Your doom will come.

I came away from Washington last Monday (today is Friday) with Teddy and Springy; and after dining with the two Chandlers [Chanlers?] at the Waldorf that evening (without being invited), I went down to Oyster Bay Tuesday. There I passed the night, and there I left Springy enjoying his hay-cold. When I came up Wednesday afternoon, I found the Hays established at the Brunswick, very flourishing; the girls very bright and pretty, and all in good spirits. I found La Farge also, in good condition, as agreeable as ever. We all dined at the Brunswick last night.

---

[1] Eugene Victor Debs (1855–1926), leader of the strike against the Great Northern Railroad in April, 1894.

[2] General Nelson Appleton Miles (1839–1925), married Mary Hoyt Sherman, daughter of Charles Sherman and sister of Mrs. Don Cameron.

[3] George Mortimer Pullman (1831–1897).

[4] Horace White (1834–1916).

[5] Henry Moore Teller (1830–1914).

[6] John Peter Altgeldt (1847–1902).

[7] David Bennett Hill (1843–1910).

Probably I shall return to Washington tomorrow. If Debs, Devs, Deus, or Devil, lets the Hays go to Cleveland tonight, I shall go by the next train. Debs is kind not to have locked up Cleveland yet, but he is still goodnatured, being victorious. The high jinks will come when he is beaten. If the railways start up again, I shall go into camp August 1. Glad shall I be, for this pandemonium wears on my nerves, and as I have been for eighteen months the scared-est man this side of Sirius, I am beginning to feel the racket....

1603 H STREET, 13 July, 1894.

A week hence I hope to be at St. Paul, and in a fortnight deep in the Yellowstone country.... Mostly I stay in my house and read Cicero and other gold-bug literature of Rome, not in the original, I am sorry to say, but in Mr. Bohn's veracious translations. Generally I dine at the Club, and see queer, stray, people, like myself. Two days ago, it was Joe Quincy.[1] Cabot and Theodore are at home. Springy is still with Theodore.... The last week has been more than usually awkward for politicians. Cleveland has won another colossal victory for his friends the gold-bugs; a greater than his silver triumph, for he has settled the working-man forever. Now that the gold-bug has drunk blood, and has seen that the government can safely use the army to shoot socialists, the wage-question is as good as settled. Of course we silver men will be shot next, but for the moment, the working-men are worse off than we. Of course, too, the Senate has unanimously approved of Cleveland. I hope your husband was not there, for, to my mind, the men who endorsed Cleveland made the gravest kind of a blunder. The proof is that the House did not dare do it. Bellamy Storer[2] introduced the Resolution, but so many members of both parties came to him to beg him to desist, that he had to do so. This I learn from Rockhill[3] and Phillips. Of course every gold-bug in the country, and all the newspapers are radiant and violent in support of Cleveland. Indeed I am very much inclined to think that his second great victory settles everything. The gold-bug has got us cold. For my part, I do not object. I never think it good sense to try to reverse the processes of nature, and my idea of politics is to hasten rather than retard results. Silver is really in the interests of money, and would prolong indefinitely the money-lenders' reign, whereas gold is fatal to it. Were you, in your former lives, ever acquainted with one Midas, a Greek banker, who has typified the gold-bug for three thousand years? If not, look him up in your Ovid, in the 11th Book of *Metamorphoses*, lines 90 to 190. '*Ille male usurus*' — that outrageous usurer — turned everything to gold, and had asses ears; two infallible signs of a banker. Bacchus kindly gave him free silver, and saved his life and ears. I am no Bacchus, and, if possible, would prefer to take his life and cut off his ears.

---

[1] Josiah Quincy (1859–1919).

[2] Bellamy Storer (1847–1922).

[3] William Woodville Rockhill (1854–1914).

Your husband had better keep dead quiet now, till things take another turn. He is really helpless, and at most can only keep his head above water till time shall show whether we are to have a chance once more. Debs has smashed everything for the present. The workingman is so brilliant a political failure — so suicidal a political ally, that until he is dead and buried, the gold-bug must rule us. George M. Pullman and Andrew Carnegie and Grover Cleveland are our Crassus and Pompey and Caesar, — our proud American triumvirate, the types of our national mind and ideals. We are under a sort of terror before them. The Senate bows down, and even I, who want not so much as a protective duty on my books, think life easier if I hold my tongue and let Midas's ears alone.

Luckily Carlyle and Ruskin and Thackeray and Mat. Arnold, as well as various other gentlefolk, have said all that the occasion requires, and my brother Brooks is always on hand....

UPPER GEYSER BASIN CAMP, 29 July, 1894.

We got into camp yesterday, ten days from Washington. Luckily we just hit the right moment, and got through without an hour's delay, only fearfully hot to Chicago. John Hay and Del,[1] and Iddings,[2] the geologist, joined Phillips and me at Chicago, and since then we have gone on more or less like clock-work, doing the regular thing, and travelling very easily. I have written to Martha all that is interesting, so you must put up with the dull part. You know the pleasures and penalties of camp life. To me the chief pleasure is absence from other life, and a sense of daily action; forest, sky and running water without a house to be seen for a month; pleasant companions, and no special thoughts. The draw-backs are flies and mosquitoes; wet weather and cold; fatigue and down-timber; glaring geyser-basins and wet feet. At this moment, as I sit looking westward, where, over the pine-trees, the Old Faithful geyser jumps up every hour, my thermometer is marking 120 degrees in the sun, and 70 degrees in the shade. At half past six this morning, it was 39 degrees in my tent, and I thought the night the coldest I ever felt; but I had a bath of hot geyser-water in my tent, and Lucullus never invented a more delicious one, if he gave his mind to the bath-business. The mosquitoes are infernal, but even they can't go the nights, and retire to their fur night-bags long before I crawl into mine. Of course the air up here, near two miles high, is rather more stimulating than brandy, and the sky is that blue which, for my own taste, is a little too keen and merciless, but, at least, like the American mind, has not a shadow or a purple hole to be picked in it. Hay, who is always the best of companions, and who always looks forward with hope to ultimate return to his family with a renewed supply of rheumatism, takes things better than I do, and, while got up as a land-pirate, endures cold feet and cold nose with a grace and humor which I would be glad to imitate. He threatens always to break down and go home, but has already borne so much that he can hardly suffer from more.

---

[1] Adelbert Stone Hay (1877–1901).

[2] Joseph Paxon Iddings (1857–1920). The story of this adventure is more fully related in Hay, *Letters and Diaries*, II, 301.

We strike into the wild country to the southward tomorrow, and cut our last ties to stage-coaches and roads. If all goes well, you will not hear from me for another month. Little as I care for those gamy pleasures which would give new life to our Teddy, I am at least contented to be here....

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, 1 September, 1894.

Today at noon we emerged at last from the wilderness in which we have been plunging since July 28. We are all well, strong, and unquarrelsome. Our adventures have been much the usual thing, I suppose, and I will not dilate your emotions with them. We have ridden three or four hundred miles on ponies through trails or trailless country, over mountains and in cañons, sliding on snow or bogged in swamp, making twenty-two different camps, with beautiful weather and violent thunder-storms, occasional accidents and tolerable appetite, living on elk-meat and trout, and threading vast forests, until Hay has become a blooming mountaineer, and I — remain, as Phillips insists, a dude. Now, behold, we emerge, not having seen half a dozen human beings in the month, and tomorrow my companions all return eastward, and I wend my solitary way once more towards the Pacific, in the dreary effort to occupy a part of September until the West Indies become practicable....

The Teton mountains were really fine. The Grand Teton is almost a Matterhorn; much the finest of American mountains. I enjoyed them far more than I did the cañons, which are striking enough, especially when you want to get up or down their sides, and can't; but I never could care much for a hole in the ground. We have an illusion that we are the first white men who ever crossed into the source of the Yellowstone. We did it by climbing up to eleven thousand feet, and sliding down a mountain-side. It was a queer country up there, all striped with snow like a crazy-quilt, with grass between the stripes. A very queer, mad, hoodoo, drunken landscape.[1]

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 27 September, 1894.

. . . .

My brother John's death[2] is something more than a loss. It is a notice to quit. He was, as I always supposed, good for eighty years. He was regarded as the most brilliant of the family, and the most certain of high distinction. Again and again he drew himself back, as he grew older, and refused to take the burden of office or work. He had all he wanted; wealth, children, society, consideration; and he laughed at the idea of sacrificing himself in order to adorn a Cleveland cabinet or get cheers from an Irish mob. Suddenly the crisis came, a year ago, and he went all to pieces. The entire nervous system of Boston seemed to give way, and he broke down with a whole crowd of other leading men. I have certainly no reason to think that any of us are stronger than he. My own nerves went to pieces long ago. My inference is therefore that I need not bother myself about anything beyond five years hence. I may calculate on not outlasting the century. I regret it. Of late the century has amused me. It has become so rotten and so bankrupt that I am quite curious to see what the next one will do about it. When I think of the formulas of our youth, — when I look at my old set of John Stuart Mill, — and suddenly recall that I am actually a member of the Cobden Club, — I feel that somewhere there is the biggest kind of a joke, if I could only see it.

---

[1] On September 3 he was at Livingston, Montana.

[2] John Quincy Adams died Tuesday morning, August 14, 1894.

Meanwhile, to escape for a time from the weary reiteration of political, social and financial clack which had been dinned into my ears since my return from Cuba in April, I arranged a sortie for the summer. Right in the heart of the continent, about two thousand miles west of Boston, is the Yellowstone National Park. South of the Yellowstone, for a hundred miles or more, is a very wild, almost unknown, and most interesting series of mountain ranges, deeply cut by cañons, and impenetrable except by weeks of laborious travel on foot or horseback. The most beautiful is the Teton Range, which rises into several groups of peaks, with glaciers and much snow. Few travellers, and probably no tourists have ever been there, which was a sufficient reason for my wanting to go. So I went and made John Hay go with me. We took a large outfit, some twenty-five horses in all, and were in camp just five weeks, during which we saw everything except human beings. We did not get killed. We did not kill anything, except a few elk — a wapiti — to eat, and a few tons of trout for the same purpose; an unsuspicious bear, and a few still less suspicious grouse. For my part, as you know, I never kill anything; it gives me no pleasure; I wish it did. Hay is almost as little of a slayer as I am. We left the killing to our companions. I was satisfied to look at the great herds of elk, and hear them whistle and bleat; and as for trout, they swarmed in such numbers that neither art nor patience was necessary to take them. Two-pound fish came in festive bands wherever you stood on a bank and whistled. I could not harden my heart to betray their confidence.

Having seen some three or four hundred miles of mountain, very peculiar and quite unlike any mountain scenery I ever saw before, we came out on the 1st September. My friends returned east, but I have a sneaking instinct for the Pacific, and I went west again, visiting your territory on Vancouver Sound, and returning by the Canadian Pacific Railway in order to see the very splendid glacier which it passes in the Selkirk Range.

I have been back a week, and am now waiting for Clarence King's return, in order to start for the West Indies, — this time to Martinique and Trinidad. . . .[1]

---

[1] 'Talking of Senators, Willy Phillips tells me he met yours the other day, on the train from Harrisburg. Apparently the California plan broke down, and the Kansas scheme scared him. From what Phillips repeated of his conversation, I half-guessed that a Presidential boom may be sometimes rather a troublesome tin-kettle tied to one's coat-tail. Let us hope that greatness enough has been achieved, and that now only the trading re-

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 28 October, 1894.

I am extremely sorry to hear that your wife has lost her sister.[1] She is still too young to lose sisters and the sadnesses of life might well keep away for a few years more. I wish I could say or do anything to make the season easier to her. I have lost a brother, if it is any comfort to her to feel that others are sad; but what has affected me also, though you will hardly believe it, is the death of my Tahiti sister, Beretania [Salmon],[2] a beautiful girl, or woman, who died of consumption a short time ago. It is strange that the most beautiful spot in the world should be the saddest. My Tahiti relationship is quite a real thing, you must bear in mind, and if I were to go back there, I should be a distinctly real member of the Papara family. As real, at least, as most things....

I can give you no news worth your hearing. We are deep in an election which seems to be, after football, the chief amusement of our autumn. Whether the election will make our situation better or worse depends mainly on Europe and Asia. As long as wheat sells at two shillings and cotton at 2½ pence, and our other staples in like style, I am an anarchist in politics and an impressionist in art as well as a symbolist in literature. Not that I understand what these terms mean, but I take them to be all merely synonyms of pessimist; — or, as the Stock Exchange says, — bears!

mains. Your friends are being rapidly cleaned out, which may be a warning not to get between the clubs of two great opposites. Butler is beaten. The Populists are expected to beat Wolcott. Jones has skedaddled, I suppose, as a scheme for saving his seat. Silver is tearing the parties to pieces, but in the long run nothing can be more certain than that the money and organisation of the gold-bugs must win. The silver-populist crowd has neither the brain, the courage, nor the wickedness necessary for playing Julius Caesar. My idiot-brother Brooks is still wild to join the fight, but I hope to choke him off, as I hope you will choke off your husband.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 25 September, 1894.

'Your husband did not speak of his boom, but the public credits him with nursing it. Upon my word, I hardly see how he can get rid of it. Things have so completely justified him, and the situation is becoming so much worse every week, that he will inevitably acquire the air of one of Michael Angelo's prophets, and the world will stand at gaze. I never saw such bold prophecies so quickly verified. After piling up stacks of lies as gross as themselves, the newspapers are at last beginning to admit that they are weary of lying to people who won't swallow the lies.' — To the same, 10 October, 1894.

'Your Pennsylvania methods are ill-adapted for the comprehension of bystanders. I still adhere to my opinion that, in the long run, opposition to the gold-bug must fail. It is a brilliant but a disastrous career, that of the Gracchi. I am a gold-bug *à outrance*. Of the two ways of running the world, one is to run ahead of it, in order to get mired quick; and the other to drag behind and stop it. The stopping it never succeeds. The miring it often does.' — To the same, 16 October, 1894.

[1] Lilias Gordon, died in September.

[2] *Letters of Henry Adams*, I. 471, 472.

To Elizabeth Cameron

GUADALAJARA, 12 December, 1894.

. . . .

Chandler [Hale][1] and I are having a fair share of amusement. St. Louis was new and Texas was Texas, but we began to strike a new level at Chihuahua where we passed Sunday, and when we reached here yesterday, we were lucky enough to fall on the *fiesta* of Santa Maria Purissima, the feast of the most mysterious mystery of the immaculate conception. Expecting nothing we strolled into the Cathedral at sunset, and the music soon let us know that some great function was on hand. We sat two hours listening to the combination of orchestra, voices and two great organs of the latest and swellest Parisian work; and watching the swarm of Indians and half-breeds, swarthy and pathetic, the men in red or particolored *serapes*; the women with their shawls draped over their heads; and the babies playing on the floor, with an occasional howl at the most delicate notes of the organ. These sights always affect me, and make me choke, but here, where the Church and the Indian seem to be made for each other, and what we call superstition is a part of the natural order of railways and bicycles, the Church commands at once all one's attention. I regret only that its taste should be almost as bad as that of a New York banker, being chiefly shown in lavishing burnished gold on every possible line or moulding in the huge churches, and filling the spaces with dead white paint, so that the effect resembles a Paris *salon*. To be sure, there is in Guadalajara alone, more good art than in all our cities together, putting museums and collections out of the question; but it is baroque and Spanish, and altogether sweet and decadent, while ours is dead and dried.

We passed the evenings in the Plaza while the big military band played, and the crowd walked about, and we slept as well as bells and fire-crackers would let us, for today is the National *Fiesta* of Mexico, and everything is given up to the honor of our lady of Guadaloupe, our own particular patron. All the windows are hung with carpets, curtains, paper-lanterns and colored strips of tinsel, and, what is prettier, the streets are strewn with green leaves and the scarlet Poinsettia. Last night the Cathedral was illuminated, and very pretty it was. Tonight we ought to have a great function. At Chihuahua most of the peons seemed to be drunk. From appearances I think it likely that Guadalajara will paint itself very red by midnight....

---

[1] Chandler Hale (1873–   ), son of Senator Eugene Hale (1836–1918).

You can tell your husband that he can hardly assert the silver-case too strongly as far as concerns Mexico, or its very rapid and decided gains on us. The Mexican is going in to break us all up, and is very likely to do it. One dollar here is two dollars with us. Labor is scarce and everyone is employed. Mining, manufacturing, refining, and all the usual signs of prosperity are very rapidly increasing. Only the foreign bond-holders are grumbling. I suppose, somehow or other, the profits must be taken out of Labor in the end, but Mexican profits just now are taken manifestly out of our labor, for their own is better off than ever. Our laboring-class has got to pay all the bills for all the world. Poor devils![1]

CUAUTLA, 5 January, 1895.

Back again! not much the worse for wear, and not at all surprised, for you know my little weaknesses too well to credit me with taking too sanguine a view of any future prospect. I knew that the chances were against our getting through; but I had to do that, or come home; — at least, I can see no sure road in any other direction; so I tried it, — and broke down.

My mistake was in the allowance of time; but I could give no more than I had, which was ten days. Of these I lost one by delay in finding mules. This left me with only eight days and I did not find out till we had ridden forty miles, the first day, that we had got to average forty miles, without stop or rest; when nothing would induce me to travel on horseback at a faster rate than thirty miles a day, with every fourth day a stop. So I turned round, and came back.

Yet the trip has amused and interested me vastly, and I would like awfully to finish it. You can read Chandler's account in his letters home. I will not bother about his adventures, but will tell you only my own, which are commonplace enough, as my adventures are apt to be, but which are a constant babble, making up by their steadiness for their want of excitement. We have not seen so much as a glimmer of anything out of the usual way, but we have passed a week among the Mexican Indians, in their huts, eating their *tortillas* and *chile*, sleeping on their beds, and intimate with their pigs, hens, burros, and babies. I think I now know something about their way of existence.

---

[1] In 1893 the American Historical Association elected Adams President for the year 1894. Unable to attend the meeting of the Association, under date, 12 December, 1894, he sent from Guadalajara a letter intended to serve as the presidential address. It was read and published in the *Annual Report* of the Association for 1894, pp. 17–23, and reprinted in Brooks Adams' *Degradation of the Democratic Dogma*, pp. 125–133.

You would have admired my personal appearance if you had seen me starting out in the early dawn last Sunday, in a riding-suit of leather with a superb adornment of white leather frogs and buttons all over me; a sugar-loaf Panama hat; heavy steel spurs, and a *serape* wrapped round my shoulders; all on top of a mule which ambled along at just the rate of four miles an hour. We were eleven hours in the saddle that day, and rambled along a mule road, into the mountains, passing hundreds of other mules, carrying packs, or women and children, through valleys and over hills, with occasional beds of dry streams, and almost always loose rocks or stones to scramble on. One does not get over the ground with the rapidity of thought, but when night overtook us on the top of a mountain and we had to scramble down a rocky path some two thousand feet to the town of Iguala, I seemed to have gone several million miles from our last place, and the faint light of the new moon made the country seem more mysterious than the desert of Gobi. We reached Iguala at eight o'clock, but could get nothing to eat till our pack-mules arrived at nine, when we banqueted on biscuit, cheese, sausage and beer. At three we were up again, but our muleteers were awfully slow, and we had to wait till half past five before they were ready. Our guide and pilot, Colonel Dewitt C. Foster,[1] made our coffee, and very good coffee he made. We started at last, and rode and rode, and rode, seven long hours, for we had to ferry a river at Mescala, and the ferry shut up at five o'clock. When at last, utterly exhausted, we reached a small village at about one o'clock, we were still five or six hours short of the ferry, and could not hope to reach it in time. This meant the loss of half a day, which implied the loss of our only chance of a day's rest at Chilpancingo. We had before us the necessity of six days more, at least ten hours a day, without a clear night's rest, and with a strong chance of more ferries and delays. So I decided to turn round and go back. I needed twelve days instead of six. We could only travel with comfort by moonlight, in the cool of the night, and the moon then set at nine o'clock.

---

[1] 'At Mexico we found a certain soldier of fortune named Foster, who has been in the Mexican army these twenty years, and knows the country and people thoroughly. He is a very queer character, according to his own account; a nephew of old wicked Sam Ward, whose Grimes wife was sister of Foster's mother. He talks incessantly, and his stories are stupendous. His social status is not angelic. He is on half-pay, and has a large family. I struck him by the introduction of the superintendent of the cable-telegraph, and I made such inquiries about him as satisfied me that he would carry us anywhere if he once undertook to do it. I have more than a weakness for such men, and, as he knows all about us, and that we have the strongest friends on the spot, looking out for us, I cannot see how we could ask for a better guide.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, Jalapa, Christmas, 1894.

Samuel Ward (1814–1884) married his second wife in 1844, Medora Grymes, daughter of John Randolph Grymes of New Orleans.

Our return was as slow as our march was rapid. We passed the days in Indian mud-cabins, dozing or eating. We set out at sunset, and rode till the moon set. We slept mostly in our clothes, and shivered in the cold mornings. We took a rest and cleaned ourselves at Iguala; clambered over the mountain again, and reached a place called La Venta Negra at ten o'clock that night, where Chandler and I lay down on one reed-couch, and the Colonel curled up on a table. We came eight miles the next morning — starting at four o'clock — to a village where we stopped. The *tortillas* and *chile* were good there, and so were the water-melons. Bananas everywhere a luxury, hard to get, but the chief difficulty was the drink. The Colonel's coffee and boiled milk, carried in bottles, was delicious, but one could not take enough. The days were very hot, and the country parched a reddish brown; no houses or large establishments, and no inns, except at Iguala, where a caravanserai without a kitchen furnished nothing but rooms and cots. The poor Indians were hospitable and obliging, and gave us all they had; but it was little enough.

We got back to our starting point, Puente de Ixtla, Thursday evening, and came by rail the next morning here where we have the best inn we have yet struck in Mexico, kept by a Frenchman. Cuautla is a small town about a hundred miles south of Mexico City, in a wide and watered valley, with the splendid peaks of Popocatapetl and Iztaccihuatl lifting their snows a few miles, or a few dozen miles to the northward. Chandler and I, like the whole eleven million citizens of Mexico, have got colds, and we shall stop here a few days to try and get rid of them.

The Colonel returned to Mexico yesterday, as we were fairly landed on firm ground, and needed him no more. He turned out better than I expected; took every possible trouble for us, and apart from his uncommonly stiff stories about himself, and a rather oppressive talkativeness, gave no cause for fault-finding. His admiration for wicked Sam Ward was pathetic, but he chiefly touched my sympathies by his devotion to his dozen small Mexican children, and to his mother. I found that he went with us in order to get a little extra money to pay the expense of bringing his mother here, from New York. The only difficulty caused by this domestic devotion was that I could not give him more than a dollar at a time, for at least half of whatever he had in his pocket was given to his wife and the babies. He is about my age, has had Bright's disease these two years; lives chiefly on milk; and, in my gloomy view of his prospects, has mighty little time left to enjoy his cohort of babes.

As our situation now appears to me, we have no choice but to sail for Havana, which I expect to do in about a week. On, or about, the 15th, we should reach Havana....

To Sir Robert Cunliffe

CUAUTLA, MEXICO, 8 January, 1895.

Why you should suddenly occur to my mind just now, I do not know; but my conscience, which has been dull enough of late, wakes me up this morning with an order to write to tell you something — I don't know what. *Pax!* I trust all still goes well in your pilgrimage. As I have been wandering, since December 1, where letters could not follow me, and where telegraphs were little useful, I know not what news may wait my reappearance in the world. All news, at our time of life, is bad news. So I thought three months ago, when on coming out of the Rocky Mountains, my only letter told me that my eldest brother was dead. So I think now, when I try to imagine whether any possible news that may await me, can be good news. My best prayer for you and yours is that you have no news to send.

Certainly I have none to send you. What does Petrarch say in that forgotten, but very much 'fin-de-siècle' sonnet beginning '*Dell'empia Babilonia*,' and continuing '*aqui me sto solo*'? [1] (unless my Spanish has mixed itself with what little Italian I once thought I knew). At any rate, here I am passably solitary. For a month I have been drifting about Mexico, until mules and mountains so wearied me that I have stopped at this small town to rest, and to cure an obstinate cold. I do not know that you feel even a gleam of curiosity to know where the town is, and I am not, myself, quite sure of its latitude and longitude, but, as I came here, it stood about a hundred miles, more or less, to the south of the city of Mexico. I came here because it was the way to Acapulco where I was trying to get, and where I found I could not get, at least in time for the steamer; so after riding a hundred and fifty miles on mule-back, in a sugar-loaf hat, leather jacket and trousers, and spurs that weigh many kilos, I dropped back here, under the slopes of Popocatapetl, and lie all day on my bed, looking at the red Poinsettias and oleanders and hybiscus flowering in the garden, and the eternally blue sky over the snow of Popocatapetl, and wondering whether the dust and the dirt and the heat of midday, and the cold of midnight and the bad food and the general beastliness will let me stay quiet another day. Do you know that I have travelled to every place on earth which travellers have described as most fascinating, in the hope of finding one where I should want to stay or return, and have found that Faust had a sure horse on the devil in his promise about the passing hour: *Bleibe doch, du bist so schön!* Three days in any place on earth is all it will bear. The pleasure is in the movement, as Faust knew when he let the devil in to the preposterous contract. Mexico is exceptionally amusing, not in the romantic way I expected, but in a prosaic, grimy, Indian, scarlet-vermilion way of its own, impossible to describe, and disappointing to realize. It is another money-making machine, like the United States or England or Italy, but uses peculiar and rather successful processes of its own, remnants of the Roman Empire, which still survives here in full flower. As far as I could judge, living as I have done, in their mud huts, and eating their *tortillas* and *chile* by their side, among the pigs and hens and dogs that fill the interstices of their cabins, I saw nothing whatever that I should not have seen in a like journey in the Spain of Hadrian. Every detail of the pottery, the huts, the mule-trains with their loads, the food, the clothes, and the roads where no wheel had ever passed, might have been Roman, and the people have the peculiar look, though all really Indians, that the Roman empire left forever on its slave-provinces. Thanks to its silver coinage Mexico is now flourishing, chiefly at the cost of the United States and England. Agriculture, manufactures and mines are all splendidly successful, and the poorest labor is well employed. I see the country at its best, and admit that it is right, and we are the failures. Mexico can lose nothing, for it is at the bottom in respect to its wants. She is bound to clean us out.

---

[1] De l'empia Babilonia, ond' è fuggita Ogni Vergogna ... Sonnet XCI. Adams translated it thus:

From impious Babylon festering in decay,
Where all God's gifts are basely turned to gain;
Mother of error; Shelter of greed and pain;
As life's last hope, I too have fled away.
Here I find peace; and, as Love guided, I stray,
Plucking now verses and rhyme, now grass and flowers,
Muttering one wish: — a prayer for better hours;
Thinking one thought; clutching one staff and stay.

Nothing I care for men, or worth of mine,
Nor much for life itself, or earthly prize,
Nor cause nor suffer pain in the world's wrong.
Only two friends I claim; the one divine,
Peace in her heart, and sweetness in her eyes;
The other, like his greatness, kind and strong.

Artistically the old Mexico both ecclesiastical and secular was charming, and has astonished me much.

I have done with it now, and in a week expect to be in Havana, hoping to reach the Windward Islands through Porto Rico, having failed to get round through Panama. Towards April I should drift northward again, and hope then to find a letter from you.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

St. Thomas, 16 February, 1895.

This happens to be my birthday, and as I am bound to have a celebration somehow, I start out by beginning a letter to you.... I have chosen an out-of-the-way spot for my *fiesta*; no other than the quarantine at St. Thomas where I have been nearly a week, and must stay ten days more, to atone for the pleasure of having passed a night at San Juan de Puerto Rico where there are a few cases of small-pox. I left about as much small-pox in Washington three months ago, but here in the West Indies the islands are more particular, and your British colonies quarantine furiously, which obliges all the other islands to imitate them. So here I am! It is pleasant enough. No lovelier spot could be found without considerable inquiry. I have just had my bath in the surf at sunrise, and have made my coffee, and smoked my cigar; no mean enjoyments, for a sunrise bath in the tropical sea, and Porto Rican coffee, and Havana cigars are among the best things that this small globe contains....

Since December, I have been wandering in Spanish countries....

Probably any other persons would have had adventures on such an excursion; but I never have anything out of the common. The world always presents, like the moon, its same side to me. Always mankind is absorbed with more or less success in the same solemn human duty of making money. The tiller of the soil is always being exploited by the trader and the money-lender; the trader and the money-lender are always exploiting the tiller of the soil. Religion, art, politics, manners are either vulgarised or dead or turned into money-making agencies. Every country is a variation on the same theme, as monotonous as Baker Street or the Rue de Rivoli. In all my wanderings I have never met a gentlemen or a lady, nor do I know where to look for them. Perhaps you may come across them in Europe, but I have not been so lucky. To me, railway trains, hotels and steamers carry only one constant stream of money-makers, or their wives or children. Not even an artist or an archbishop crosses my dusty track. Robin Hood lived in much better society.

I have had no letters for a month or more, and can get none until we reach Barbados. Probably I am none the worse, but you must bear this in mind in case anything has happened that I ought to know. Here in the tropics they talk of nothing but sugar and coffee, low prices, ruin and discontent. I ought to except Mexico where all is prosperity and satisfaction, but Mexico is a fragment of the later Roman Empire miraculously preserved as it must have existed two thousand years ago in Spain and Africa; and what ruins us, profits it. Here in the Antilles our civilisation struggles on, in a losing battle with barbarism, much as Froude described it, only worse. The negro, the half-breed, and the broken planter are the results of Columbus and the five hundred years of triumphant civilisation which we celebrated at Chicago the other day. It is not flattering, nor even picturesque, but nothing can spoil its natural beauty, and its fruits and roots are still uncommon good. As yet, beets won't make coffee, pine-apples, mangoes or bananas.

Adios, querido! hasta luego! I may have to come over this summer to hunt documents at Seville. If so, I shall see you, and give my own love to your wife.

IV

WASHINGTON AND EUROPE

1895

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 25 April, 1895.

. . . .

I have returned here only to find a town immersed in the excitement of George Curzon's wedding. Another of my breakfast-table is taken over to you by this event.[1] Surely the British empire is bent on bankrupting me by one means if not by another. It corners our market and squeezes our margins on everything we have. It goes long on silver and short on girls. Mary Chamberlain and Mary Curzon are very different women, but both were alike in being a part of my small social capital.

Otherwise I find that a long winter has made little difference to me. I was out of the stream when I went away, and am not in it on my return. I notice indeed a good deal of fermentation and a strong disposition to speculate for a rise in prices. Everyone is bent on better times. On the other hand, no one can see any reason why the times should be better, except that they are so bad. To me, if a choice is allowed, the bad is best. I have, for five and twenty years, under the instruction of Palgrave, dear old Sir Francis, your father, and various other members of your family and its intimates — for, five and twenty, — or, by my halidome let us say near five and thirty years, — I have learned, in the school of the last generation, to entertain a hearty and earnestly reciprocated antipathy and contempt for the standards of my own contemporaries. For the first time during the last four years I have seen them rudely shaken. If I still entertain a faint fancy for living another decade or so, it is wholly because the last four years have inspired me with a kind of serene hope that the Gods of my time might, after all, enjoy a very uncomfortable quarter of an hour before I should be immolated. From Adam Smith to Jemmy Bryce[2] I hoped to see them grill. As I grow old, I become more and more Carlylean, Palgravian, Woolnerian and anarchian; and my pessimism has served me well, in the contrary sense, for, among the Jews, I should be admired as almost the only known Gentile who had managed to get richer in the lap of ruin.

---

[1] Mary Victoria Leiter, daughter of Levi Zeigler Leiter, married George Nathaniel Curzon, later Marquess of Curzon of Kedleston (1839–1925). She died 18 July, 1906.

[2] James Bryce (1838–1922), married Elizabeth Marion Ashton.

Anyway we are now all speculating for a rise, with a hope that we can trust your amiable gold-lenders to carry us over another eighteen months before squeezing us again. From the tone of my remarks, you can imagine that the public temper is not altogether sweet. In fact, carefully as the press and the sweet Bayards of public life disguise or ignore the fact, the public temper here is, in my opinion, a very ugly one, and likely, on the smallest pretext, to become excessively bitter, not to say dangerous. If Jemmy Bryce should think this a mistake, and an unreasonable, not to say insane delusion, he can go to India and find out how they love him and his kind there. Of course I speak of dear Bryce only as being the most virtuous and the best-meaning of all noble-minded statesmen. Harcourt needs no instruction, or needs instruction of a different kind. As for the statesmen of my own happy country, they have neither knowledge nor power, and may be wholly disregarded. We have but two political elements. One, the most powerful, is the money-lending class, with its dependent interests; the other is the money-borrowing class, with the whole body of cultivators. We are Rome of the Gracchi. You can safely ignore everything in politics which is not a candid expression of one or the other of these forces. As I have a foot in both stirrups, I am alternately kicked off on both sides.

Socially we go on here as of old, silly as all society is, and genial as few societies are. Washington is an exceptionally social place. Of late years it has been a good deal injured by New York — I suppose I must not say: vulgarity, — but even New York loses half its grotesqueness here, and we make a sort of headway against money. One might almost say that a person might have here some social consideration apart from — though hardly without — money, in Washington, provided he or she were not clever or artistic. After all, I know very few other cities of which I could speak so well. Indeed I sometimes think we rather get at moments the social upper hand, and are almost independent enough to be indifferent or good-natured. Not that we ever are good-natured in reality, any more than Palgrave or Woolner, but we sometimes say sharp things with a laugh. This winter, it appears, we have been rather fashionable; perhaps I should say, rather *hig-lifd*, in the Gallic idiom. The Harry Whites have shed light on us. Even on my return, after the season is long over, I hear, now and then, in the corner of a drawing-room, the grassey-ing of the Prince of Wales's R, which is the innocent mark of American social aspirations. When we were young, it was the English stammer, but now young Englishmen no longer stammer, because, as I imagine, George the Third is forgotten, and his descendants have other tricks. Really elegant women — in New York — must all roll their r's like a Marseilles baker. Of this, as of all society, I see next to nothing and hear very little. As soon as I have had a lot of nieces and relations to stay with me, I shall sneak off again, like a thief, probably to Europe, and pretend to go somewhere or do something, when I am really dying of ennui. You may see me in that dyspeptic condition, next summer.

To John Hay

26 April, 1895.

Once La Farge and I, on our rambles, stopped for an hour to meditate under the sacred Bo-tree of Buddha in the ruined and deserted city of Anuradhapura in the jungle of Ceylon, and, then, resuming our course, we presently found ourselves on the quiet bosom of the Indian Ocean. Perhaps I was a little bored by the calm of the tropical sea, or perhaps it was the greater calm of Buddha that bored me. At all events I amused a tedious day or town by jotting down in a note-book the lines which you profess to want. They are yours. Do not let them go further.[1]

To William Woodville Rockhill

WASHINGTON, 17 May, 1895.

Unlike the ordinary recipient of books, I have waited to read yours before acknowledging the gift.[2]

I have now finished it. Perhaps the chief impression it leaves on me is the modesty of the author. I am lost in astonishment that anyone should in pure gaiety of heart undertake and carry through such an adventure, and then relate it as though it were a ramble in Pennsylvania Avenue. You seem to be trying to convince us that you have been doing nothing in particular, and that Thibet is a kind of outlying ornamental pleasure-ground somewhere near Georgetown. By the side of your undertakings, all our little literary efforts here are in-significant, and our labor is child-play, yet you make nothing of it. I am half inclined to be angry with you for not blowing your trumpet louder, considering that in this advertising age only the loudest trumpets have a chance of being heard; but, after all, it is your own affair, and if you do not like blowing the trumpet, we must do it for you. Certainly you have done enough to warrant it. I feel quite a new spring of self-esteem that I should be able to treat you with familiarity. It is as though I had lived on intimate terms with Marco Polo, and had Genghis Khan to dinner.

---

[1] This letter and the 'lines' were published in the *Yale Review*, N.S. v. 82, with the title 'Buddha and Brahma.' See p. 632, *infra*.

[2] *Diary of a Journey in Mongolia and Thibet in* 1891 *and* 1892. Washington, 1894.

To Brooks Adams

WASHINGTON, 5 June, 1895.

. . . .

The drift of exchange is stronger than ever against us, and the risk of a silver scare, both in Europe and America, is greater. If, when Congress meets, the finances are not already on a secure footing, and the elections have not been decisive for gold, I shall look for confusion. As a man of sense I am a gold-bug and support a gold-bug government and a gold-bug society. As a man of the world, I like confusion, anarchy and war. If the gold-bug government and society is to break down, I shall stay here to grin in its face. In case by December next the struggle should be still going on, with any chance of gold-bug defeat, I shall probably stay in Washington till the result is fixed. Platt alone can tell me what it will be, and even he cannot know much before next winter. The next Congress is probably free silver in any case. All that the bankers can hope for is a President sure to veto a free-silver bill. Against that Mr. Platt will find some pretty shrewd silver-men, not without money, ready to play fairly high stakes.

As free-silver, in my eyes, means fun, and especially implies a direct trial of strength with England, to whatever extent the new President may force it, — *j'y suis!* After the insolence of Sir William Harcourt's last declarations — in no whit different from the declarations of George Canning about the Orders in Council — I see no dignified course for our government except that of a trial of strength. Towards that, all my little social buzz has been directed since September, 1893. I think it time that the political existence of England should cease in North America. Whether we can allow it to develop in South America, particularly on the Orinoco, is a matter that will depend on England herself. A free-silver administration will be thoroughly coached on these points. I think I can effect that much, even though there were not already an active ferment at work in the press and Congress. All depends on the *man*, — the next President. The *policy* can only fail by wanting vigor.

One's mind goes far, and dreams much over such a field of vision, but in the end it always loses itself in Asia. Russia is omnipotence. Without Russia, such a scheme might fail. I fear Russia much! Why can one never penetrate that polar mystery? What chance is there of repeating the diplomacy, the blunders and the disasters of 1813? What chance is there of achieving that success on which Madison had a right to reckon, and which nothing but the unripeness of the age prevented his achieving? Our true point of interest is not India but Russia, yet Russia is impenetrable, and any intelligent man will deal with her better, the less closely he knows her. You ought to be, — like your grandfather, — minister to St. Petersburg under another Madison....

Now for your book![1]

Allow me first to strike out the dedication. Between *us*, it is not needed. For you, it is a mistake, because it would suggest to critics the idea of saying or hinting that the book was really mine; and critics are sure to think the first ill-natured idea that is suggested to them, a God-send. For me, the dedication is an embarrassment. The book is wholly, absolutely, and exclusively yours. Not a thought in it has any parentage of mine. Not only am I not in it, but it is strongly contrary to my rigid rules of conduct. I believe silence to be now the only sensible form of expression. I have deliberately and systematically effaced myself, even in my own history. I can conceive of nothing but harm, to our society, from the expression of its logical conclusions. I look on our society as a balloon, liable to momentary collapse, and I see nothing to be gained by sticking pins through the oil-canvas. I do not care to monkey with a dynamo. If you choose to do it, well and good! I never try to stop any man from doing anything — or woman either. They act as Brahma wills, and I not less so. By all means work out your full destiny, but work it out alone. My destiny — or at least my will — as an element of the social mass in movement — lies in silence, which I hold to be alone sense. Even my name, in a dedication, talks too much to please me.

Next, the Preface! I would first go through it carefully, and strike out all the egoism you can reach. The ego may pass in a letter or a diary, but not in a serious book. You should be able to get all the literary advantage that the pronouns *I*, *me*, and *my* can give, by restricting yourself to a definite scale, say once on an average of five lines. Further, if my opinion has any value, you will find it only in my general rule of correction: to strike out remorselessly every superfluous word, syllable and letter. Every omission improves. I have suggested possible condensations by pencil-marks on the text.

---

[1] *Law of Civilization and Decay.*

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 20 June, 1895.

As the summer seems to drive one northward, and my friends are mostly abroad, I suppose I shall follow them shortly, and have taken passage in the *New York* which promises to bring me to London on the evening of Saturday, July 10. If you are in town, drop me a note to 'Steamer *New York*, due July 10, Southampton.' I shall then know where you are, and can look in upon you, Sunday, if you are in town. Of course you will not be in town, and I do not in the least know how long I shall stay in England; but either then, or returning in October, I shall see you. My movements may be more or less dependent on my companions. I am going over with Mrs. Brooks Adams's sister, Mrs. Cabot Lodge.[1] The Lord only knows what has induced the Senator from Massachusetts to go over with wife and sons, to Europe, where he has not been these five-and-twenty years, and which he detests almost as much as I do; but go he will, and probably he will revisit the dreary old capitals, as though he were still twenty, and as though Napoleon III were still reigning. I shall drift about also, and I suppose my brother Brooks will come over later, as he wants to print his book. We shall be a little family party....

Of course you are sure to have a general election while I am there, so I do not anticipate a serene stay.[2] General elections of late have become rather too serious matters for unalloyed enjoyment. We are looking forward to one next year. The last was a wretched affair enough, and the next is going to be worse, I suspect, although my only reason for thinking it, is that I cannot see how it can be better. The situation, as far as I understand it, is not changed for the better since 1890. The slow process of squeezing the outside world by the operation of great masses of capital is going on more energetically than ever. Competition in every branch of industry, especially the most important, agriculture — but equally with iron, cotton, woollen, etc. — is more intense than ever. I know not what new resources you may find in the way of gold mines to develop, but we here have apparently got to the end of our rapid extension, and must sober down to the hardest kind of competition with more favorably situated competitors, who have an indefinite future.

---

[1] Anna Cabot Mills (Davis) Lodge.

[2] 'Of course I shall drop on a general election. I always find my host on his doorstep, with a portmanteau, rushing off to his constituency by the last train. It is a *tic*, and usually *douloureux*. Probably I shall cut off with my Americans to the continent incontinently after shaking hands with my tailor and you, — only you will be dancing about some Welsh borough, and my tailor will be all I find. I have no stomach for English politics. Dyspepsia has seized me. I will hide.' — To Sir Robert Cunliffe, 6 June, 1895.

Russia is the great new element, which, for a hundred and fifty years has caused all the chief political perturbations of the world. She has just given a prodigious example of her energy in the east. I regret, in a way, that England and America should be now so imbecile in foreign matters, but the Jew business of money-lending is not conducive to vigorous politics, and Russia can sweep us both out of her path without a squeal. We have even reached the point now where — in this country at least — our cities like Boston and New York think it bad form to have any foreign policy at all.

Kismet! We have seen much in our time, and doubtless our children — that is, your children — will see more. The other day I thought I saw myself, but run mad and howling. I took up a book without noticing its title particularly and read a few pages. Then vertigo seized me, for I thought I must be inventing a book in a dream. It was Nordau's *Degeneracy*.[1] . . .

To Elizabeth Cameron

35 HALF MOON STREET, 11 July, 1895.

. . . .

Once more London sits on my stomach like a Welsh rabbit at midnight. I groan inwardly with the reminiscences that make life seem a nightmare, and I grin outwardly with a smile that must affect bystanders like the howl of a laughing monkey. . . . Only women are left in London and not more than half a million or so even of them, but I tramp about with the boys [2] and Springy and don't miss the men. . . . We have sat and walked in the Park, and have wondered at the women who paint themselves more than ever and wear all sorts of English tastes....

---

[1] Simon Südfeld, called Max Nordau (1848–1923). His *Degeneracy* appeared in 1893.

[2] George Cabot, known as 'Bay' (1873–1909) and John Ellerton Lodge (1878–).

TRAVELLERS CLUB, 18 July, 1895.

. . . .

Sister Anne [Lodge] can tell you about all your Dukes and Drakes; she goes about like a female tiger devouring them, one after another; but I get the story only after midnight when she returns from her routs and riots. The few old friends I still have, go to bed early and talk forgetfully of the late reign. They are vaguely interested in the election, and regret that they were not among the small but heroic gang who threw cabbages at Sir William Harcourt. Sister Anne associates only with Chamberlain, Devonshire, and First Lords; beneath the good how far, but far above me....

Cabot Lodge runs with Moreton Frewen to bimetallic symposia, and listens to conversation as various as the breezes. You can judge his state of mind, when Chamberlain tells him on one side that silver is part of the program, while the Duke of Devonshire says on the other that he suspects very little will be heard of it after the party is once in power. The bimetallists are very high in spirits, and will have perhaps a majority in the House, but no one seems seriously to expect action. Still, if Balfour and Chamberlain are in earnest, there may be a fight, and in that case the Cabinet might probably come to grief....

WENLOCK ABBEY, 25 July, 1895.

. . . .

London was decidedly too much for me; it tired me, not so much physically as mentally. I talked too much; I thought too much; I drank too much champagne, and I eat too many, or perhaps too few, underdone green peas with mint sauce. My temper was over-irritated and my tongue over-irritable. The Englishman is too much for me. The Englishwoman is much too more.

The Lodges go into society and see your noble friends.[1] I do not. Plain commoners do effectually for me. So I can tell you little or nothing about anyone. I did however write to Mary Curzon to ask her when she should come up to town, and she appointed six o'clock, the evening before last, to see me, she being to arrive that day. I called at the hour, and was surprised to be met by the butler with the announcement that she had visitors and was engaged. I had in a manner to force the supposed countersign, and with some sternness to order the butler to take in my card. Of course I was at once admitted, and Mary was almost as much amused as I, nor could I quite blame the butler, for the callers were Mr. and Mrs. Asquith.[1]

---

[1] See *Roosevelt-Lodge Correspondence*, I. 153, 158.

I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Curzon that evening, and both were most kind and cordial, but as usual I talked too much, and must let them rest a long time before seeing them again. Mary had been through her first election and learned a little what English people are. She was apparently well and happy but lost ten pounds electioneering. She gained ten tons of experience.

What else have I seen in the world? I think only Calvé[2] and Melba[3] in *Carmen*, a crowded house filled with women loaded with diamonds, emeralds, pearls and rouge. I could not understand the startling quantity of rouge until some one mentioned that the Princess of Wales now uses it. Of course all the Americans will follow. Have I got to subdue my mind to see you, too, flourish in it next winter.

In London, I admit, it harmonizes well with the oceanic vulgarity which impresses me more and more every time I return to these haunts. The tide has now pretty well submerged everything. Between British taste and Jew taste, nothing survives untouched. The thing is stupendous. It awes me. It fascinates and scares me. I am going insane with it.

Indifferent to sight-seeing and society I have been to the City to discuss the exchanges with bankers and brokers. I need hardly say that I have been disappointed. The city people contradict each other as emphatically as the politicians do. There is a bull and a bear in every counting-house, one man thinks prices will rise; the next one thinks they will fall. The bimetallists think their moment has come. The gold-men say that silver will not be touched. One dealer in exchange is anxious about what will happen on August 10th, when the syndicate agreement[4] expires; he says they have over-drawn their accounts here by many millions, and that the Treasury will lose half its gold in a week. The next man says that the case is provided for, and that the syndicate can, if it likes, carry us for years. When I talk with one man I become a bull; I see that the gold corner must break; prices must rise, and prosperity must last for ten years at least. The next man shows me that nothing has really changed and that the apparent prospect is illusion. I am no wiser than I was. Politically I stick to my old proposition that the gold men must win, and that you had better, with a good grace, submit to abandoning your senatorial dignities next year. The attack on Quay [1] is merely meant to clear the ground for slaughtering you. The gold-bugs are not likely to lose the fight. They can't. We shall see next month better, for they must make their first points here. Watch the 12th August! If there is no trouble with gold exports, and nothing about silver in the Queen's speech, you had better begin your preparations for private life.

---

[1] Herbert Henry Asquith (1852–1928) and Margaret (Tennant) Asquith.

[2] Emma Calvé (1866–   ).

[3] Nellie Melba (Helen Porter Mitchell) (1861–1931).

[4] For supplying the United States Treasury with gold.

If, on the other hand, Balfour attempts to do something for silver, you can judge from the tone of the speech whether the attempt will be serious or not. The only hint that it may be serious is in Chamberlain's remark to Cabot Lodge that silver was a part of the programme. That Salisbury made a dead point of getting George Curzon for his chief lieutenant points to India as the centre of interest; and of course India means silver, which is in fact a race question. On the other hand Sir Alfred Lyall assures me that India just now is doing well, and is not uneasy about silver. The easier India is, the uneasier Lancashire is, and the harder the Lancashire men will press for bimetallism. Perhaps the result lies with the Irish, and if our American Irish are instructed from here to urge bimetallism, you may see a new deal.

All I can say is that I am no more ignorant than the most learned. No one knows. No one can answer my conundrums. No one, except Pierpont Morgan, knows even what the condition of exchange is. My own belief is that the syndicate is twelve or fifteen millions behind hand at least, and is counting on the harvest to pull them through. The capitalists here are holding off for terms. As one of them said to me with emphasis: 'If you pass the Pooling Bill, any quantity of money will be forthcoming for investments in American securities.' Sooner or later, all admit, another squeeze must come, but with an enormously increased production of gold for coinage, they think the next squeeze may be indefinitely remote. Brice [2] gave you six years, you remember, and I take for granted that he fixed that date on some inside Morganic calculation.

Of course all this, or as much as you please of it, is not so much for you as for your husband. You will make the necessary allowance for my advanced senility.

The Lodges are to remain in England till the 15th. Till then I shall try to dawdle about in country-houses.[1] Cabot can gather information for me. He is in the ring. As I am a gold-bug, and above all opposed to bimetallism as the worst possible solution for politics, I am better away.

---

[1] Matthew Stanley Quay (1833–1904).

[2] Calvin Stewart Brice (1848–1898).

LONDON, 13 August, 1895.

. . . .

Of their [the Lodges'] splendor I can give you but a pale reflection. They have seen and known the great and virtuous British statesman, whether of radical or Tory gender, or of either sex. He that kicks the Britisher gets his reward. Cabot is treated with the utmost civility, and Bayard is furious. . . .

I am interested only in the City. There I go to inquire the progress of my brother Brooks's book,[2] which is now almost ready, and will be out by October, and which is my Gospel of anarchy. There too I go to consult an Ebrew Jew about silver and gold; — a Jew such as I respect and admire for his splendid contempt of mankind. With this Jew I had a long consultation yesterday, and as he is by general consent the keenest and best informed of the Lombard Street money-lenders, I think it well that you should know his views.

Mr. Hermann Schmidt is a bimetallist in reality. He has written, and he talks, openly enough, for he has courage, and a cynical contempt for Lombard Street finance. He says that we have got to go onto the silver standard, and want only a man of nerve to do it. He says that just now — for the next month — we may get along with a slight drain of gold, say ten to twenty millions; but that in December the drain must recommence, and that by February the crisis should be acute. If the silver-men can prevent the government from selling itself again to the British money-lenders, — and next time the price will be still more than twenty-five per cent. — gold must go to a premium at once. The country must accept the silver basis, and we can then fight the election with free hands.

I do not know whether anything short of impeachment will give Carlisle courage. The New York bankers can scare his wits out by any off-hand demonstration. Indeed any man must need nerve to look on while the Treasury stops gold-payments. Yet this is what the Treasury has got to do. Gold must go to a premium before we can reach prosperity. — Mind! this is all the Jew's view which I am quoting. — The syndicate's operations have only made the situation worse. As it stands, we may have the collapse precipitated next week by a panic, or we may have it postponed six months, but it is made the worse by pretending to ignore it.

---

[1] August 3, he was at Tillypronie.

[2] The English edition of *Law of Civilisation and Decay*.

In any case Europe detests us and our securities, and will not speculate on them, nor will the increase in gold production help us in competing with countries on a silver basis. Europe may burst with gold without helping us.

Such, miladi, is the Gospel according to Schmidt. You know, or may remember better than I do, whether or no it agrees with what I may have preached. Six months will soon pass, and we shall see then where we are. At present we are wise to hold our tongues, and make up our minds how far we must use violent measures to save the political result. For be the political result what it will, the political result is certain to go against us unless the money-lenders are scared into terms.

PARIS, 29 August, 1895.

We arrived here last evening, a day or two earlier than I expected. ... Luckily we had fine weather, and the trip was really an education. Though it is the third time I have seen Amiens, I never thoroughly felt it before. Perhaps Sister Anne felt more than I did the domesticity and naiveté of Matilda's tapestry at Bayeux, which is certainly one of the most entertaining Gothic architectures of the world; but I got more than she did out of Coutances and its cathedral, which remains in my mind as the ideal image of outward austerity and inward refinement. Then we got to Mont St. Michel in a mob of tourists of many kinds of repulsiveness. Odious Frenchwomen, gross, shapeless, bare-armed, eating and drinking with demonstrative satisfaction; and dreary English-women, with the usual tusks; and American art students, harmless and feeble, sketching from every hole in the walls. The mob was awful, and the meals hog-pens. Romance and religion are a long way from Madame Poulard's kitchen in these summer weeks. Still the Abbey is marvelous, and our two days were worth remembering, in spite of legs, backs and stomachs. We passed our time wholly in enjoying it from all sorts of points, and passed hours studying the details of the church, and the perfection of its taste. The boys dragged me up and down walls, moats, cliffs and beaches, and Cabot beamed with satisfaction in history. He ought to have been Professor at Harvard College, as I meant him to be when I educated him. He showed it at Mont St. Michel where the Church is not so religious as military. Then we came across country to Vitré, and called on Mme. de Sevigné, who was quite entertaining. Then we slept at Le Mans, and so to Chartres where we passed two hours yesterday afternoon, and after thirty-five years of postponed intentions, I worshipped at last before the splendor of the great glass Gods. Chartres is a beautiful gate by which to leave the Norman paradise, as Amiens is a beautiful gate to enter.[1] I come out, not nice but funny, as Helen Hay says. I am a stage worse in my disease for realising what a dreadful bad case it is, and seeing about me the France of to-day, and the deadly twang of my dear country-people on the Rue de la Paix, which is actually visible and tangible as well as penetrating to the ear....

August 30, *Friday.* The weather is superb, and Paris never looked so sunny. In other respects I see little change from what it was in August, 1860, when I first lived here. More big streets and big houses; less in them. The cemeteries of art, the Louvre and other museums, are five times as large as then, and are bursting with new acquisitions, but the shops show nothing worth a glance.... But I do know that the shops offer no good pictures, and that I am going, as a last resort, to call on Rodin,[2] and try to buy one of his small bronze figures. They are mostly so sensually suggestive that I shall have to lock them up when any girls are about, which is awkward; but Rodin is the only degenerated artist I know of, whose work is original. I strolled through the Louvre yesterday, and the Bois; but saw only foreigners and fiacres. Of course the two boys want to be *orientés*, and the first day or two is given to showing them the points of view. Bay Lodge is a very good fellow, with illusions and ambitions and an exaggerated idea of Parisian standards. John is less sympathetic, and more common-place, and much too old for his years. Their father is a sort of elder brother to them, and all three are so young that the weary world stops in its orbit to wonder at them. John alone approaches nineteen. They are pleasant companions, fresh, intelligent and good-natured.[3]

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS, Sunday, 1 September. [1895.]

We arrived here last Wednesday evening. Thursday morning I went down to Passy, and found that the Cunliffes were at Fontainebleau. On Friday Robert turned up, but not you. Is there still a chance of your coming?

---

[1] *Education*, 354.

[2] Auguste Rodin (1840–1917).

[3] 'Henry Adams has been with us all the time and is the most delightful of travelling companions.' — Lodge to Roosevelt, 31 August, 1895. *Roosevelt-Lodge Correspondence*, I. 171.

The Normandy trip turned out well; charming weather; easy journeys; a new world of architecture; and to me also a new variety of scenery and people. I bagged a dozen new churches, and a few castles and châteaux, besides Mont Saint Michel. As for my impressions, all of them are so familiar to you that you would be bored by hearing them. Being by no means an imaginative or emotional animal, but rather a cold and calculating one, I think I can appreciate Norman architecture better than average tourists, who are either emotional, stupid or ignorant. I am sure that in the eleventh century the majority of me was Norman, — peasant or prince matters nothing, for all felt the same motives, — and that by some chance I did not share the actual movement of the world but became a retarded development, and unable to find a place. Going back now to the old associations seems to me as easy as drinking champagne. All is natural, reasonable, complete and satisfactory. Coutances and St. Michel show neither extravagance nor want of practical sense. They are noble, both in spirit and execution, but they are not, like the later Gothic, self-conscious or assuming. They knew their own force perfectly well; measured it to a hair; gave to the ideal all it had a right to expect, and looked out for the actual with a perfectly cool head. So we conquered England, which was a pretty dull, beer-swilling and indifferent sort of people.

Undoubtedly you and I were there, which accounts for us. I rather think the most of me were vassals of the Church; respectable farmers, doing military service for their fiefs. They also helped to build the churches of Coutances, and Bayeux and Caen, and did it with satisfaction. They liked architecture.

What they did not like, and never could learn to like was the tourist. They could not have conquered England, much less built St. Michel or Coutances, if they had foreseen the herds of cattle on two legs that would stream over their pavements. I did penance for being one, but what penance atones for such mortal sin!...

To Brooks Adams

PARIS, 8 September, 1895.

. . . .

Of all these familiar haunts the one that moved me most with a sense of personal identity with myself, was Coutances.

A great age it was, and a great people our Norman ancestors. Rather hard and grasping, and with no outward show of grace; little love for the exterior magnificences of Amiens, Chartres and Rouen; given to use of the sword and plough rather than the chisel, and with apparently little or none of the brush, and with no sense of color comparable to that of other races, still our Norman grandpapas did great things in art, or at least in the narrow field of art that reflected their lives. I have rarely felt New England at its highest ideal power as it appeared to me, beatified and glorified, in the Cathedral of Coutances. Since then our ancestors have steadily declined and run out until we have reached pretty near the bottom. They have played their little part according to the schedule. They have lost their religion, their art and their military tastes. They cannot now comprehend the meaning of what they did at Mont St. Michel. They have kept only the qualities which were most useful, with a dull instinct recalling dead associations. So we get Boston.

So be it! All is *Maya* [Illusion]. The whole thousand years is a form of illusion, which, as these illusions go, has a certain charm. I cannot put it quite so high as some do. The Gothic always looks to me a little theatrical and false, like its roofs. The Gothic church, both in doctrine and in expression, is not my idea of a thoroughly happy illusion. It is always restless, grasping and speculative; it exploits the world, and makes profits; it is the legitimate parent of Lombard Street; the legitimate child of the Jews. The pointed arch is cheap. Still, it had very great beauties in its best time, and, as an artistic form of illusion, it gives me a sense of reflecting my own ideals and limitations. It is human....

Of your book, as it now stands, I do not see that you need anticipate much attack. You have struck out of it pretty much all that was personally offensive, and left only generalities which no one need resent. In fact I should think it rather likely now to satisfy people. Everyone abuses the gold-bug. You merely describe him. The priest is used to abuse.... That it must have a strong and permanent effect on the treatment of history, and probably on politics as a science, I cannot doubt; but it may be slow and devious. All I can say is that, if I wanted to write any book, it would be the one you have written.

To Elizabeth Cameron

PARIS, 12 September, 1895.

. . . .

Paris is the best summer-watering-place in Europe. It is the only city in the world which understands the world and itself. That I hate it is of course; it hates itself; but it at least amuses the pair of us.

This week we have passed one day in an excursion to Beauvais; another in one to Fontainebleau. The Cathedral at Beauvais, or the piece of one, is the most startling bid for architectural glory ever made. It is a trellis-work of stone built up so high that it cannot stand, so it tumbles down from time to time, or is braced up with wooden beams, or tied round with iron bands. It is very beautiful though only a fragment, and goes with Amiens. In spite of its beauty and ambition, which were very charming indeed, one feels that it is a failure — which does not lessen its charm — and that it is the last word of pure Gothic. The contrast between it and Fontainebleau was surprising to me, for I had not quite grappled the morals of architecture. Fountainebleau was a distinct disappointment. As an exterior it is poor; as an interior it is vulgar. The Valois art anyway is a Jewish kind of gold-bug style, fit to express Francis I and Henry VIII, with their Field of Cloth of Gold, and their sensual appetites; the life that Brantôme describes, and Diane de Poitiers and Anne Boleyn decorated. As the decoration of appetites it is often very beautiful, as in the old parts of the Louvre, and great artists, like Jean Goujon, could often hide its innate vulgarity of wealth; but between it and the religious-military art of Mont Saint Michel and the Hôtel de Cluny is a gulf where I break my neck. Whence comes a law, drawn from Brother Brooks: All true imaginative art belongs to the imaginative period which must be religious and military....

These are our works. Otherwise nothing much. I elope with Sister Anne alone, when she is tired, and take her to dine in the Bois among hair-curdling society, or in the astounding Hôtel of Madame de Païva, described by Goncourt in his Diary, and now a restaurant such as is not in the world outside.[1] These outings seem to amuse her, and perhaps it amuses her still more when I go off with Cabot and the boys for a whole day. We have really seen our Paris, externally; I do not know that anyone ever has, or ever can, see it beneath the surface.

---

[1] There are a number of references in the *Journals* to this Hôtel on the Champs Elysées, notably in the First Series, II and III, but Madame de Païva could not have been in possession at this time.

Meanwhile I need hardly say that, from the corner of my eye, I am watching you and America sharply. Thus far, all has gone as I expected. Practically the gold-bug gamble has broken down, and the syndicate must either take another loan, or let gold-payments end. Either alternative is fatal to gold, which must go to a premium before the Presidential election.[1] What I do not understand is Pennsylvania politics. Quay's victory astounded me. How it will affect you is my keenest anxiety; and how far the struggle has been the real source of your trials, and how far you have paid for it in money and in nerves, is the conundrum I ask myself. Everything turns on this. In Pennsylvania I move as a poor babe in the woods. I know not who runs me, or who sits on top.

To Brooks Adams

[PARIS, September?] 1895.[2]

I write you a line merely to say that I hope to go south next week, and you may not hear from me again until you are in India. As far as I can see, the scrimmage is ours. The nations after a display of dreadful bad manners, are settling down, afraid to fight. The gold-bugs have resumed their sway, with their nerves a good deal shaken, but their tempers or their sense unimproved.

Cleveland and Olney have relapsed into their normal hog-like attitudes of indifference, and Congress is disorganized, stupid and child-like as ever. Once more we are under the whip of the bankers. Even on Cuba, where popular feeling was far stronger than on Venezuela, we are beaten and hopeless....

---

[1] 'Beyond this stands the new and perplexing problem of the increased gold product. Already the gold has accumulated here [London] in enormous masses, but it might as well be back in the mines for all the effect it has on industry. It is used only to produce more gold. Not an industrial venture of any kind has been put on the market this year. Nothing but mines! The gold cannot get out. How long this will last, I do not dare to guess. Of course gold ought to fall in value, and within ten years it should fall with a crash, but what effect that will have on industry which already produces beyond consumption, I do not yet see. I see only that the political economists are going daft with the problem. The limit of consumption is reached before the limit of production.' — To Brooks Adams, 3 October, 1895.

[2] A letter printed without place or date in Brooks Adams, the *Degradation of the Democratic Dogma* (Macmillan, 1919), 98. The date is approximate, suggested by Henry Adams' going 'south' and Brooks Adams' statement that he received it in Rome while waiting for the Bombay ship. He wrote from Rome 14 November, 1895, but does not mention a letter from his brother.

My turn will come next, and I am all ready and glad to get through it. The last six weeks have given me much to think about. Were we on the edge of a new and last great centralization, or of a first great movement of disintegration? There are facts on both sides; but my conclusion rather is — and this is what satiates my instinct for life — that our so-called civilization has shown its movement, even at the centre, arrested. It has failed to concentrate further. Its next effort may succeed, but it is more likely to be one of disintegration, with Russia for the eccentric on one side and America on the other....

In either case, the next great conclusive movement is likely to take at least one full generation. If, as I think, we move much faster than the Romans, we have more ground to cover, and fewer outside enemies to fear. As I read the elder Pliny, I am struck by the astonishing parity between him and you. He came about a hundred years after the military age ended, and the police age began. You write just eighty years after the same epoch. Pliny died in the year 79. Three hundred years afterwards Ammianus Marcellinus closed his history with the death of Valens and the practical overthrow of Roman civilization, in 378. Allowing for our more rapid movement we ought still to have more than two hundred years of futile and stupid stagnation. I find twenty too much for me.

The process of turning a machine like ours round a corner will be dangerous in proportion to its sharpness, but neither its dangers, nor its successes, nor its failures seem to me now to be worth living to see. Nothing can come of it that is worth living for; nothing so interesting as we have already seen; and nothing better to say. I understand that your book has been exhausted in New York for some time, and that Macmillan is waiting for more copies. The longer we can keep it working under ground the better. If it once gets notorious, as it well may, under the blessed pressure of the gold standard which turns even defeats into victories for us, I want you to print it in a cheap form for popular reading. It is, as I have always told you, the Bible of Anarchy. God knows what side in our politics it would help, for it cuts all equally, but it might help man to know himself and hark back to God. For after all man knows mighty little, and may some day learn enough of his own ignorance to fall down again and pray. Not that I care. Only, if such is God's will, and Fate and Evolution — let there be God!

Anyway I have been correcting and annotating a copy in case you want my suggestions for your next edition.[1] . . . But just now the gold-bugs have got their loans and foreign policy, and the next presidency safe, as far as I can see, and I shall go fishing.

I go with the easier temper because I see that what I want is really their right game, and what they get is merely a prolongation of the anarchy now prevailing. Not one question has been settled. All the old, and several new ones, are as active as ever, and more virulent. Our revolt has been a slave insurrection, but we have given our masters a *mauvais quart d'heure*, and cost them a very pretty sum of hard money. And above all, I have had my fun.

To Elizabeth Cameron

TOURS, 18 September, 1895.

. . . .

Sister Anne came down here with us last Sunday, and at once had a desperate cold which has prevented her from going with us anywhere. Of course we have to go without her, and I do not think she has lost very much, so far. Decidedly the Loire is a violently over-admired country. After Mont Saint Michel and the churches of the north, nothing here seems much worth while. I do not love the Valois or their art. I have made that remark before. They are very earthy. They feel gilded, and smell of musk. They strike attitudes, and admire themselves in mirrors. Francis I and Henry VIII are brothers, and should have been cooks. They look it. Their architecture looks it, just in proportion as it loses the old military character. In soul, it is mercantile, bourgeois and gold-bug. When I look at it, I am homesick for Mont Saint Michel and Coutances. The ancient Gauls were noble in comparison, and I yearned to live in the stone-age.

Not a single character or association seems to lend dignity or character to all this country. Rabelais, Balzac, civil wars, massacres, assassinations and royal mistresses are pretty much all it can show. Between Louis XI and Mr. Terry[2] of Chenonceau or Herr Siegfried of Langeais, I have no great choice. None of them seems to answer my Sphynx. The old Châteaux never had much meaning, and now hardly point even a moral. I cannot find even a Mme. de Sevigné to fill them.

---

[1] This volume exists and contains historical suggestions without modification of the thesis posed by the author.

[2] A rich Cuban, purchaser of the Château.

Diane de Poitiers, whom I rather imagine to have been of the same somewhat *cuisinière* order as the rest of the Court, seems to be highest deity of Touraine. They all belong to the *Contes Drolatiques.* They are sensual, coarse and greedy. They are gold-bugs.

My single keen pleasure is the few glass windows still left in the Cathedral here. There are a dozen or two very exquisite and perfect ones, as good, I should think, as those at Chartres, and with rather more variety of design, if I can remember right. These are a joy. I am not quite sure that there is much religion in glass; but for once I will not require too much. The ultimate cathedral of the 13th century was deliberately intended to unite all the arts and sciences in the direct service of God. It was a Chicago Exposition for God's profit. It showed an Architectural exhibit, a Museum of Painting, Glass-staining, Wood and Stone Carving, Music, vocal and instrumental, Embroidering, Jewelry and Gem-setting, Tapestry-weaving, and I know not what other arts, all in one building. It was the greatest single creation of man. Its statuary alone puts it with Greek art. Its religious conception, by uniting the whole Pantheon of deities in one system, gives it a decided advantage over the Greeks. The more I study it, the more I admire and wonder. I am not disposed to find fault. The result was beyond what I should suppose possible to so mean an animal as man. It gives him a dignity which he is in no other instance entitled to claim. Even its weaknesses are great, and its failures, like Beauvais and Le Mans, are because man rose beyond himself.

So I accept the glass, as I do the reliquaries and embroidered vestments and tapestries.

Thursday morning, 19th. We went yesterday afternoon to Chinon, a superb old military ruin, of a type like Windsor, but without architecture other than the usual military construction. It is not a Mont Saint Michel, but the dirty little town is very Gustave Doré, Rabelais and Balzac. The view from the Castle is the best and most imposing we've seen. The weather is divine, but the drought and dust are bad, and even the heat is still no very bad joke for the season. In the afternoon glow, the broad valley and river were as rich and succulent as the grapes.

Cabot and I are discussing whether Cleveland may not have to call Congress for the 1st of November. The situation is critical, and even the harvest may not save the Treasury now. If he does, I may have to give up my stateroom to the Lodges, and take theirs, which would delay me a month. For me, it is much better to be out of it. The behavior of our government and monied-men irritates me, wears on my nerves, and makes me talk much more than is wise or virtuous. Away from America I am always more human; — a trait not wholly peculiar to me.

PARIS, 25 September, 1895.

. . . .

I wrote rather abusively about Touraine last week. I ought to make one exception. The Château of Blois is very beautiful. At least, the fragment which contains the staircase, making one side of the court, is perhaps the best thing I have seen in its way; — not quite so dignified and broad as the corresponding court of the Louvre, but even more original and refined. It is a charming and altogether an ideal spot, for it contains the best political murder ever made. The Valois kings were true artists, and they never did anything artistically half so brilliant elsewhere, as to build the Château de Blois in order to murder the Guises in it, with a *mise-en-scène* and a list of actors that would have put to shame all the resources of the French stage in its best days. In the room where De Guise lay dead, and the King came in to look at him, and kick him a bit, I understood for the first time the very inferior, not to say plebeian affair at Holyrood, which was but a Scotch attempt to be as artistic as France. The Scotch did fairly well. Mary Stuart was not a bad variation on Catherine of Medici. Compared with the coarse brutality of Henry the Eighth, who undertook also to be an artist in the same way, the Scotch were very superior; but after all, they were imitators. The great scenes at Amboise and Blois were original compositions, and, as art, stand beyond rivalry. I know of nothing since the tragedies of Aeschylus so splendid, and so grandly immoral. No history, Greek, Roman or modern, contains contrasts so dramatic and so gorgeously tragic, as the contrast between the Cathedrals of the 13th and the Châteaux of the 15th centuries. After the ecstasies of Chartres and Amiens, the elevation and passion, the absorption of every act and thought in an ideal of infinite beauty and purity, we sit down with a bump on the thrones of Francis and Henry. As if this shock were too much for our nervous systems, we are not only forbidden to conceive the tragedy in the grand Greek way, but we are also condemned to listen to the unutterable cant of British morality, which makes the ghastliest cynicism seem a relief and a religion. May the Lord, in his infinite mercy, forgive himself for creating British moral and historical writers, and the Church of England. This reflection is wrung from me by the British writers on French history.

Well, well! when I get quite wild with England, I read Ruskin and Carlyle, or Matt Arnold or Shelley and console myself by thinking of their lifelong martyrdoms, so inglorious, so grimy, and so mean. At least I can love Jeanne d'Arc. We crossed her path again at Orléans where we passed a day. I suppose the British shop-keepers did not burn her. But it is a singular coincidence that she was burned — by the British. She is a dear creature, and it was almost worth while to be burned like her, rather than be suffocated like us. At least, *her* protest was effective, as far as it went.

Of all the places we saw, the only one which seemed to unite everything was Chaumont. I do not know that an atmosphere of Catherine de Medici and Diane de Poitiers combined in one room is very healthy, but at Chaumont one seems to breathe and see without effort. Even the great military towers and the drawbridge do not scare one. If it were not for tourists, Chaumont would be still a dignified country-place. Perhaps the Broglies think it is so anyway. They seem to live there quietly enough, and to bear with tourists, republic and Diane, while at Chenonceau the Terrys — Cubans of the Cienfuegos sugar epoch — war on tourists, and shut their doors, so that we did not get there. I could not blame them. To be a tourist is to lose self-respect and to invite insult. Quentin Durward was evidently taken for a tourist when Tristan wanted to string him up, on his appearance at Plessy les Tours. Nothing saved him but being a Scotchman. Had he been an American, we must have applauded his execution, and if an Englishman we should have helped to string him up.

In spite of Blois and Chaumont, Touraine cannot compare with Normandy. It leaves a greasy taste; a mercantile and gold-bug trail, even on the architecture and the murders. I turn back to my dear Coutances and my divine Mont Saint Michel with the relief of an epicure who has had to eat pork....

27th. I have passed an hour with Rodin in his studio looking at his marbles, and especially at a Venus and dead Adonis which he is sending to some exhibition in Philadelphia, and which is quite too too utter and decadent, but like all his things hardly made for *jeunes personnes* like me and my breakfast-table company. Why can we decadents never take the comfort and satisfaction of our decadence. Surely the meanest life on earth is that of an age that has not a standard left on any form of morality or art, except the British sovereign. I prefer Rodin's decadent sensualities, but I must not have them, and though rotten with decadence, I have not enough vitality left to be sensual. Victoria and I and our age are about equally genuine. We are beyond even vice.

Also I have taken Alice Mason[1] to dine *chez* Madame de Païva. I thought that house, as the reward of virtue would please her. Whenever I go there, some mysterious creature in love and diamonds is always at the next table, and offers additional flavor to the best dinner in Paris. Apparently Americans have not yet caught on to it, for few people are ever there, and those are Russians, Jews and *cocottes* of the first rank. As Alice Mason, like me, is now a wreck of sixty or thereabouts, we need strong flavors to affect our jaded palates. I think she really was for a moment a little carried back to her outrageous youth. The second empire was at least wicked....

I am losing interest in public affairs now that you say you are out of it, and as our country must inevitably declare itself insolvent within a year, I have ceased to care much about the process; but probably Frewen has written to you that Balfour is hatching a silver scheme for us to swallow. Being a gold-bug myself, and wishing for a cataclysm, I trust that any English scheme will fail.[2]

[1] Alice Mason, married 1, William Sturgis Hooper and 2, Charles Sumner, but resumed her maiden name in later years.

[2] He sailed for the United States, October 12, 1895.

V

WASHINGTON

1895–1896

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 3 November, 1895.

. . . .

My voyage was even duller than most voyages. I spoke to no human beast. My neighbors at table were all singers at variety shows. I stayed in my own room, and read Mme. de Sevigné day and night.

In New York I found Edward Hooper, Clarence King and John La Farge. We had two days together; and anarchy ran as mad as can be imagined between such curious elements.

In Washington I found chiefly drought. Three or four unbroken months of it, with its consequences! I brought a heavy rain, and the country looks better. Also I probably saved a good many rather worthless lives.

I sent at once for nieces and nephews, and my house is now full of them. Some are Hoopers, and some Adamses, but the males are all Adams. They seem to me rather superior to my own generation — which is not extravagant praise. They are all, at least, ladies and gentlemen, as far as our time and condition produce such, and I am rather proud of them than otherwise. . . .

For that matter, he [Brooks Adams] is not much different from the rest of us. Certainly I am very far from wishing to be thought sane, seeing that sanity means seemingly only intervals of imbecility between fits of acute mania. You know what a desperate bear I was last summer. Apparently the world has now caught the same disease and is just shaking with the chill. All the financial authorities yesterday were talking the very words I used to you last July. I wonder whether it is all imagination. When the world agrees with me, I know, on the law of chances, that I must be wrong.

The autumn is very beautiful here — quite marvellously beautiful — and like the spring, more ideal and logical in expression than almost any other form of nature I ever have seen, in mere vegetation. I cling to the days as they pass, and all the more because there were no tourists to get between, or machinery to make money out of them. Indeed, the money-making machinery has already a delightfully corroded and ruinous look, as though it were rotting like autumn leaves....

To Sir Robert Cunliffe

1603 H STREET, 26 November, 1895.

Your letter of the 12th follows my track across the Atlantic to find me here, doing nothing, as usual, but to rail in good set terms against the doings of men. No one can rail against me on that score, for, as I said, I do nothing. Since my return I have acted chiefly as director of a boarding house for young people, having had my house full of nephews and nieces; and this will go on till January. After the New Year my movements will depend a little on the course of politics which promise almost as complicated a situation here as in Europe. The island of Cuba is a fair equivalent for Turkey, and the temper of our Congress about to meet, is not likely to be sweet. A dead-lock there, just as you have at Constantinople, not to speak of Pekin, might produce very curious results. Until I see what course the affair is likely to take, I hesitate to start on my usual trip to the West Indies; and I hesitate the more because the financial situation is also very unusual, not to say, unparalleled, and I do not want to be caught again in a squeeze, and hurried home as in '93. Finally, we have a Presidential election coming on, with all its personal activities, and although I am out of all relation with parties, my friends are very deep in the game. They do not need my help, but they do yield me a certain amusement which tends to check my zeal of travel.

As yet a profound repose rests on this town and me. I read the Sunday papers to guess what is going on in Europe, for all they tell me gives me very little idea of the true situation. I think I see that it is England's interest to fight at once, and Russia's to prolong the dead-lock indefinitely. I think that I can also see the Kaiser acting once more as the tool of the Czar, and Austria clinging to peace at any price. I cannot at all see who is to gain or who is to lose in the end; but the Turk must be an unoriental idiot if he does not see that he can massacre all the Christians he likes, and indulge in his usual amusements with the rest, if he only will profess to be a religious and amiable Englishman, Russian or German by turns as the turn comes.

Outside of politics I have no news. The Hays returned only yesterday. I was with King several days in New York. The Lodges will not get here till Saturday. The Camerons are here, and I see more of them than of anyone. Letters come and go. From England, I get gossip from Tahiti family details. My brother Brooks has vanished into space. I know not whether he is in Italy or in India, for not a line has he written. His book is out,[1] but I do not know, or much care, what the reviewers say of it; for it is not a piece of work that any professional reviewer knows enough to criticise. Occasionally Rudyard Kipling writes us a word or two, for he has grown rather thick with our little Washington gang. My only recent literature has been his *Second Jungle Book* which all of us children already know by heart. . . .

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 20 December, 1895.

. . . .

The winter has come, and my house is still full of nieces, with more on their way. Of society I know nothing except through them; and what I know is not tempting to a man who is both lazy and exacting.

So we are going to war! [2] It sounds droll, to you and me. I remember how droll it sounded in 1861, for my southern friends. Luckily war makes no difference in social relations, except perhaps to lend them a shade of deeper interest. It only breaks postal conveniences. You'll not hear from me so regularly, but you will read my fewer letters with a good deal more interest.

Of course, after my incessant growling of the last three years, and the many advices I have given you of the danger, you will have been the best informed man in England, and will have seen the whole affair at a glance. You will now understand why my brother Brooks did not draw his conclusions with more definition. Brooks himself will be a good deal startled by the rapidity with which his conclusions have been drawn by Olney, not to speak of their definiteness. He will have to hurry home. As Salisbury cannot very well give way, and as my people, largely on account of the bitterness excited by the silver struggle, are in the worst possible temper, I rather infer that a rupture is much more likely than not. At least, that seems to be the impression here among those who have power to control it. To me it was a complete surprise, for I had supposed Cleveland to be the property of the New York bankers whose tool he has so long been; and since I broke with the administration three years ago on the silver issue, I have

[1] The English edition of *Law of Civilisation and Decay.*

[2] On the Venezuela question.

never spoken with a member of Cleveland's cabinet. I can only guess at their object now, but I can see quite clearly what must be their result.

The quarrel was bound to come. Greed and fear, as Brooks humorously remarks, are the two bottom instincts of organised society, and when you have two people, both of whom are greedy, and neither of whom is afraid, there must be a fight. We have fought twice before, and precious near it a third time, when my own family were head devils in the kitchen; and yet I have never found that I liked less the men that did the fighting, or that I lost consideration with them. Venezuela was only an accident, and the worst case for Cleveland to have chosen, because it is quite impossible to understand its merits, and its importance is absurdly out of proportion to the result; but if it were not Venezuela now, it would be Cuba in the spring, or Canada at some other time. Of the merits, no one but Salisbury knows anything, and he won't tell. Of the manners, I can only say that those of a Boston lawyer are quite the worst I know. But that is all by the way. The substance is that we are hardened to civil war, and fall into its sharp drill almost easily. Even I learned the discipline early, and with much rebellion, but I never forgot it; and when ordered, I stop my eternal habit of fault-finding, and accept the situation.

At least I hope that my warnings have saved you money. I presume of course we shall soon stop gold payments. Give my best love to Lady Catherine and the family.

To Brooks Adams

WASHINGTON, 27 December, 189 .

. . . .

The shock was as violent as they could make it. State Street has been frantic. You were very lucky to be absent. The telegrams and letters that have poured in on Olney,[1] Reed, Lodge and the rest have been incredible. Poor Henry Higginson and even your friend Howard Stockton have written in terms that no copperhead in 1861 surpassed. They have raged and whined and threatened, until I have felt positive pity for them. I need not say that when the President's financial message appeared, in the midst of all this frenzy, I gave myself up for lost. We were all deeply depressed, and assumed that the President would surrender. That was a week ago. Since then, I hardly dare guess what has been doing; but as far as I can see, the country is all right. No one has yet given way or shown outward sign of alarm. I am told that Congress is unanimous in fact as in appearance. Little or nothing has been said there. Of the President, who is a kind of veiled prophet, we know nothing. When the dethroned monarch, J. P. Morgan,[1] came on a few days ago, the President did not send for him or see him. Olney is very reticent, but very firm. The rest of the Cabinet, as far as I hear, talk well. You understand that I am now speaking not of the President's first message and the Monroe Doctrine, for on that we are all right, except that some people blame Olney's manners. Congress has acted on that message without a word, unanimously. The struggle is over the second financial message.... We all see here that political independence implies financial independence, which means either silver or paper. All my knowledge is bounded by the certainty — which is to me a vast relief — that the administration feels the point and that the quarrel with Wall Street is even more bitter at the White House than it is at mine across the way....

---

[1] Richard Olney (1835–1917).

The administration seems to be still wabbling between the Jews and the Gentiles, and the only advantage we have gained as yet is the irritation of the President. Olney is even more frank than the others of the Cabinet, and his battle with State Street is more of a settled thing. Naturally I feel more sure of his ultimate point. The Attorney General, Harmon,[2] seems square. I think Lamont[3] is right, but very cautious....

To sum up, Cleveland and Olney, as the *Evening Post* rightly charges, have become the leaders of the anarchists. That is fixed! They are not likely to abandon this position. Both of them are exasperated with the money-lenders, and indifferent to their doings. The cabinet is with them. Both parties are following them. They have the country on the run, and will force foreign affairs forward as the issue in the general election. I suppose Olney will be the democratic candidate....

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 23 January, 1896.

. . . .

Now that you have got a poet-laureate[4] and a Kaiser to be pleased with, you can ask no more. Satiated ambition produces content. I leave Venezuela to George Smalley[1] who has undertaken to govern all our unbridled passions. He is paid for it. That reminds me of the painful contrast in our respective merits, for most of us pay, and suffer. I see no reason yet to change such opinions as I have expressed to you these last years about investments. We have still a severe, and perhaps a long depression to pass through, and what convulsions may intervene I know not. Meanwhile nearly all forms of property are so very low that they are safe investments in the long run. Till we get rid of the gold standard, we must be subject to fits. Whenever we cut loose from that infernal instrument of torture, we shall do very well. That fetish of gold is the source of three-fourths of the present political and financial chaos. England is getting the political small change for the gold she has exacted from her debtors. . . .

---

[1] John Pierpont Morgan (1837–1913).

[2] Judson Harmon (1846–1927).

[3] Daniel Scott Lamont (1851–1905).

[4] Alfred Austin (1835–1913).

What with financial alarms, and Cuban excitements, which interest me exceedingly, and Venezuelan talk which bores me proportionally, and personal matters which luckily are the least of my concern, I drag on, from day to day, and blow my nose and mop my eyes and go to sleep over the oldest books on my shelves. At this season everyone is busy; no one comes near me; I am more solitary than a weasel in a hole; and the weather is not fit for a moulting crow.

I have had La Farge here for a week, rather more worthless than myself. John Hay is my helpless victim, and I bore him, when sanity totters. . . . Not a word yet from my brother Brooks in India. He ought to come home at once, or rather he ought never to have gone, but he is lucky in not regarding oughts, or aught. This winter here would have squeezed the last drops of human verjuice out of him and left him a husk. Boston in such times passes the bounds of respectability. One pines there for real Jews. The imitation Pharisee is maddening. Thanks for Tollemache's *Jowett*![2] As I am dyspeptic, I will say it interested me. Tollemache seems dimly conscious that the Jowett he describes has a fundamentally dishonest mind and cannot be the true Jowett. Honest minds in Anglo-German-American thought, are very rare. I think Matt Arnold was the most honest I have met. Carlyle was more or less dishonest. Newman came nearer honesty. The statesmen are all frauds, of necessity. Jowett was a museum-specimen; a quaint curiosity; a Jesuit of scepticism.

[1] George Washburn Smalley (1833–1916).

[2] Lionel Arthur Tollemache, *Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol College* (1895).

To Brooks Adams

WASHINGTON, 24 January, 1896.

. . . .

Public affairs are in a desperate muddle, thanks to the astounding denseness of Cleveland's intelligence which gives me new cause for religious gratitude every day. He gives the country every week some impulse contrary to his last, and has gradually got it into a bog with no outlet. The country must break. At least for once, Lombard Street, Wall Street and State Street seem to agree with me on that point. Of course I want it to break. I see no hope of safety except in severing the ties that connect it with Europe, and in fortifying ourselves as an independent centre. Bankruptcy is a political gain.

Cabot is still fussing over Venezuela and England. I have done what I could to persuade him that he had won his stakes there, and should at once drop it, and go, for all he is worth, for Cuba; but Cabot is a man-child who cannot drop his toy. So Cleveland hangs back on Cuba, which is the only real issue for us. I am vexed at the futility of their behavior, but if the tide of human events is flowing my way, it will carry my points, as it has since '93, against all the money and all the folly and all the wisdom of man; while, if the tide is flowing against me, I need not fret, for I shall drown. My Pater Noster is a prayer for the Gold Standard. It is winning all my points for me....

To Charles Francis Adams

WASHINGTON, 2 February, 1896.

I am glad you are getting into fair weather and deep water. At the same time you are sailing in water so deep that I have always felt my own inability to sound it. For a sort of guide-post to you, or to anyone else who should enter those seas, I published in a volume of essays otherwise worthless an article on the 'Declaration of Paris.' The double-dyed rascality and duplicity of Lord Russell, which our father did not and could not believe, and which I only suspected, has since been proved by his own biography, in part, but in a worse form than I had supposed possible.[1]

My father was beyond measure lucky. He ran close by some of the worst snags I know in our history and once or twice he touched. If he escaped, it was by the grace of God. I shudder when I think of the dangers he was in; but even now I can only guess at most of them from the few I saw. Nothing would induce me to describe them. I should have to say things which had better be left unsaid. We got through, because we had a strong people and an able administration behind us, but our father's only merit was that of making few mistakes. He began to lose his energies just as the need of them ceased. I first noticed it about 1864, but only as a curious rather than a serious thing.

---

[1] *Education*, chapters IX and X.

I have not a line of writing on a slip of paper, letter, memorandum or note relating to that time. If you have my letters, you have the only record that exists, as far as I know, of my residence in England....[1]

To Brooks Adams

7 February, 1896.

. . . .

I am kept here by Cuba, which I appear to be running, for the faculty of bungling is the only faculty a legislative body possesses in foreign affairs. Of course, my share in it is wholly behind the scenes. Even Cabot keeps aloof from me, or I from him; for I can't control him, and want no ally whom I can't control. So please do not allude to my doings either in letter or conversation. The President is bitterly hostile to Cuba, as he is to every instinct of old-fashioned freedom, and nothing can be done till the great Trusts come over to our side. For we are now more than ever under the control of Capital, and the Venezuela episode is a mere proletarian riot. As you have often said, the bankers are contemptible politicians; but their mass and unity make them the greatest single power in the country, and infallibly control the drift of events. They are timid and afraid, above all things, of war, so they hold Europe and us in imbecile helplessness to rot into dissolution. They are hostile to Cuba, though Cuba would be a great field for their greed. They are curiously unlike the old piratic mercantile class which robbed boldly. The Johannesburg episode was an illustration.

They like the cheapest article in politics — galvanised iron sheds — and therefore will select, in my opinion, McKinley as the next President. I care not whom they take. Harrison was the best President, but has retired from the canvass. Reed[2] is too clever, too strong-willed, and too cynical, for a bankers' party. Morton is too much of a money-bag to suit the timidity of money-lenders. Allison is too indolent to organise a party. McKinley has got possession of the field. Quay can nominate him, and there are very strong reasons why Quay's interest tends that way. Thus far, Quay seems undecided and leaning to Reed; but as the contest takes shape, everything seems to tend towards Ohio. I cannot see that it matters. The monied-interest can't help winning and running the country. There is no other interest competent to run a hand-cart. Silver is lost. Gold will need five or ten years to fill the void, but it will come. If the gold supply were to cease, I think disintegration would be rapid, but with a large increase of gold, our decline will be slow. Therefore, barring accidents, you and I have done all the mischief we can well hope to accomplish in our time, and we must leave the gorgeous east to do the rest. Your report on the gorgeous east will be interesting, but you must still leave a margin of error for the saintly altruism of England, which Balfour has discovered — and which I agree with him in thinking — to be the controlling force of civilisation.

---

[1] See *Cycle of Adams Letters, passim.*

[2] Thomas Brackett Reed (1839–1902).

You will have seen that our money-lenders have made another great demonstration over their new loan. Was there ever such an exhibition of money-nature. Positively I delight in it as much as though I had discovered the microbe of senility, and could study it in a magnifying glass. Everyone except themselves — every Jew in Lombard Street and every mean-white in the pine-forests down south — understands their little game equally well. The extremes of shrewdness and the extremes of dullness are equally and absolutely contemptuous of it; but the money-lender in New York goes on picking the public pocket of his little three-per cent semi-annually, and he rules us, and will elect McKinley. The only question in my mind is what he means to do with all this money in the Treasury. If he withdraws three hundred million greenbacks, which is his avowed object, we shall be cut down to silver alone, and our importers will have to buy their gold; which will bankrupt the whole Hebrew fraternity. I am curious to see what will happen with money at ten per cent, as now, and gold at ten per cent premium. Today they are having a regular Jewish quarrel over the plunder, but such rows rarely help the plundered. Mr. J. P. Morgan gets practically the whole loan, and the small thieves are furious. My view of the case is always to encourage the big thieves and to force the pace. Let's get there quick! I'm for Morgan, McKinley and the Trusts. They will bring us to ruin quicker than we could do it ourselves.

To Sir Robert Cunliffe

1603 H STREET, 17 February, 1896.

Oh! my eyes and limbs! Oh! my lungs and liver! Oh! goroo! goroo![1] To think that for four years I have been making myself offensive to every friend I've got in England, and howling every kind of outrage and insult at them for having so benighted a country; and now, when my beloved President mildly says the same thing, in a spirit of saint-like charity, all my English friends are as much astonished as though I had never taken all the trouble in the world to warn them in advance. You dear simple-minded Britisher, and bucolic, I love you, but I don't love your Lombard Street Jews who rule you. We have never had the smallest intention of fighting you, and nobody but George Smalley and your own other hirelings over here, whose business it is to serve your stock-market, ever said that we wanted to fight you. Some of our people thought you would fight us, but all we wanted was to wake you up in time to prevent trouble. What with your Jew crusade for gold, and your hopeless subservience to the speculative interests of the city of London, we were drifting very far apart; so far that something had got to break. The first thing that has got to break is our credit; and, whether rightly or wrongly, nine-tenths of us think that we have been deliberately ruined by England for the benefit of her money-lenders. Our only comfort is that they ruin themselves in ruining us, as they have in Australia, New Zealand, South America, and will in India. There is the real bitterness! We are insolvent, and England did it, and then blames us for our bankruptcy. Then comes along the first question of international politics, and all the stored bad-temper breaks out and astonishes you innocent country-gentlemen, who sit at home and think like Arthur Balfour, that England is pure altruism. Luckily Kaiser Willy stepped in just in time to show that we were not the only members of the family who needed licking, and so that dear sweet angelic Buffalo boar Cleveland got easily out of his scrape. As he is the worst of all the tools of Wall Street and Lombard Street, I am still kicking myself to find out why he ever got into it. It is the only occasion in his career as President when he has ever done an act that I approved, though I was one of his party. Neither his friends nor his enemies can explain what earthly reason induced him to club Salisbury with such phenomenal violence, and then be scared out of his senses at the financial alarm that necessarily followed. Still, I regard him as your man, not mine. Hitherto he had done work wholly for free-trade and gold; had done his best to destroy our interests in Hawaii to promote yours; and had not a friend in the United States outside of the British money-lending interest. What induced him, at his age, to turn such a double-back-somerset, weighing three hundred pounds as he does — unless it is more — I can no more imagine than you can.

---

[1] Dickens, *David Copperfield*, ch. XIII.

Anyway the thing is a mere episode, as it happens, and the situation of Europe is so grave that until some peaceful solution can be reached there, we have all of us business much too serious to think more about Venezuela. Not to speak of other matters, you have Armenia and we have Cuba to settle. Both are excessively serious matters. Further, we have an impending gold crisis which seems inevitable, and you have the Transvaal which is another form of the same thing. Two or three serious wars like that in Abyssinia are lying about, and one treads on *casus belli* at every step. I do not see how we are to get through it all, without an explosion. I shall not be easy till the spring is over, and if nothing has happened before then, I will go fishing, or come to give you some more punching in your venerable ribs. The radical trouble is that man is by nature a liar. The London *Times*, in thirty-eight years I have known it, has never once told the truth, unless it was on indifferent matters. The press is the hired agent of a monied system, and set up for no other purpose than to tell lies where its interests are involved. One can trust nobody and nothing. As far as my observation goes, society is today more rotten than at any time within my personal knowledge. The whole thing is one vast structure of debt and fraud. The Church never was as rotten as the stock-exchange now is. The State never could be as hollow a fraud as our system of credit. The trouble is that the whole thing pivots on London.

You will be shocked at my violence of language, and very bad form. The fact is that I am more amused and in better temper than in these many years past. I have had real sport this winter and feel young again. You had better sell all you have, and buy with me in Cuba. I want to be a pretty creole.

To Brooks Adams

18 February, 1896.

. . . .

I do not know why you feel so much confidence in Reed, but I suppose you have your reasons. I feel none in him or in anyone else.

I do not believe it matters greatly who is President. A little sooner or a little later, all must follow the drift of human society. The sole interest I feel is that of ascertaining which way the drift is. I feel confident that the world turned a corner in 1870. The siege of Paris was the division between the old and new. Since then, while the world-centre — London, Berlin, Paris — has grown denser and harder, the world's circumference has tended to disintegration and dispersion. Since I wrote to you last June, prophesying a crisis, we have had crisis after crisis, and everyone admits that even now, after all the terrific shocks of the last six months, nothing is settled, and the great crises are more threatening than ever. You fear the usurer, but one of the profoundest of all your many observations is that the usurer is an imbecile politician. The old mercantile pirate was a great one. Even the manufacturer was an able one. But the usurer is a coward and narrow-minded. All through the world's history, he has ended as a victim or a tool. I am not afraid of him, except as a tool. I have watched him the last year. He has no brains, no education and no courage. He is a liar and an area-thief, but not a conqueror or a pirate. He has, within six months, broken down in Armenia, Abyssinia, and even in Cuba and the Transvaal. He stands helpless today before every one of the great political and economical questions of the world. If these questions are to be settled at all, they must be settled by political processes. The total imbecility of the usurer is shown by the astounding break-down of Lord Salisbury in the face of the disintegrating centres, America and Russia.

Therefore I would not have you pin your hopes on so pure a gamble as a Presidential candidate. Unless the usurers develop some new force, which shall concentrate political society in a miraculous way, the present disintegration must go on. Turkey is not going to be more easy to handle because it has massacred all its Armenian money-lenders. Italy and Spain will not be less bankrupt because they are beaten in Abyssinia and Cuba. We are not made nearer the European centre by having a premium on gold as we already have, these six weeks past, and must have, if all the financial authorities in Europe and America are not mistaken. This last winter has been chaos everywhere, and not one step has been made as yet except towards greater dangers. Even that Wall Street drudge Cleveland has been one of the most efficient agents of disorder. Even the South African Jew circus has helped to upset society. And Russia, the great disintegrator, has figured as the protector and friend of Europe. The mere statement shows where we are.

So let us wait quietly for the stream to run. Surely this last year it has run fast enough.

Your picture of the Indian is moderate compared with what I saw in Java. The Dutch do those things more thoroughly than the English. India is too big to be wholly emasculated, and there will always be military evolution there, the moment the police weakens. India can wait at any time a century or two, sure to begin over again the same old dreary chaos. . . .

To Charles Francis Adams

WASHINGTON, 21 February, 1896.

I send you by express my copy of the rebel organ in London.[1]

In many ways our father was a singular man. He remains an unsolved problem to me in the fact that he never seemed conscious of being bored, or of the world being different from what he wanted it to be. Although I have no doubt that he was more in his element in London than at any other time in his life, he never seemed aware of it, and showed it only by the momentary expansion of his interests. Perhaps in this quality he was like the earlier men. Jefferson did much the same. J. Q. Adams did not understand why he was bored. Indeed none of the old crowd was very self-conscious. Yet all our father's contemporaries in Boston — Sumner, Palfrey, Winthrop, Hillard, Ticknor, Motley, and Lowell — secretly or openly showed that they were hungry for something they could not get. The trait of restlessness has been marked in all the rest of the family, with few exceptions, before and since. Our father was not lazy, yet he never much cared for change. He was reflective, yet not self-conscious. He was logical, yet never carried a line of thought beyond a conventional conclusion. He was so complete, as far as he went, that I shall never understand why he went no farther. This is all I can answer to your question. I've no doubt that what you say is true, but I doubt whether he would have thought so. My impression is that he thought he wanted to be in Mt. Vernon Street, polishing his coins. What is more extraordinary, I believe he continued to think so even after he had entered again the solemn portal of No. 57.

He was a happy man.

[1] *The Index.*

WASHINGTON, 27 February, 1896.

The diplomatic correspondence of the rebel government exists in duplicate. I believe our government has one set in the War Archives. John Hay bought the other. I have read the whole, and found it gave me little information. Mason's part is singularly barren and small. Slidell's is better, but not very valuable. Hay used what he could in his diplomatic chapters. I presume he would put them at your service if you want them.

Bulloch's book is the only valuable authority on the rebel diplomacy. Slidell's family have never published a word, and there is no life of Benjamin that I know of.

You have of course all the letter-books which I kept in London, *with the Index of letters received.*

You should have files of the London newspapers, especially the *Times* and *Standard.* None of the sources give an adequate idea of the unutterably mean part played by the Exeter Hall people (Lord Shaftesbury,[1] Sir T. Fowell Buxton,[2] and the middle-class dissenters) who had shoved us into the war, and then deserted us, and would not even be acquainted with us. Old Duchess Dowager of Sutherland[3] was an exception, and Charles Buxton. I think there is a Life of Shaftesbury, as there is of William E. Forster. The idea that the upper class alone was hostile, is a total mistake. It was the hostility of the middle-class which broke our hearts, and turned me into a life-long enemy of everything English. Look, for instance, at Matthew Arnold's *Letters*, vol. I, p. 285, written *after* we had practically won.

I know no one in Virginia, or anywhere else, interested in diplomatic history, but will inquire.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 1 April, 1896.

. . . .

Of myself I have little to say. I have come back unwillingly, for I do not love the futilities of society or politics; but the South grew hot and the snakes will soon be out, after the flies, or whatever else the summer brings. A dozen nieces want their spring-visit in Washington and I must myself arrange for summer, the direst trial of our pseudo-civilisation. John Hay goes to Europe with his daughter Helen, on the 20th of May. Perhaps I may take a passage with them.[1] I need my annual month in Paris to keep me from mental extinction. Nothing tries my lovely nature so much as the startling rapidity with which every form of thought or intellect has vanished in America. Neither science, art nor literature produces anything any longer. Since 1870 we have lived on our previous product, and there is little left. I cannot be mistaken. As you know, the same thing has occurred in economics. America is insolvent. Europe drains us of £25,000,000 a year more than she returns us, and the wealth of Orion and the Pleiades would not stand forever a drain of £25,000,000 a year. We are going into bankruptcy with great rapidity, and are living from week to week only on the funds which Europe leaves here on call. Whenever Europe calls her loans, we go up. I have made the best calculations I can, and the result is that you are adding this year about £1,000,000 a month to your capital held on this side, not so much invested as loaned at 3 to 6 per cent. practically on call. This makes our market excessively sensitive and dangerous, and a place to avoid. We are economically sucked pretty dry, and intellectually we are just as badly off. It will end as pleases the Pope, but the process of growing old rarely pleases the victim.

---

[1] Anthony Ashley Cooper, 7th Earl of Shaftesbury (1801–1885).

[2] Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton (1837–1915).

[3] Harriet Elizabeth Georgiana (Howard) Leveson-Gower (1806–1868), married George Granville Leveson-Gower (1786–1861), Duke of Sutherland.

The only book I have read is *Cardinal Manning*,[2] and I was rather surprised to find how much it interested me, considering how very little I saw or heard of the Cardinal in my English experience. Curiously enough, I seemed to feel a parallelism of experience between his mind and mine on totally different tracks; and the sort of implication that he had arrived, by his process, at no clearer solution of his difficulties than Gladstone, or the Manchester school, or the Comtists, or the other liberals had reached by theirs, was a moral that I had not expected. After all, the Catholic Church is the residuary legatee of all our failures. The Rothschilds do well if, as you tell me, they are reduced to fleas; *Similia, etc.*

Of all our failures, politics seems to be the most signal. Of yours I know only what appears in the press, and of European affairs only what I can divine from pure guessing; but the situation of Turkey, Italy and Spain is a gay commentary on the political formulas of our young faiths a generation ago. As for my own country, it is again going into a general election. This time the result is already defined. If you can imagine your middle-class, rather more quick and superficially educated in the newspaper way, you can understand easily enough our whole situation. All the small manufacturers and the regions dependent on their profits and wages; the small banks, and local capitalists; — in fact, all the industries of the country, except agriculture so far as it is dependent on the European market (mostly cotton and wheat), understand clearly that their life will be crushed out by European and Asiatic competition unless they can shut themselves up like the Chinese, and they mean to do it. They have chosen as their representative a very ordinary politician known only for having given his name to the tariff which he was hardly the true author of, and who has no quality that either attracts or repels. He is not a man that I should have selected, but I know no harm of him, and I care little for the other candidates. He will do what his class wants, — no more, no less — and will drift with the world's stream. Probably, within the next five years, Europe will take some desperate turn which will decide our attitude; but the present drift is to carry us far apart from you. Perhaps you had better emigrate here for safety.[1]

---

[1] He sailed with them on the *Teutonic*. Helen Hay and Elizabeth Warder were of the party.

[2] Arthur Wollaston Hutton's *Cardinal Manning* was published in 1892.

[1] 'Thus far I have seen little of it [Paris] except the two *Salons*, the streets and a few theatres. The *Salons* are neither better nor worse than usual. The theatres are a trifle worse, or perhaps only more indecent, which is not quite the same thing. Perhaps the newest piquancy is Réjane in an adaptation from Aristophanes. As a matter of taste, I prefer to keep my Greek shamelessness separate from my Gallic depravity, and the mixture annoys my historic nerves; but *Lysistrata* leaves little to be desired, and Réjane, if not Greek, is fairly *canaille*. The play is, on the whole the stiffest I ever sat through, though by no means the coarsest; but the house is full of middle-aged and ugly women, who seem to enjoy most the crudest indecencies. The play is worth seeing, and quite pretty in parts, besides being curious by its serious attempt to be Greek at any cost.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 11 June, 1896.

VI

EUROPE

1896

To Elizabeth Cameron

ANTWERP, Thursday, 18 June, 1896.

We left Paris yesterday. I hardly think I have picked up much there, this time, but perhaps one absorbs without knowing it. Anyway Paris always speaks with a fairly clear pronunciation. As I understand it, the only word I catch, indefinitely repeated, is *pourriture!* In English we call it *rot.* On that society seems agreed. My only question is whether it has got further, or only changes its appearance. The little a stranger can see does not enlighten him much. I notice that the stage no longer tries to protest. The *Salons* are about what they always are, a chaos of shrieking artists, each one trying to carry some trick to an excess which will advertise him. Literature is rather dull. Zola's *Rome* is a very curious study of pathology, as Zola's books always are. Goncourt's last volume is rather pleasant reading to me, and gives more inside than I can get anywhere else. I took the trouble to watch the people coming back from the *Grand Prix.* The toilettes and the equipages have lost style. Not even the *demi-monde* has its old elegance, and the fiacres are in the proportion of ten to every one private carriage. Most of the private outfits seemed to me to be occupied by Jews. Nothing struck my eye particularly except the peculiar shades of red and green which the women affect this year. The crowd of people is enormous and stupefying, but all are alike. We went down to Fontainebleau on Tuesday, taking Bay Lodge with us, and had a beautiful day there. I took the same party to dine *chez* Cubat[1] the night before, but we were almost alone there. Bay and I also went to hear, or rather to see Yvette Guilbert, which strikes me as rather an exhibition of *la bêtise humaine.* We also went to the skeleton beer-shop, and did the *microbes de la mort,* etc., which seemed to me rather the most suitable show in Paris. . . .[2]

---

[1] A new restaurant in the Champs Elysées.

[2] Hay's letters to Mrs. Hay are in *Letters and Diaries of John Hay,* III. 19 *et seq.* The contrast in treatment of subjects is suggestive.

HOTEL WESTMINSTER, PARIS, 26 June, 1896.

We have also the political news by telegraph, and Smalley's lucubrations in the *Times* which give me keen delight, and drive Hay to fury. Hay feels responsible for Smalley, and almost compromised by him, which I suspect to be the cause of his own letter to the *Times*.[1] Anyway we have such news as is going, and no more. At present, the Turkish Empire and the innumerable African complications interest me more than Cuba or silver does, and I care less about Whitney — or even Mrs. R. — than I do about Chamberlain and Kaiser Willy. What *is* Chamberlain's game? On that, we all hang! At any rate, he is holding open the door to Cuba, and inviting us to step in. If Cecil Chamberlain's story is true of last winter, there has been a total change this spring. Now that every day makes things look blacker on this side, Chamberlain and Balfour smile more on us. *They* would give us silver. Thank Satan, the Jews, who own them, will not go that far. If they did, my reign of conservative anarchy would be postponed another generation. I might go to sleep at once, and never hope to see the play out.

TOURS, 1 July, 1896.

. . . .

I had a long talk with MacVeagh who seemed very well, and as emphatic in all that he knows and does not know as ever. . . . From MacVeagh's talk I gather that he is well satisfied to stay where he is, and to accept the McKinley régime. This is inference only, but of one thing I feel pretty sure; which is that the Cleveland régime in foreign affairs does not excite his enthusiasm. He knows something of European affairs and told us more about it than I had picked up in the newspapers; but it is not very much; or, at least, it is only more of the same old thing; movements of Russia and France against England, which may mean something, but which seem to me to be likely only to draw the lines closer, and to leave the difficulties the same, with a little more aggravation. . . .

I think, too, that John [Hay] begins to feel a little the burden of being an original friend of McKinley, and supposed to have Hanna's ear. We see no American papers, and learn our lessons only from Smalley and J. G. Bennett, so that you may imagine our ignorance.

---

[1] *Times*, 1 June, 1896. Hay predicted the election of McKinley and denied Smalley's assertion that McKinley was in favor of free silver. Hay said that the letter 'appears to have been read more than anything I ever wrote.'

To me, fatalist that I am, it matters little what anyone says or does; but to Hay the annoyances are another matter....

Chenonceau is charming. I do not greatly admire the gallery-bridge, either outside or inside; but, in fact, that was an afterthought. The square château is an exquisite piece of work in its style; and if its style is not quite noble — not quite that of a serious age — and smells a little of the gold-bug and the money-lender, it was still heir to much that was better than itself, and spent its inheritance splendidly, so that it left us poor and bankrupt in taste and ambition. We are certainly dreary dogs....

MILAN, 8 July, 1896.

. . . .

Today we have seen the sights in Milan, and passed the afternoon at the Certosa near Pavia. If this is not a solid week of travelling, I must be a very extinct reptile and prehistoric.

Fortunately I am not easily tired, and thus far we have run on smoothly as possible. Only Eugene [Hale] remains with us. Del [Hay] went over to see his friends beaten at Henley, and telegraphed the result to us, with the addition that he would join us at Bologna on Monday. We go on to Parma tomorrow; then to Bologna, Ravenna, and so to Venice; where I hope to find a letter from you. At Paris I got yours from Bar Harbor. It is useless for me to talk about your affairs or America. I suppose the situation is now fixed for good or bad, somehow or another, and till next November I can do nothing to help or hurt. I take for granted that the Democrats will get beaten, and that the gold men will control absolutely the next administration. I wish only that I could see how to pull your chestnuts out of the fire.

Just now I am laboring to understand European affairs, which are far worse than ours, and, as far as I can see, quite desperate. That they get on from day to day without a grand explosion is a mystery. That they can get on much longer seems impossible. But a few months ought to show whether the rot has got to the acute point, or whether it can be salved over, without a convulsion. Everyone seems to despair of anything like health or repose, but the Jews keep up the stock-market, and carry the bankrupt governments and the terrible anxieties with apparent confidence, rather than face the shock of a general panic. On the surface everything seems steady, but no one has confidence in anything, and both France and Italy are always on the edge of political disturbance.

Poor McKinley has to face a situation that is, as far as one can see, constantly growing worse. He is not in the least equal to it. I am sure that neither he, nor anyone else in America, has the smallest idea how the next four years will turn out. For my own part, I cannot imagine how any administration can succeed, except by sheer luck. . . .

HÔTEL ROYAL DANIELI, VENICE, Wednesday, 15 July, 1896.

. . . .

Ravenna was my personal circus. It was what I came for. The girls caught on to my suggestion, not knowing what else to do, and dragged us down here in spite of our — John's and my — doubts and fears. We came. Our doubts and fears were quite justified. If we do not all bring back the largest and most varied collection of fevers and other diseases yet known to pathology, we shall have wasted time and money. Yet I saw what I wanted to see, and it was worth some risks. As you may remember, or forget, my brother Brooks and I, in our historical discussions on the theory of his book, have been greatly exercised by the fact that the Roman Empire, one day, about the year 400, dropped to pieces without any apparent cause. It decaded. Everybody says so. The fact may be considered as accomplished. By universal consent, its arts decaded with its politics. Yet it showed very curious energy for a corpse. It adopted a new and very strong, centralised religion just at that time. At Byzantium, which happened to survive, Justinian, a hundred years later, codified the law in a way which still serves as the foundation for European jurisprudence. He also built the church of Saint Sophia in an entirely new form of architecture which is still our admiration. The empire did many other things not usual for corpses to do, and among the rest, built Ravenna, which was the reason I wanted to see it. So we went there, and I found what I wanted. Ravenna is a startling discovery to a poor American searcher for conundrums. Except the great Gothic churches like Chartres and Amiens, with their glass and sculpture, I know nothing to compare with the religious splendor of the Ravenna churches with their mosaics. They are a revelation of what can be done by an old civilisation when the gold-bug breaks down, and empires expire.

To complete the study, I came here and once more inspected St. Marc's. This afternoon I chartered a gondola and cruised far over the wide lagoon a dozen miles north to Torcello, and stopped at Murano, always after Byzantine remains. It is a lovely excursion, as dreamy and weird as the Apocalypse; and the churches told me the same story as at Ravenna. There are two mosaic virgins over the apses of Tercello and Murano, as splendid as anything Gothic or Greek. Yet they are five hundred years later than Ravenna. For a dead empire, I hold this to be a phenomenon quite peculiar.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS, 24 July, 1896.

Having finished my wild and reckless race round Europe, and sent my companions back to England, to sail next week for home, I have settled down like a tired snail, for a season in this watering-place, which in my experience is the only place where a solitary man can exist at midsummer without total despair. Paris is packed with Americans and English, but I know not a single microbe of them all. I roam the streets as though I were an Arab or an Abyssinian, sure to meet no one who ever heard of my existence; and I read a volume or two every day, trying to find some sort of clue to where the devil I have got, in this astonishing chaos of a modern world. Newspapers I devour by the dozen, of all varieties; and I would even read philosophy and history if I could find anything which bore a resemblance to those antiquated studies.

I have, therefore, nothing to tell you except that I am here, and likely to remain here at least ten days, and rather disposed then to go to Homburg for a term. I am nothing if not a courtier and a man of fashion; and although I gather that Homburg and his Royal Highness are rather *rococo*, and not very *rigolo*, nowadays; and in short that we are all bores together, it will amuse me to see what variety of bore has taken the place of the old types.

To Elizabeth Cameron

PARIS, 27 July, 1896.

. . . .

Although I — very doubtfully — hold that on the whole the election of McKinley will do more mischief than that of Bryan, and, as a conservative anarchist, am therefore inclined to hope for McKinley's success, while I help Bryan all I can, certainly I cannot make so very complicated a program intelligible to any party. In this difficulty I am additionally handicapped by an excessive irritability on the subject of gold-bugs, Jews, good-society and Harvard College, and live in constant terror of blurting out my opinions to people whose *sottise* would be so great as to make my tirade a still greater *bêtise*. Nothing but the Cave of Adullam secures me from conspicuous folly, and even there I must be alone. So the Westminster Hotel must serve. Here I pass the day reading Drumont's[1] anti-semitic ravings and Rochefort's[2] somewhat antiquated democravings (by the way, Rochefort's four volumes of *Adventures* are amusing), and, as I go to breakfast or dinner, buying every newspaper I can lay my hands on, to see if I can find the limits of the chaos of Europe....

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS, 31 July, 1896.

You ask me a business question, which I had better answer at once, in case it may be of immediate interest.

If the silver-question were a simple matter of money-standard in America, I should advise anyone to buy, of course not bonds but stock, on a silver basis; for, unless the world ends, America is the safest of all now-existing countries; but the money-standard is for the present a very secondary consideration. America is horribly in debt to Europe. The smallest estimate of European capital invested there is £600,000,000 (six hundred million pounds). The common estimate is one thousand millions. A large portion of this — no one can even guess how large — is floating capital, all practically Jew money, and lent practically on call. The owners of this capital have repeatedly and energetically declared that it would be withdrawn if there was even a danger of free coinage of silver. Now, no one doubts, — and every Jew in London has acted on the belief — that America cannot anyway maintain the gold standard. She is insolvent on the gold standard, and must be driven either on to paper or on to silver. The rise in gold has doubled the burden of her debt, and gold is still rising. Therefore, since she must anyway, within a few years, go into insolvency, and since indubitably a very large political party prefers to throw her at once into bankruptcy on the gold basis rather than to make things worse by increasing the debt, the chances are very great that Europe, partly in self-defense and partly in a wish to punish and make a terrible example of her, will withdraw capital enough to force a very severe crisis. Already, stocks have been let down to the level of the panic of '93.

---

[1] Edouard Adolphe Drumont (1844–1917).

[2] Henri Rochefort, Marquis de Rochefort-Luçay (1830–1913).

In fact, the drop was too fast, and the Jew bankers had to try to check it the other day by helping J. P. Morgan to lend the market some £20,000,000 of exchange; in other words, they increased our debt on call, or rather on three months' credit, to that amount. Twenty millions, however, will go a very short way if Europe really calls her loans; and she may do so any day.

In this situation an investment is sheer gambling. We are in the hands of the Jews. They can do what they please with our values.

But, mind, — when I say that an American investment is a gamble, I by no means intend to say that European investments are any better. On the contrary, after the utmost study that I can give to the subject, I have been able to discover no possible ground for the values now nominally quoted on the European bourses. Certainly, Turkish, Spanish and Italian credit is worse than a gamble; it is a certain loss to the investor, even at half the present prices. A sweeping repudiation of French debt is a mere question of time. A war, which can, only with the greatest difficulty, be avoided, would bankrupt even England in two or three years. The price of English consols today is at least 25 per cent. too high on any theory of politics or economy. The same may be said of every stock quoted on any exchange in Europe. Taking the admitted inflation, and the political chances, I should be inclined to say that a loss of fifty per cent. was more likely, on any investment, than a gain of ten. As for the situation in England, it is the rottenest of all. The proof of it is the idle deposits in the banks.

For three years I have told you that in my opinion there was only one safe and surely profitable investment, and that is gold, locked up in one's private safe. There you have no risk but the burglar. In any other form you have the burglar, the Jew, the Czar, the socialist, and, above all, the total, irremediable, radical rottenness of our whole social, industrial, financial and political system.

The world has largely come round to that opinion. Hoarding is now general. Gold disappears faster than it can be produced. Here in France, and I think everywhere on the Continent, the old tone of optimism, or even of resistance, has disappeared. Everyone — absolutely everyone — so far as the press, or the arts, or political expressions go — seems agreed that the end is near. The Armenian affair last winter was an awful moral shock. The growth of socialism is obviously only disintegration of society. The decline of France is obvious, but France merely leads. Decline is everywhere.

To Elizabeth Cameron

PARIS, 3 August, 1896.

. . . .

This last fortnight, since I got back from Italy, has been absorbed in reading everything I could lay my hands on, to put me into the current of what the French call actualities. I have read no end of stuff, and am puzzled beyond my usual state of imbecility. Every idea seems to be *doublé* with some contradictory idea. The official republicans are practically, like ours, representatives of capital, and are controlled as all governments of this century have been, by the money-lending interest. Rochefort and the intransigeants see their enemy in clericalism; and Drumont with his anti-semites use clericalism as their ally to attack the Jews and the Protestant money-lenders. The clericals are split up in factions also; and the only point on which we all agree — including the Jews and my brother Brooks — is that the world is going to the devil. I am not sure. There is a deal of life in all this clamor, and a situation much more near an idea than it was in the Empire when personal politics disturbed everyone's judgment. The single point which now stands ahead of us as the centre of the next chaos, and towards which everyone is taking an attitude, and deciding to attack or defend, is the money-lending system which has ruled us so long. Organised capital on one side, and an indebted world on the other. We are coming everywhere to see that the present situation is leading to chaos, and that we must anyway soon be all bankrupt if we do not take to robbery.

This issue would soon absorb all others here, as at home, if it were not for international enmities, which is only another word for personal politics. At my wits' end to understand what the governments are about, I wrote to Aristarchi[1] the other day, asking him to dine with me, and give me a lesson. He came, looking certainly older, — as I notice is apt to be the case after a dozen years absence — and complaining of the gout, but with no loss of his ancient appetite, and with all his ancient interest and information. He talked three hours, answering all my questions. On the whole, I was satisfied, and surprised, to find that I had made no great errors in my calculations. Starting from the point that all the governments are determined to have no war, — since war would mean an end to everything, — he said, in effect, that the division of Turkey was the ultimate problem that all the powers were considering; that France was practically without influence; that England had used the Venezuela matter as an excuse for withdrawing from all active intervention; that Germany did not care; and that the real struggle was between Russia and Austria; Russia wanting to reach Constantinople, Austria meaning to go, *pari passu*, to Salonica; and both moving at last with considerable energy under the new influence of Lobanoff.[1] Each step, though disguised behind newspaper noise intended to mislead, and diplomatic declarations not expected to deceive, produces a shock; but the real object is to devise a means of reaching the result. Aristarchi did not seem confident that this could be done. He rather expects a temporary arrangement, of course at the expense of Turkey. . . .

---

[1] Grégoire Aristarchi Bey, for some years Turkish Minister in Washington.

The other day I went out to Versailles and passed an hour or two in the gardens of the Petit Trianon. Versailles was actually almost beautiful in its desertion. Certainly it is not a religious repose, but it is painfully human and pessimistic. I was greatly touched by the little, old, opera-comical *hameau* of Marie Antoinette which is prettier now in its abandonment than ever it can have been when new. What sort of a woman was Marie Antoinette anyway? I always distrust women who have to be very much defended. I doubt Marie Stuarts and Marie Antoinettes.

Sunday afternoon I passed at Chartres, in the cathedral, with the glass and the afternoon service. In my sublimated fancy, the combination of the glass and the Gothic is the highest ideal ever yet reached by men; higher than the Mosaics and Byzantine of Ravenna, which was itself higher, as a religious conception, than the temples of the Greeks or Egyptians. Our age is too thoroughly brutalised to approach or understand any of these creations of an imagination which is dead. I am myself somewhat like a monkey looking through a telescope at the stars; but I can see at least that it must have been great.

But by way of a sickener, I wandered out to St. Denis on the steam-tram from the Madeleine, and passed an hour among what is left of the Kings. St. Denis is a very beautiful bit of Gothic; its only fault is that of Notre Dame in Paris, of being faultless; but the terrible Viollet le Duc, or some other architect, who restored it, thought it necessary to put in modern glass windows. The effect is quite marvelous. No one can look at the church without feeling that the modern man has lost at least one sense; that of color. If the sense still existed, such howling horrors would not be allowed to remain an hour in an architecture which they spoil instead of decorating.

---

[1] Alexis Borisovich Lobanov-Rostovski (1824–1896) succeeded de Giers as foreign minister. He died 20 August, 1896.

August 4. Yesterday I went to Munroe's and read through a whole week of American papers. Frankly, my impression was that Bryan[1] could not destroy anything worth preserving, if he makes a clean sweep of all we have. Always, hitherto, I have hated revolutions, not so much on account of the revolutions as on account of the subsequent reaction; but at last I am getting to think that rot and moral atrophy are worse than revolution or reaction. Paris has had no end of revolutions. Great moats full of blood separate everybody from everybody's neighbor. No common interest can ever reunite rich and poor, clerical and atheist, bourgeois and artist. Yet Paris is full of a dozen interests and vigorous influences which exist chiefly because of their mutual animosities, while we have absolutely nothing in our minds except whether we had best make our living by gold or by silver, or whether we had better repudiate debt by politics, or get rid of it by the legal form of bankruptcy. No doubt Bryan's success would mean chaos, and general ruin for a time, and probably a great breach with Europe. Well! Like Rochefort, I feel as though it were time to say to the public about their duties: *Peuple américain, est-ce que décidément tu ne trouves pas qu'en violà assez!* If we allow the crushing intellectual imbecility of McKinley and his Ohio-Pennsylvania following to master us completely, you know the type that must survive. *Décidément je trouve déjà qu'en voilà plus qu'assez!* I am already stifled by it; what will happen when it alone exists in America! My only doubt is whether the gold standard may not be the more revolutionary of the two. Still believing that McKinley will certainly win, I trust that, like most such men and such régimes, he will create more hostility than revolution itself; but at any rate all my sympathies and all my best wishes are for his opponent, and the larger his support, the better I shall be pleased. Another four years of Clevelandism would drive me out of America; and McKinley, so far as I know anything about him, is in no way Cleveland's superior. If I were thirty years old, I could afford to wait; but these next five years are my little all. In fact, at the rate we go, I shall have reached the end in less than that time. If there is such a thing in America as an earnest impulse, an energy or a thought outside of dollars and cents, I should like to see it before total imbecility sets in. My brother Brooks seems to be scared, and very likely with reason. We have so little headway in America, that we may drop all to pieces without having even one thought or energy such as I want. A materialistic society like ours has no life except in materialistic success. Still I think that probably the instinct of cohesion and the one last surviving popular ideal of patriotism will save us from tumbling to pieces this time. If not, the results of the tumble can hardly smash my kind of men flatter than the results of our material success did.

---

[1] William Jennings Bryan (1860–1925).

So there! If that be treason, make the most of it! Support McKinley — no!...

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

HOMBURG, 24 August, 1896.

. . . .

In any case I expect to sail October 3,[1] from Southampton, and all my present movements aim at getting out of the way of the Czar. These Orientals — Li's[2] and Czars — are too childlike and bland to suit my suspicious and Byzantine nature. I prefer to go home. Nothing but Abdul Hamid[3] is now left, to play tourist and receive our flattery. To be sure, this is as it should be, so long as western Europe by choice devotes all its money to sustaining such respectable and time-honored villainies as the governments of China, Russia, Turkey, Spain, etc.; but as I am not European and have no money in Turks or Russians or Chinamen or Spaniards, I think I am out of place, and had better go home. On the whole I prefer the great Bryan, or even the colossal Major McKinley, who, at all events, will probably not arrive in their or my time at a Russian, Turkish, Chinese, or even a Spanish system, and have no money to support such elsewhere. This is what it is to fall behind the civilised world. I cannot expect to toady a Czar. Though my people ask no better, they haven't money to lend, and: *point d'argent, point de Czar!*

I assure you, there are no books, and no plays. Except Zola, whose *Lourdes* and *Rome* are worth looking at, but hardly reading, I know of no books. Of course you know what Bourget[4] and the psychologists do; every shop-window has their books for want of better. You don't care to read Huysmans[5] and the Sadists, or Mallarmé[6] or Montesquiou[1] and the symbolic poets, or Verlaine's[2] expiring gnashings of rotten teeth; or any of the other refuse of a literary art which has now nothing left to study but the subjective reflection of its own decay. Serious literature there is, good in quality and not poor even in quantity, but nowadays old-fashioned serious literature itself rings thin unless it touches our sores. France does not care a sous for such a book as Hanotaux's *Richelieu*, though the whole Academy were to go about with it on velvet; yet it is a serious work, and German as Germany in method. On the Church there is a good deal of very serious writing. Rochefort's memoirs — '*Aventures de ma Vie*,' 4 vols. — interest me extremely; for Rochefort, being as nearly as possible the devil, in good, vigorous, and sometimes even immense French — has been for about forty years the only honest republican in France, — for a gentleman and a writer. I blush to confess even a worse weakness: — I read with interest actually the extravagance of Drumont — *France Juive*, *Libre Parole*, and all. Suppose you try his '*Dernière Bataille*,' or '*La Fin d'un Monde*.' At least it will take you out of an English atmosphere, and Drumont writes occasionally almost as well as Rochefort, for French style. But of course, all this is anarchy pure and simple, even when religious like Drumont.

---

[1] On the *St. Louis*; but he advanced his sailing to September 26.

[2] Li Hung Chang (1823–1901).

[3] Abdul-Hamid II (1842–1918).

[4] Paul Charles Joseph Bourget (1852–).

[5] Joris Karl Huysmans (1848–1907).

[6] Stéphane Mallarmé (1842–1898).

---

[1] Robert, comte de Montesquiou-Fezensac (1855–1921).

[2] Paul Verlaine (1844–1896).

VII

WASHINGTON AND PARIS

1896–1898

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, Thursday, or is it Friday? (October 9, 1896.)

News! Not a new! We escaped the hurricane handsomely but the trees and roofs caught it bad, and the woods are torn to pieces. I was in terror about the Cemetery, but to my deep relief I found that though it has been ravaged, not a leaf of mine was disturbed....

Brooks also sails on the 5th. I send you his new edition. Read the last chapter, which is mostly new. It relieves my mind, and saves me the bother of saying the same thing, and repenting it; or holding my tongue, and repenting that. The book is a very great book; and luckily our society is too far gone in Byzantism to understand how great it is, so it will not need notice. We can go to our graves in peace, and I think that Brooks, like La Farge and me, is fairly near that happy term....

Rumors reach me that an election is impending, but I ask in vain who is to be elected. Everyone, from John Hay and Brooks, to Phillips and Slidell,[1] professes doubt and uncertainty. Even Wayne [MacVeagh] writes asking wisdom. I still feel no doubts, but that is because I believe in the great God of America — the Almighty Dollar.[2]

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 16 November, 1896.

. . . .

Since leaving you at Tillypronie and dragging myself across the ocean, I have remained quietly here, letting elections rave and beasts roar, until quiet to some degree has returned. The election has resulted as I supposed it would, although the silver movement developed strength that rather astonished me. We have now a new administration to deal with, but an old situation, and I shall wait six months for affairs to settle themselves before I form any opinion about the future. Of course, elections settle nothing in themselves. They merely record public opinion, and, in this case, public opinion has little to do with the matter, which is controlled by conditions as general as the world itself. You can judge of it now better than I can, for your markets give a surer standard than ours, which have been violently disturbed.

---

[1] Thomas Slidell Rodgers, U.S.N. (1858–1931).

[2] 'Talk not to me of elections. That form of human futility is to me the dreariest and most idiotic of all our self-complacent Anglomaniac illusions. When this foolishness is over I will try to find out where we are; but certainly owing to the scare, or to our poverty, or to new light of wisdom, we are economically a hundred millions better off this year than last on our foreign account, in spite of your Worth gown and my Byzantine literature. I am intensely curious to get the election over and see what we shall do with the situation which is more favorable to us than ever before. We ought to have a boom. But if our people have economised only because they are poorer, — and Ford tells me that the imports show chiefly economies on necessities like coffee, etc. — we are only where we were.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 16 October, 1896.

We have, too, the Cuban matter on hand, which is beginning to look like a first-class cataclysm for Spain. I cannot see how she is to escape a catastrophe.[1]

On the whole I see no real change in the general situation from what it was a year ago, and I judge that Lord Salisbury means to say this, in his Lord Mayor's speech....

I have been fussing over old literary odds and ends, and trying to keep myself occupied with trifles. In another month I suppose the political machine here will begin again to grind out its usual batch of cabinets and place-holders, as like as two pins to the old lot, and equally useless to me. The best I can hope is to have one or two of my friends sent abroad so that I can have someone in Europe to amuse me. Probably John Hay will be offered something. Possibly he may accept it. I want to pass next summer at Vienna and Constantinople, so that those are the only diplomatic offices which interest me, and I fear there is little chance of getting them filled to suit my selfish ends. 'Tis a weary world! Why can't one run governments as one likes! What are they for, anyway?...

To John Franklin Jameson

WASHINGTON, 17 November, 1896.

Your obliging letter of the 14th has had the luck to find me here; an accident which rarely happens. Long absences are one cause which has broken my relations with the world. The other and more serious cause is that, in the chaotic and unintelligible condition in which I found — and left — the field of knowledge which is called History, I became overpoweringly conscious that any further pretence on my part of acting as instructor would be something worse than humbug, unless I could clear my mind in regard to what I wanted to teach. As History stands, it is a sort of Chinese Play, without end and without lesson. With these impressions I wrote the last line of my History, asking for a round century before going further. Five or six or even more years have passed since then, and I am still a student and a scholar — and a mighty modest one too, — without consciousness of a mission as teacher. In short, I am like most other men who have studied much, and know that they know nothing. I have nothing to say. I would much rather wipe out all I have ever said, than go on with more. I am glad to hear other men, if they think they have something worth saying; but it is as a scholar, and not as a teacher, that I have taken my seat.

---

[1] 'Last evening Quesada turned up. Of course we had a full and deep Cuban discussion, and turned the subject over and over. Cuban matters are active just now, owing partly to the presence here of a man named Akers, the Cuban correspondent of the London *Times*, who is suspected of representing some job looking to pacification and money; also to the sudden somersault of Jim Bennett and the *Herald*; and a simultaneous heavy fall in Spanish Exteriors at Paris; from all which I draw the conclusion that Rothschild is using the usual machinery either to save some of his money or to make some.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 19 October, 1896.

Pray accept this as my answer to your request.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 4 January, 1897.

. . . .

You seem in England to be enjoying some repose after the agitations of a year ago. Reactions are curious things. When we were in our teens, the idea of a crisis in which Russia should take charge of intervention in Turkey would have convulsed England, but now it seems a relief. I am not without hopes that the steady advances of Russia in Europe and Asia will tend more and more to throw England into our arms, and make things easier for us, but we have a terrible job to run our own affairs, and the suction of Europe on us is ruinous. This last year has been, in our foreign exchanges, the best we have had for a decade. According to all previous experience we ought to be rich and have many millions to spare. Our money-interests in Wall Street believe that it is so, and that this year is to be one of steady prosperity. It may be so, and even I, who am not precisely an optimist, cannot see why it should not be so, but nothing indicates it yet. On the contrary, the last month of 1896 was about the worst of the year. Business relapsed into lethargy, railway receipts fell off; bank-failures became epidemic; the number of laborers out of work was enormous: and the whole situation, except for the exchanges, seemed no better than it was four years ago. The bulls say that it will now steadily improve, but we have a very large hole in our pockets to fill, before we shall feel as we did ten years ago. I have heard of very good judges who say that if the election were to be held again now, Bryan would carry it. McKinley has got an awful load of legislation to effect, and several problems to solve which seem to me insolvable, not to speak of an opposition which is aggressive and obstructive. He is thought to be a weak man, and has thus far not shown a sign of energy either in forming his cabinet or in directing his followers here. We are waiting for him to guide us, but I can see nothing but division and confusion whatever he does, or does not do. The conflict of opinion on every subject, except the necessity of more taxation, seems to bar all chance of settling any question whatever, either domestic or foreign.

I give you this diagnosis in case you should be still interested in the subject. You will draw your own conclusions. I admit that I am at the end of my Latin, and can only look on and wait.

I have now been here three months and am wild to get away, but there is no prospect of doing so before March. I have exhausted my Byzantine books, and have nothing to read. Society, thank the Lord, is a closed book to me. Except for my few intimates and an occasional visit from nieces, I am a hermit without the repose of a hermitage. It is generally supposed that John Hay will be sent abroad in some diplomatic position, in which case I shall lose the only man whose society I depend upon. On the whole, I am obliged to admit, my outlook does not improve with years, and the tendency of society and politics is to throw me out of all relations with either except as a member of an ostracised opposition. This is what it is coming to, but I don't know that it makes much difference, seeing that, for a dozen years past, I have been about as isolated as I could be. My friends are not much luckier. Hay finds the situation rather more uncomfortable than I do. Clarence King (whose book [1] I mean to send you when I can smuggle it through your watchful custom-house) is far away in the west or in Mexico, and stays there to escape New York. La Farge is broken in health, and has been mostly in bed, or shut up, for six months past. My brother Brooks is driven away. All the others use profane epithets to express their disgust and antipathy for the atmosphere about them. Literature seems dead as Adam. Rudyard Kipling turns himself inside out to idealize steam-engines, which strikes me as hard pumping, and to abuse America, which is too easy. I wish I were a Jew, which seems to me the only career suitable to the time.

---

[1] Probably his *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada,* published in 1872.

I hope you like growling, for this letter will otherwise not cause your amusement. I have resorted to Voltaire's letters as a solid job. He had his little enemies, too, but diverted them by libelling all mankind. I hardly think mankind worth the trouble here, but I am not Voltaire.

To Worthington Chauncey Ford

WASHINGTON, Sunday, 9 February, [1897].

I have studied your averages with all the care I know how to give them. Your fifteen year averages would be five millions higher than mine for 1880–95, which makes the matter worse than I thought it.

The substance is that in twenty-five years a favorable balance of 25 [millions] has been converted into an unfavorable balance of 150. The process, though apparently irregular, seems to have been steady and well marked. I see no reason to doubt that it means what it says: namely that our foreign exchanges have run against us at a rate of steady increment averaging seven millions a year for the twenty-five years. If the rates, like the aggregates, have been increasing, we should have to assume that we began in 1870 with a true adverse balance of three or four millions a year, and end in 1896 with one of ten or twelve.

I take it, however, that the whole deficit is due to the apparent fall in prices. To calculate the effect of a silver standard on our exchanges would be quite impossible, but the whole subject is hopelessly confused by the concurrent action of cheapening competition and narrowing basis of exchange and credit. On the world prices of 1870–5, we should have kept our favorable balance, or at least should hardly have noted the loss.

Then our two difficulties are the increase of competition and the narrowing of our basis of value. I can see that a very great increase of gold production may in time correct the desperate blow given us by England in demonetizing silver; but what can counteract the competition?

I can see that the possible economies — on imports and travellers' expenses — might check our bankruptcy; but as long as we live on loans, what can make us economise?

I can see that the withdrawal from circulation of our gold and greenbacks may force up the rates of money, but the forcing up of rates by an artificial stringency cannot help industry.

In short the process of depletion seems to me to be natural and cumulative. The rate is terrifying. If for twenty-five years it is

1: 175, we should have for fifty years 175: 30, 625. If we are running behind hand now at the rate of ten millions a year, increasing annually by a million or two, with every prospect of a more rapid rate of increase, we can see the certain prospect of bankruptcy in the immediate future.

Last year we ran twenty millions or more behind the average of the previous five years; or counting 1895 in the average, we ran twenty millions behind the six year average. Can we do better this year?

I note that the failures for January were appalling. Nearly 22 millions against 15 in 1895, and the manufacturing failures nearly trebled. It approaches the great ruin of January, 1894. The whole schedule is as bad as possible. One would think that such a situation would check imports, but I notice the import at New York for the last week were $11,244,[000] against an average of $9,750 or thereabouts for the two preceding years, while our imports of gold since January 1 about balance our exports.

We have just made a gift of five millions to Wall Street to carry us for three months. We propose to contract our basis of credit, if necessary, two hundred and fifty millions or more to save the Treasury at the expense of our industries. We are providing cheap gold for our importers, with the understanding that when the greenbacks are redeemed, we will leave the importers to shift for themselves.

In London they told me that this process could hardly last beyond April. To give a date for future events is always dangerous, but to me it seems clear that we are already keeping ourselves afloat only by the most desperate expedients, and that, if we carry over till the next harvest, we shall be lucky — or unlucky, for I do not know which dilemma is worst.

To Cecil Spring Rice

WASHINGTON, 12 February, 1897.

. . . .

Let us hope that you are in a happier vein of temper than I am, and, as you have, relatively, to provide new disgusts to supply the demand during a long lifetime still before you reach my situation, let me trust that you find Berlin satisfy your appetite. For me, chronic dyspepsia has set in beyond cure or courage. The diet is too nauseous, and whether it sickens me here, or in Europe, or in ocean-steamers, matters so little that even Berlin would seem to me about the same as Chicago or Paris. All that remains is to hold one's tongue, and vomit gracefully, until the time comes when no man needs to be sea-sick more. Therefore it is that this year I have withdrawn deeper than ever into the obscurity of my cave, and the fear that I shall say something, if I speak at all, has made me shut my mouth into a sort of lockjaw. Your friends have, in their endless sympathy, done their best to correct this morbid seclusion, and even tried to supply your place by bringing your successor O'Beirne[1] (if so he is spelled) to my table. But I fear that the eight years have carried me too far for any bridge, and have widened the chasms in our societies and ideas to a depth that admits no sounding. Even you could hardly now leap across the ditch that separates the Bradley Martins and me. If you should see by accident any of yesterday's New York newspapers, please look over the list of names and costumes, and if you are as much amused as I was, you will enjoy your breakfast as I did. As some one truthfully remarked, nothing seemed good enough for our New Yorkers except royalties or their wives or their mistresses. One would have thought oneself in the old play of High Life below Stairs.

All this is my excuse to you for whatever may seem to ask one. It is also a reason for wishing you not to quote my remarks, which in these times verge nearly as close to the line of danger here as they would in — well! we will say Russia. The reaction of fashionable society against our old-fashioned liberalism is extreme, and wants only power to make it violent. I am waiting with curiosity to see whether the power will come — with the violence — in my time. As I view it, the collapse of our nineteenth century J. S. Mill, Manchester, Chicago formulas, will be displayed — if at all — by the collapse of Parliamentarianism, and the reversion to centralised government. The open abandonment of the system ought to be nearly simultaneous in Germany and France. It must coincide with social disintegration. The despot, the gold-bug and the anarchist are the real partners in the Trusts of our political future. To which class should one profess allegiance? I am in a tight place.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 25 February, 1897.

. . . .

Meanwhile the world is by no means Paradise. Of course I understand neither tail nor tongue of your European wolf, nor have I the glimmer of an idea what Austria and Russia are at bottom driving at; but I do try to study the economical situation, and I can see no escape from another violent squeeze as the result of our deadly international competition. Prices must take another drop, and indeed have done so, at least here, and especially in steel. Carnegie says he can turn out steel at £2.10 a ton, and is taking contracts at £2.16. Our mills and other manufactories, and coal mines, have forced wages down to a point where products are at or below the European level; and we are going to screw up our tariff to a point that will bar all chance of foreign goods being thrown on our market in any large quantities. I take it that similar competition is going on in Europe and Asia. Meanwhile all outlying countries are poor and sucked dry, and India is to be a dead weight on Europe. I cannot see who is to buy the enormous mass of products which we are all forced to throw on the markets. Prices must fall till production stops. I cannot imagine where it will end, but I am the scaredest man on the planet, and, as I have told you so often before, I see no good investment except gold coin buried in one's own cellar. I anticipate a collapse again this year, like 1890 and 1893.

---

[1] Hugh J. O'Beirne, who went down on the *Hampshire*, June, 1916, with Kitchener.

We are mostly now living on our own fat, and have been doing so since 1889; but agriculture promises to my mind better than manufactures for the next ten years.

The only encouraging fact in statistics is that, four times in five, prophets are wrong.

My winter has been excessively interesting, although at times I have found myself rather too near, for comfort, to the political combatants. Still, on the whole, my friends seem to be coming out rather less bruised and battered than my opponents, and the drift of the movement is my way. To one who has nothing to gain for himself, or to lose, this is the whole object of life....

To Worthington Chauncey Ford

WASHINGTON, 10 March, 1897.

. . . .

But the point on which I am most curious is that of so-called cosmopolitan capital, treated as a product, like wheat or iron. Obviously, from these trade returns, it is clear that the British collapse of 1890, begun by the Barings, had nothing to do with trade balances; for the trade balances between 1886–1890 had been unusually favorable to

England. The collapse was wholly the result of the competition of capital; in other words, a fall in the value of capital to correspond with the fall in prices.

The whole decline since 1870 would then resolve itself into an effect of the competition of the capitalistic countries, which, in lowering the profits of industry, lower the profits of capital.

The process seems capable of indefinite continuation until checked by the political disturbance which must result from economical distress.

If the trade figures of the past six years prove anything, they seem to me to show the necessity of another fall in prices, at least for staple manufactures. Famine might raise food products, but only war can check the production of coal, iron and machinery — another fall in prices must result in another fall in capitalistic profits.

At the end of the vista, in any and all contingencies, stands ruin for western Europe.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

BROWN'S HOTEL, LONDON, Thursday [22 April, 1897].[1]

. . . .

I came at once to see you, on getting your note at my arrival. Yet I am very shy now of offering sympathy or consolation. Mine is usually worse than the loss itself, for I have long ago got into the habit of thinking and saying that nothing matters much, for my own turn comes next. Though this to me is an answer to everything, and gives at times almost a pleasure, I cannot recommend it to others, and yet it is all I have to say. I wish that even this were enough to quiet anxiety and distress, but I find that years, instead of dulling suffering, make it more steady and intense. On the whole we can only pretend that all is for the best, and wait.

To Brooks Adams

LONDON, 17 May, 1897.

. . . .

London does not need me. The more I come here, the more I feel that it has no use for me. As for our bimetallic and our liberal friends, they are absolutely helpless. We got them together at a lunch to make Hay's acquaintance, but they had nothing to suggest, and made no pretence of expecting action as long as the present 'prosperity' lasts. All turns now on the economical situation. We understand this better than they do. The congestion here measures the depletion in America, India and Australia. The accumulation of capital and credit in London measures its withdrawal elsewhere. The condition of London is one of plethora, and is unhealthy in the extreme, but granting that our diagnosis is correct, there still remains the question of time; and on that point I can see no new light. Ordinarily, on the data and experience of fifty years ago, one would say that the situation could not last the year; but on the recent data of the last four years, one might equally well give it another half-century. All I know is that the play is fairly on the stage and that we can do nothing more, except look on. I should much like to pass the next four years in the east, beyond hearing of the brabble, and skip intermediate processes to accept inevitable results.

---

[1] He arrived in London, 21 April, 1897. The occasion of the letter has not been found.

That there is no material error in our diagnosis, I am satisfied. The behavior of Russia more or less mystifies me, and I can see only one element of sense in it, and that only from an oriental view. If Russia foresees a general *debâcle*, she is quite right to spoil the Egyptians and secure possession of their pledges. If she expects to rule Europe by European processes, she seems to me to be making up a series of stupendous errors. I still believe her to be insolvent, and that a cessation of her loans would bring on her the same ruin it brought on America (North and South), Australia and New Zealand. Sir David Barbour[1] tells me that India is reaching the same situation. Meanwhile the centre of European gravity is in Berlin, and its equilibrium is very unsteady. What earthly advantage does Russia gain by pawning herself and Turkey to Germany and Austria? I see where the Jews gain, but what does Russia expect to get? The only sensible thing Russia has done is to repudiate one-third of her debt by resuming payment at 15 to 10....

To Cecil Spring Rice

HÔTEL VENDÔME, PARIS, Sunday, 23 May [1897].

You, whom I gladly regard as a mainspring rice of diplomacy, can doubtless study with advantage the action of other main-springs, and can get an idea of what they drive, and whither; but I find it a futile study when all the action passes inside of closed cases, and every motor is elaborately concealed. On the whole, the German automobile perplexes me more than any other. Russian despotism and secrecy are of course more effective forms of political machinery than socialism *à la tout le monde*; but when one has adopted it, what then? Are we to cease being primarily military? Are we to cease expansion? Do we adopt Russian methods in order to be swallowed by Russia as a chicken is saliva'd in order to be swallowed by a boa; or do we mean to follow the *Drang nach Osten*, and recover the ancient heritage of the *Ritterthum* as we recovered Elsass and Lothringen? Shall central Europe dominate, and make a new and vaster centralisation, or shall Asia tear us to pieces? Shall Germany stride the Bosphorus and resurrect the Eastern Empire as Karl der Grosse resurrected the Western; or does the Kaiser expect to yield that empire to the Czar? Will Europe make a supreme effort for empire, or will it deliberately accept the domination of Asia? Do the wise Russian autocrats, who rule Germany, get so far as to have any policy, within or without, except that of their own autocracy? Lo! I know not anything! I can but hope that Good will fall, but what is the use of study or reflection under a Byzantine system!...

---

[1] Sir David Miller Barbour (1841–1928).

To John Hay

HÔTEL VENDÔME, PARIS, Tuesday, May 25, 1897.

EMINENCE: Yours has served to lift for a moment the clouds and to soften the east wind. In spite of clouds and winds I am again in my twenties, lodged in a correct attic with Sturgis [Bigelow][1] and Bay [Lodge], imperially indifferent to dynasties and *dynastys*, even in the days of the good Napoleon when the world was young and intelligible. Nothing has changed in Paris in forty years except that there are several Frenchmen more, which is not necessarily improvement....

As for public affairs, do I not remember, as though it were today, how every instruction that came from the State Department seemed always too idiotic for a *maison de santé*, and here one's resignation seemed always an affair of next week? It is the normal condition of diplomatic office; but I've rarely known anyone except Motley[2] foolish enough to act on it. The Department needs instruction — that's all — and patience. It has Congress and the people to play down to; — or play up to, for its own standard in all countries is imbecility and inaction....[1]

---

[1] William Sturgis Bigelow (1850–1926).

[2] John Lothrop Motley (1814–1877).

To Cecil Spring Rice

HÔTEL VENDÔME, 31 May, 1897.

. . . .

While you are studying the new dispensation of Kaiser and Czar, which is to give civilisation its next start, perhaps you could ask quietly of such persons as can be trusted to lie so that you can dis-disbelieve them, what amount of truth there may be in the criticisms of Cyon[2] on Witte[3] and the Russian finances.

Also, if Germany has produced of late any competent survey of the Russian economy, it would be a grace to send it me.

Among the infinite subjects of my misunderstanding, that of everything Russian is conspicuous. Not that it matters! But if you are in a way to have views of your own, or of anyone else, which are amusing enough to discuss, you might perhaps discuss them.

The economical parallelism between Russia now, and the United States in 1865–70 is the object of my curiosity.

To be sure, America never had State Socialism! Nor had it ever its Witte! These are productions of your own generation, which may alter the equation, — or may not....

To John Hay

HÔTEL VENDÔME, PARIS, 6 June, 1897.

. . . .

Last night my pigeons brought in a rumor that the Harry Whites are in this Hotel. I believe the whole bimetallic commission is here too;[4] but I know them not, and remember only to forget whatever

---

[1] '*Lux mea: Ego minus saepe ad vos do literas quam possum, propterea quod cum omnia mihi tempora sunt misera, tum vero cum aut scribo ad vos, aut vostras lego, conficior lacrimis sic ut ferre non possim.*

'If I had written so, I should have believed it to be dog-latin and of a modernity quite childlike, but as it is Cicero I give it up and let it express my sentiments. Like you, the immortal orator was going into banishment, forbidden to make orations. How these great tragedies repeat one another through the ages!' — To John Hay, 7 April, 1897.

[2] Elias von Cyon who wrote *M. Witte et ses Projets de Faillite devant le Conseil de l'Empire* (Paris, 1897).

[3] Serge Julievich Witte (1849–1915), Minister of Finance, 1893–1903.

[4] March 3, 1897, Congress authorized the President to call an international Congress, or to send commissioners to Europe to frame an agreement on silver. The commissioners

I once heard of such things. I have been tempted from time to time to send you an occasional pamphlet or book on current affairs which struck me as having interest; but I know diplomacy well enough to know that the less one knows the better one judges, and that the kind of general knowledge which the public can get is worse than useless for the special work the diplomatist has to do. So I spare you.

From home also I hear nothing. On the whole I rather prefer to hear less. Sister Anne [Lodge] has gone to Nahant. The Major [McKinley] seems to be worrying things along in a female kind of way; but they seem to go, which is more than ever could be said under the late reign. Apparently he will carry all his points. I wonder whether he had anything to do directly with the sudden collapse of Canovas.[1] While you are nailed and planked into your big Jubilee[2] coffin in London, you had better run over here for a Sunday, and make us gay. We will show you your youth again.

To Brooks Adams

PARIS, Friday, 11 June, 1897.

. . . .

As far as I can see, the various forces are now fairly well defined. The disruption of '93 has definitely rearranged society, and we need not fret about new disturbances because we cannot any longer either increase or diminish the forces. That another shock and disruption will come, and come soon, everyone admits — not that the admission proves anything. What form it will take is another matter, which I would rather shut my eyes upon; for the more I look at it, the wider the possibilities become. In my own opinion, the center of the readjustment, if readjustment is to be, lies in Germany, not in Russia or with us. For the last generation, since 1865, Germany has been the great disturbing element of the world, and until its expansive force is decidedly exhausted, I see neither political nor economical equilibrium possible. Russia can expand without bursting anything. Germany cannot. Russia is in many respects weak and rotten. Germany

---

were Senator Edward Oliver Wolcott of Colorado, Adlai Ewing Stevenson, late Vice-President and Charles Jackson Paine of Massachusetts. Nothing was accomplished. Hay replied to Adams' request: 'I know what it [the answer on silver] is certain to contain — some sinuosity of words, but the substance a categorical negative.'

[1] Antonio Canovas del Castillo (1828–1897), prime minister and responsible for the Cuban situation.

[2] To celebrate the completion of sixty years under the reign of Queen Victoria.

is immensely strong and concentrated. The struggle is going on with constant German advantage, economically and politically. Indeed Russia shows every sign of having capitulated to Germany and handed over her finances, industries, and even Constantinople, to German control. Silver is one sacrifice, but not at all the greatest....

But the central system is very strong, and we cannot tell but that centralisation may continue in Europe long after disintegration becomes acute elsewhere. A war in Europe, which ended to the advantage of central Europe and the recession of Russia might determine a new outburst of centralising energy....

To Sir Robert Cunliffe

ST. GERMAIN-EN-LAYE, 29 July, 1897.[1]

I think I am the ghost of the Emperor Tiberius, for I never begin a letter without wanting to use his famous opening words: 'The devil fly away with me, oh Baronet, if I have anything to write about.' Buried in the walls of an old provincial town, in a house that dates from two hundred years back, with no society but girls, no correspondents, and nothing to do, I am quite contented, and ask only not to stop it too suddenly. Since July 3 I have been twice to Paris to get some money, but do not mean to go again. Even newspapers rarely penetrate my fortress. A ride in the forest, or a drive to Marly le Roi is my wildest effort, and I am led to believe that the world is as *désœuvré* as I, for not a lisp of anything active comes to me from any source. I read nothing more recent than the literature of the sixteenth century, and just now wallow in the iniquities of Francis I, and the refinements of Brantôme. In this atmosphere your letter sounds a little as though it were of the time. Upon my word you would pass for a gentle baronet if you were here to join Francis and me and Diane and others in our adjacent château. You could tell us all about the jubilee — no! the birth of Queen Elisabeth. Or, better, the virtues of the two resplendent Henrys. Anything you like that is new and breezy and scents its Tudor roses and is before that beastly Reformation which took all the fun out of society....

What are your politics and your parliaments to you, and what do you care what is done, when nobody does anything? I got a letter from George Trevelyan the other day, asking about the history of Noah's

---

[1] The middle of July found Adams installed with his party in the Pavillon d'Angoulême, St. Germain-en-Laye.

Ark, in which alone he seemed to have concentrated his interests. Perhaps Carlo knows more recent facts, but why should you bother about seals and finances? If you will pardon a quotation from my friend Francis I, seals are *par trop bêtes!* Also newspapers. I know no more about them than the mother who bore them, and the women who bear them. I know about nothing except you who have the high merit of remembering my existence, and are almost singular in that respect. So give my love to all yours and come over via Dieppe.

To John Hay

ST. GERMAIN-EN-LAYE, 12 September, 1897.

. . . .

This seems to be all our news, for from America comes nothing but small gossip. My castle here is a scene of constant orgy of young girls, all the girl's-schools of Boston being let loose, I should say; and here and there a young man; but from these I gather little. As the time grows shorter, I grow more uneasy, not knowing where to turn, meditating a permanent establishment in Paris, or an escapade to hot climates, and always kicking like a rabbit at the thought of La Fayette Square.

Meanwhile a curiosity begins to wake up. For three months I have deliberately closed my eyes and ears to all the subjects which had interested me so much. I meant to keep them closed till November, when I thought the new situation would be fairly defined. But at the rate things are going, the squeeze may come at any moment. With wheat at a dollar, and silver at 23 *d.*, with war and famine in India and a new tariff in America, and exports falling off 15 per cent. and imports always increasing, there must soon come a sharp squeeze in Europe. Prices must more or less follow silver, and, at that rate, civilisation itself will have a share in the squeeze. I am in fear lest England should yield on the silver question so far as to draw us into some partial arrangement which will end by loading us with the whole burden. In my opinion England has carried her selfishness to the point where total wreck is inevitable. Even in India, confidence in silver must be permanently shaken, and the Indians must in future hoard gold alone, and steadily get rid of their silver. In that case, silver is not worth a shilling an ounce; it has in fact little or no industrial value, for the stock will be enormous when it is discarded for coinage. If we enter now into an arrangement short of universal free coinage, we shall commit suicide.[1] I grant that the apparent inevitable destruction of silver seems to me to mean an equally inevitable strain on society, compared with which that of '93 is a mere *lever de rideau*, but we are now in a position to stand it better than Europe can, and so long as we have our hands on the bridle with a bit and curb like a wheat-famine, we had better risk nothing. We shall lose fifty millions a year or so on the silver, but we've largely discounted that loss, and can partially make it up on gold and other metals.

So I've a notion that I want to be in London towards November. It seems to me that a good deal of rotten timber is likely to tumble soon about somebody's head, and I feel like being on hand when it totters. Please notify me if anything seems likely to come off.

To Sir Robert Cunliffe

(HOTTINGUER & CIE.) PARIS, 19 October, 1897.

Your letter from Tillypronie followed me by slow and devious paths down to Tours where I was passing a fortnight of sight-seeing, and not of letter-writing, so that the effort of writing to Sir John exhausted my energies and I postponed acknowledging your letter. Yesterday I returned to Paris, and my first amusement is to answer your despatch. After all, there is no answer to make. When I bade Lady Clark good-bye a year ago, both she and I knew it was the last time.[2] I have got so used to bidding good-bye for the last time that now I heartily wish it were over once for all, and that I were myself the one to stop. Little by little, life has narrowed itself down to a range of feelings and persons that makes more losses a sheer amputation of vital force. I feel a constant consciousness now that the play is no longer real, and that I am only a spectator for a short time. For this state of mind this city of Paris is singularly adapted, and I suppose this to be the reason why I drift here so constantly, and shall end by dying here, I suppose.

I am uneasy about Sir John till I hear what arrangements he means to make.

I am glad you were there, hard as it is to feel oneself in such a position at such a moment. More than once, during my visits I have thought she would die under my eyes; and I dreaded leaving Sir John alone at the moment.

---

[1] 'So I abandon the hope of saving silver, and go on for the next stage of centralisation, which can only be the centralisation of socialism; that is, the assumption by government of those great capitalistic functions which have for twenty years past steadily drifted into government hands. We must be economically Russianised.' — To Brooks Adams, 28 September, 1897.

[2] Lady Clark died October 7.

From your letter I gather little about yourself except that you are going steady. I imagine you shooting, and I wonder whether you hunt or not now-a-days; and how the county worries on; and what ladies have come up to be gossiped about since you have forgotten their mothers and grandmothers. I was so short a time in London this spring that I did not catch the tongue of the place, and feel as though I should not at once quite understand the language; but I mean to come over in about a month, and to stay long enough to pick up the current fads. France has the drawback that there are no Frenchmen. That is to say, there is apparently no distinctively French society. If there is, I have never been able to find out what, or where it exists; and yet I know more or less intimately a good many people who are acquainted with their Faubourg. Consequently I must run over to you to find houses to see people, and people to be seen, for the people one sees here are mere *désœuvrés*. Except the Jews, they have nothing to hang on, not even lamp-posts nowadays.

Do you read Anatole France? For a picture of intellectual French anarchy read his two last volumes, *L'Orme du Mail*, and *Le Mannequin d'Osier*.

Adieu, my dear old squire and best beloved of baronets! Touraine was charming. I have never enjoyed it so much. I felt Rabelaisian.

To John Hay

[HÔTEL BRIGHTON], PARIS, 19 October, 1897.

. . . .

Meanwhile I read my *New York Herald*, and watch with increasing interest the singular situation of the bimetallic business. I am very curious to know the truth, but I cannot work up the energy to go and learn it. Unless you are sworn to secrecy, or keep yourself purposely in the dark, tell me what Wolcott wishes to be believed. I care not whether it is truth or not. For solid lies I can always trust the newspapers on that subject. All I want is to know whether there will be fun when I come over next month, and whether there is enough strength in the bimetallists to fight. As you know, I am now dead against any bimetallist arrangement I can imagine. As I see the situation, we have got England and Germany under the screws for at least a year to come, and I want to see if they'll squeal.

The Major seems to grow stronger every day. I am growing a devoted admirer of his statesmanship. But I fear he will have to upset Spain. It looks to me black down there.

PARIS, 16 RUE CHRISTOPHE COLOMB, 21 October, 1897.

. . . .

Your diplomatic information is what — or about what — I thought it would be. For the seals I am but moderately alive; the silver is quite another matter. From the moment the world fairly grasps the fact that silver is worthless and must be exchanged for gold, the struggle for survival among the weak nations and races is likely to double or quadruple in intensity, and Europe will have to undergo a strain that society and civilisation have never yet felt. . . .[1]

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

16 RUE CHRISTOPHE COLOMB, PARIS, 25 October, 1897.

In this morning's paper I see that the death of Frank Palgrave[2] is announced. I fear you are feeling sadly these constant losses. The circle of family has grown terribly narrow. The circle of friends is no better. Although I have seen so little of Palgrave these last twenty years, I never forgot how much I owed to him at the beginning of life, and how strongly he affected my tastes and pursuits. Thirty-five years have passed since you first made me acquainted with him, but in all that time I have never found myself obliged to change any of the opinions he taught me to hold, or to correct any of the rules I got from him. Since then I have gone round the whole circle of arts and tastes, from

[1] 'So the British Government has at last, if I understand the telegram of this morning, definitely refused to touch silver. As a curious observer of weather, I am rejoiced, because I want to see whether anything will happen. There is always — owing to viscosity — a lag in calculated movements; but, although I see only the outside of gold-bug newspapers, even they tell me that in Paris and in Germany the bears are stronger already, and that a squeeze more or less severe is expected. My calculated movement has been for November. We will see. Meanwhile every day strengthens us at home, and I believe we could, if we choose, force the Bank of England to suspend the Act, before New Year. Decidedly I must wait and pray.' — To John Hay, 23 October, 1897.

'Today finishes, I apprehend, the silver period of our society, and gives it the *coup-de-grace*. We must now brace ourselves to the struggle for gold. Unless you and I are wholly in error, this struggle has got to break much old crockery and *bric-à-brac*, and make a clear field for some new variety of social, political and economical man. I have of late tended to see in it the compulsion which is to suppress still more the individual and to make society still more centralised and automatic, but the fun is in the process, and not in the result. The process bids fair to be long enough to furnish us with more than a life-long amusement.' — To Brooks Adams, 23 October, 1897.

[2] Francis Turner Palgrave (1824–1897).

the Polynesian to the latest Jewish portraiture, and have pursued the imagination into its remotest haunts, but I have never lost the impulse he gave me, or lost the lines he marked out. Certainly, much that he said then became common-places and matter-of-course afterwards, but the vigor of his criticism and the severity of his taste are as rare now as they were then.

Well! I wish some one might say as much for me!

Meanwhile I am established here in Paris, keeping house with two nieces. It is a mild sort of Euthanasia.

To John Hay

PARIS, 16 RUE CHRISTOPHE COLOMB, Sunday, 31 October, 1897.

You must have put in the wrong cutting, for you are not a candidate in the West Riding. Evidently you were writing to Carlo Gaskell or Sir John.

Damnedieu! as my Chanson says; if you knew what awful senilities I perpetrate every day, and what tricks my memory has learned to play, you would be proud of being Ambassador. . . .

By-the-bye! how about Hanna? My brother Brooks's last letter seemed to accept his election.[1] I regard it as much more serious than that of — whoever is to be elected in New York.

More serious than all — or than everything — is Wolcott's defeat and flight. He has done vast good if he has torn the mask from these Jew governments here. Only I do not understand Gage's supposed new Treasury arrangements. Does he mean to withdraw the greenbacks or not? Without that, he had better go back to Chicago. Wolcott and he must fight or fly. The European gobbleuns will get them if they don't watch out.

To Cecil Spring Rice

16 RUE CHRISTOPHE COLOMB, PARIS, 11 November, 1897.

Before your extremely interesting letter[2] gets lost in my drawer under a heap of bills, and before the varying changes of the year cause me to forget all that is a week old, I hasten to acknowledge and to appreciate your attention, and to give you what news I can of the small world I know....

---

[1] Marcus Alonzo Hanna (1837–1904) was appointed a Senator from Ohio to succeed John Sherman, who became Secretary of State in McKinley's cabinet. He was now standing for election and won by a narrow majority.

[2] Written from Berlin, dated November 7, 1897, and printed in Gwynn, *Letters and Friendships of Sir Cecil Spring Rice*, I. 235.

Many years ago, before I lost my mind, and when people were still partially human, I gave up the struggle of life. Kismet! All America and most of England is — or are — in Paris! The autumn has been lovely. The Touraine was charming. The sun shines as bright on the Champs Elysées as it did under the Empire, and all my schoolmates who were here with me then, are here with me now — except the dead ones — with white hair and senile eyes and apparently as little sense as forty years ago. How do I know which is best, sixty years or twenty — The Republic or the Empire? Both are Progress! Or are they not?

Make your own answer to Life as it asks its questions, and hang on to one fact: that that particular question is only another form of the kinetic theory of gases, of which your German problem is an illustration. Do you know the kinetic theory of gases? Of course you do, since Clerke Maxwell was an Oxford man, I suppose. Anyway, Germany is and always has been a remarkably apt illustration of Maxwell's conception of 'sorting demons.' By bumping against all its neighbors, and being bumped in turn it gets and gives at last a common motion, which is, and of necessity must be, a vortex or cycle. It can't get anywhere except round a circle and return on itself. It has done so since the time of Varus and his legions. The struggle between the industrial and the military impulses was at the bottom of the Reformation. It has been at the bottom of every political change since Merovig. We can now pretty well measure the possible x which is the ultimate quantity we want to eliminate. Another generation will have the figures, and the limit of ultimate concentration will then be calculable, — barring war, which may of course delay, or wholly defeat, further vortical movement. The point to study is, however, not primarily the social movement, but the industrial, and I am always wondering at my own ignorance and at the European conspiracy of silence on that point. What is the rate of progress of the creditor nations in exports and in capital. What is the rate at which credit increases with reference to its base, if it has one, in exchange? What is the rate of production compared with the possible markets? I can get absolutely no serious information as to the amount of credit now existing, or its equivalents in previous decades. With these two elements: the industrial and the capitalistic, I think I could fix approximately the elements of the human orbit, which is necessarily limited by the same conditions of mass, etc., which limit the orbit of the planet itself.

But this is something approaching thought, and our intelligent classes now permit no one except Jews to think. Beware how you betray such a vicious tendency. All governments particularly regard it with jealousy, and Universities and Society are very shy of all who indulge in the habit. Only Socialists and Anarchists can afford to think....

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

LONDON, Sunday, 28 November, 1897.

. . . .

I have tried to pick up some information to amuse you, but where I go nobody says anything. They all shake their heads about India, and say it's worse than anyone is told, but nobody seems troubled. They all say that money is to be dear, and that everything is going to the devil, but no one sells stock except to America, where, according to the *Statist*, Europe has sent this year thirty million pounds in American securities to be sold. At that rate Europe must be enriching herself and us pretty rapidly. Since '89 she must have withdrawn, on that basis, at least £150,000,000, which is fully a quarter of all she ever had there. It is a good thing all round especially for India which borrows £10,000,000 this year for war and famine.

As for me, I admire Dreyfus; but Sargent has just painted another Jew, Wertheimer,[1] a worse crucifixion than history tells of.[2]

To Elizabeth Cameron

PARIS, 3 December, 1897.

You are now, I hope, close to shore, and will be there within another twenty-four hours. From the moment you left, we have had here a succession of violent gales. On Tuesday when I crossed from Folkestone, the Channel was in a beastly humor, and my steamer was almost the only one that slipped across to Boulogne between gales, since last Saturday. I took a cabin — for the deck was all awash with sea and tearing rain — and lay down all the way, but I escaped violent sea-sickness barely by the closest shave. I fear you had had a succession of storms and rough seas of all sorts, and my heart has bled for Martha and you. If I don't hear of your arrival tomorrow, I shall be very uncomfortable. It is quite enough to kill you.

---

[1] Asher Wertheimer. The Wertheimer group of Sargent, five in number, is in the National Gallery, London.

[2] 'I am now deeply wondering whether the last newspaper reports from Corea are true. If so, Salisbury has jumped the chasm. Corea is the strategic centre of the situation in the east. Russia must fight for it, or lose the game altogether.

'I am still reading *Chansons de Geste* and nothing else. I believe there is nothing else to read. But politics and finance just now interest me more.' — To Gaskell, 28 December, 1897.

As for me, being already dead, I have been as gay as a rabbit. I wrote you a line last Sunday, I think, just to welcome you back to New York. I was all over London on Sunday, and ended, as I told you, by dining with Lady Randolph,[1] of course by Moreton Frewen's intervention.[2] I was rather amused to find myself there, but it seemed quite natural, and Lady Randolph certainly talks with frankness characteristic of few. Mr. and Mrs. Moreton were very friendly indeed, though I could make but little use of their offers and invitations. Moreton has even indoctrinated — whom do you think — with excitement over Brooks's *Law*? Nobody else than Lady Warwick,[3] if you please. Did I tell you that?

The storm was so violent that I stayed over Monday, lunching and dining at the Hays, *en famille*, with long talk with John, and an hour with Alice Dugdale, who is on her way to Berlin, and Spring Rice. But I found England not what it once was to me. It was gloomy and shop-worn, and vague. I can hardly describe its effect on me. It is like the Barings just before they failed. I don't know when England is going to fail, but there are so many insolvent concerns now, — like Spain, Greece, Turkey, Austria, India, etc., — that I am quite prepared for anything. Anyway, I was restless to get out of it, so I came back here, preferring solitude and the sense of absence, to the dreary gloom of May Fair.

Here I am utterly alone. Long hours of study over *Chansons de Geste*, and French prepositions (following the battle of subjunctives) bring me to breakfast or dinner, and Thérèse's breakfast or dinner sees me up for study again. Last night I had the St. Gaudens's to dinner, and Aristarchi offered himself.[4] Today I go, as soon as I have finished this letter to breakfast with George Eustis[1] who has the Gardners,[2] and talks of going home with them. On the 15th I expect Brooks and his women-kind which will give me plenty of occupation. Mrs. Hay still insists on Egypt in January, but Harry James and Sir John Clark will not go. All the more, I suppose, I must. Why not? I do not see that I can be of use to anyone else.

---

[1] Jennie Jerome, daughter of Leonard Jerome of New York. After the death of Lord Randolph Churchill she married George Cornwallis West.

[2] Moreton Frewen married Clare, sister of Jennie Jerome.

[3] Frances Evelyn (1861–), daughter of Hon. Charles Henry Maynard, married Francis Richard Charles Guy, 5th Earl of Warwick (1853–1924).

[4] 'Then the St. Gaudens's who dined with me the other day, and who learned with astonishment from Aristarchi that there had been massacres in Armenia. St. Gaudens knows about as much of the actual world as a five-year-old phenix or any other New Yorker; and I am going off with him tomorrow to beat up Paris, and afterwards dine together, with some Jew admirers of his, at some cheap haunt. Thus far he is not more effusively hilarious than I.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 10 December, 1897.

So you can see me tramping a daily tramp in the December dusk to pass time till dinner, and trying vainly now and then to find some elderly lady at home, like Mme. Bonaparte,[3] or Mme. de Stoeckl,[4] and waiting for the winter to pass. . . .

PARIS, 31 December, 1897.

Right on Christmas morning came Martha's telegram, and just now, over my coffee, comes your letter of the 21st, with its account of La Farge, which relieves my mind, for I feared he could no longer work. As for his South Sea notes, I once offered to print privately a volume of them with his illustrations; but I think he wanted to get them into the *Century*, and did not care to sacrifice the money.[5] He should know that I kept no notes of any sort, and that, except the letters I wrote home, there is no record at all of my part of the journey. In fact, I want none, and should destroy any that I had; for I can imagine few things more incongruous than my poor Bostonian, Harvard College, matter-of-fact Ego, jammed between the South Seas and John La Farge. I felt the absurdity of it then, and I feel it worse now, so that nothing would induce me to touch anything he wrote about it. Somehow, even to arrange his material, would make it practical and accurate, and take the fun out of it. I used to feel a sympathy — naturally repressed as far as expression went — with poor old Louis Stevenson, when he came down for a chat with La Farge.[6] Stevenson's mind was as Scotch as mine was Yankee. Instinctively we each felt that the other could give him nothing he wanted. Stevenson's view of the South Seas was that of a serious-minded Scotchman who is consumed with desire to understand his wayward and fanciful and immoral children. So Stevenson communed with La Farge, and I have often wondered whether he ever got far enough to ask himself whether La Farge and he were looking at the same thing. La Farge, I know, never was in the least perplexed, though often amused, by the way Stevenson saw things, and the pathetic desire he had to feel them differently. I can imagine that, in his drugged condition of illness, La Farge might think with terror of what I should do with his notes, and might resign his soul to his Creator with the prayer that I might after all not be so terrible as somebody else.

---

[1] George Peabody Eustis, married Marie C. Eustis, daughter of Senator James Biddle Eustis (1834–1899).

[2] John Lowell Gardner (1837–1898) and Isabella (Stewart) Gardner (1840–1924).

[3] Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte (Caroline Le Roy Appleton Edgar).

[4] Edward de Stoeckl was Russian Minister in Washington during the Civil War and after.

[5] La Farge wrote only one article for the *Century* — 'Fiji Festival' (LXVII. 518. 1902) – before his *Reminiscences of the South Seas* was published in 1912.

[6] *Letters of Henry Adams*, I. 452.

Well! here we are at the end of another year! Brooks and I have been figuring on it. Bah! You have had enough of our sermons, and Jeremiah is a bore; but, after all, England is going through an uncommonly disagreeable settlement for such fun as she has had; and even at this moment, 12 M. December 31, 1897, I do not feel quite sure that England can get through the next twelve hours, into 1898, without losing her tail-feathers. . . . Her Bank statement yesterday warrants a panic; the Chinese situation for the last week, and especially today, warrants another; her Indian campaign might easily cause a third, for India is always on the verge of financial trouble; in short, nothing but South Africa pulls her through, or has saved us all from wreck. You can imagine how I have been dancing on my toes all the week with excitement; and my disgust at the stupendous ignorance of the French and the foreigners in Paris, who know less about the East than they do of the West, and who cannot conceive that Corea or China would disturb their daily absinthe. The *Figaro* has been fairly idiotic, and the *Temps* has actually not mentioned the subject.

On the whole, however, the world has come pretty well up to time. I expected the squeeze in November; it came only a month late. Kaiser Willy and his little Dordy Heinrich[1] ran far ahead of my time. The Russians, with their Chinese race, have also got ahead of me. If I've made any mistake, it has been that of seeing too little.

Of course things will be patched up. Europe will not fight. She cannot fight. At the first serious alarm, the whole fabric of society and civilisation would tumble. But the squeeze is becoming intolerable, and every month makes it worse. Somehow or other Europe has got to flounder through two months more before things can let up; and two months of tension like this make worlds old.

Meanwhile I doze in my cave, and do next to nothing. Brooks has practically finished his negotiations, and arranged for his French translation, which is to be done by the same publisher and translator[1] who did Nordau. The volume will contain a new Byzantine chapter, and will be out next October. You hear from Sala; he very kindly asked me to dinner last night; but I begged off, and had Lieutenant Dyer and his wife (Anne Palmer's sister), Guy Lowell,[2] Winthrop Dwight,[3] and Hitty[4] to dine with me. Tomorrow I take Hitty to the *Français* (matinee) to see *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie.* Sunday I take Daisy[5] to Lamoureux. Of course I dined with them on Christmas. Hay is to be here the 18th, and we go south the 21st. I am curious to know how Joe Leiter got out. Some one must have begged, for I see that wheat was let go yesterday and the corner appears to be over. Let's hope the farmers got the money, whether Armour's or Leiter's. I am anxious to hear more about Washington and the Lodges....

---

[1] Prince Henry, brother of the Kaiser?

PARIS, 6 January, 1898.

St. Germain was a vortex of gaiety compared with Paris. My life is that of an anchorite, and I am a kind of St. Simeon with the Eiffel Tower for my *Stula.* I have nothing to say except that the October weather still lasts, bright and warm, and that I stroll down the Avenue of the Bois every morning before breakfast to look at the Jewesses and the horses, as though the season were May. Not a human being do I know in Paris, and I was quite astounded yesterday when, in the Bois, a man on a bicycle saluted me by name. By elaborate reflection I concluded that it must be Mrs. Harry White's brother,[6] but — oh! Lord! — to think that he should have recognised me! What mental powers some people have! Stay! I did also tumble over George Eustis on the Boulevard, and breakfasted with him and his wife last Monday. She was a stranger to me and I need to know more of her before knowing her at all. This is all! Every afternoon I go to see Brooks's seraglio, and try to find some entertainment for them. This afternoon, for instance, I am going to take Mrs. Brooks to a *Conférence* by Sarcey,[7] on Paul Déroulède,[8] at the Bodinière. *Est-ce assez canaille?* Sarcey is bourgeois to a point I almost respect, and Déroulède is, I believe, a mild sort of French Kipling. Let us hope we shall escape scandal. Last Sunday we did worse. She — my sister-in-law — breakfasted with me, and we went to Lamoureux! Aha! For dissipation, I call that dissipation! We heard Beethoven and Wagner, and sat among two hundred and forty seven Americans, all as depraved as ourselves. Brooks has tried to drag me to the theatres, but I draw the line with night work. For that, I am still too young. Matinees are allowed, and I took Hitty to the *Français* on New Year's Day; her first visit to that Temple.

---

[1] A. Dietrich.

[2] Guy Lowell (1870–1927).

[3] Winthrop Edwards Dwight.

[4] Abigail (Adams) Homans.

[5] Mrs. Brooks Adams.

[6] William Hepburn Buckler, half-brother of Mrs. White.

[7] Francisque Sarcey (1828–1899).

[8] Paul Déroulède (1846–1914).

This, I think is all! and it is more, I suppose, than I should be doing in Washington. Actually accomplished I count only Brooks's book. He has signed his contract, seen his translation, prepared his copy, and has only to look on, and let the work be done. Next October the volume will appear in due course without further effort, and, as the sale is a matter of very trifling consequence to him, compared with the established position which the French edition gives him in literature, I consider that job to be ended. Also, the year '97 is ended. I am still stupidly trying to find out where it has kicked me. No Texas army-mule ever developed more kicking-power, but the infallible proof of its success in bucking me off, is that I am still so dazed as not to recognise where I am. Have I got through or not? Has Europe got through, and turned the corner safely? Has America got anywhere? Of course this first week of the New Year has been easy, what with the relief of settlement, the payment of dividends, and the tail of the holidays; but is it all to begin again on Monday? China and Cuba and India and Joe Leiter and Kaiser Willy and Mark Hanna — by-the-bye, the *New York Herald* telegraphed yesterday that Hanna was beaten, but I've heard that story before. In short, I feel some curious, as I should say if I were a Congressman, to know really what has happened. The only person who seems to be thoroughly pleased and satisfied is my brother Brooks; a singular phenomenon, and portentous, but I know not of what....

January 7. Sarcey was astonishingly like himself; so much so that he amused me, like a good portrait, in which the artist has added touches of reality to a conventional statesman. His *conférence* was poor enough in matter, and bourgeoisitic in appreciation of poetry; but that was what we went for to see; so we walked home, looking into all the shop-windows in the dark and the mud, and I came back, and tried to find the George Eustises at tea, but they were out; so I settled down to some French memoirs, which had plunged me into the full tide of the 16th century, with Catherine de Medicis and Margot and the Mignons and

Henries and Huguenots all dancing in a round, when your letter of the 28th walked in, embracing Martha's....

To John Hay

16 RUE CHRISTOPHE COLOMBE, 11 January, 1898.

. . . .

Paris is singularly changed since our poor old despised empire. It is a strange and weird spot such as no human eye ever yet saw, where a world tries to amuse itself, and cannot even make an effort of energy; tries to make money, and hardly has vigor enough to lose it; tries to educate, and hasn't a clear idea in its head. To go out of doors when the sun doesn't shine is folly, for the sun is all that makes the place shine. So I stay by my little wood fire, and read about Lancelot or Parthenopeus of Blois, or study economics and make scores of equations.

This last amuses me most, in my intervals of looking over the proofs of my brother Brooks's new French edition, in which he is to appear in the same series with Nordau. I have laboriously chased the French rentier through the ramifications of his misfortunes. According to their own statement, I make them out to be some two million dollars a year poorer in income than they were in 1890. They certainly show it. Whether they are actually growing poorer I do not know, but the struggle and the economy are obvious, even in Paris, although Paris gets practically the whole of the benefit of foreign residence, which amounts to at least two hundred million dollars a year, and which alone has saved them from total wreck. The provinces, which are not pleasure grounds, are racked.

Applying the same tests to England which the French economists apply here, I find the sum works out a tremendous figure; nothing less than a diminution of some three hundred million dollars a year in their total income. South Africa alone has held them up, — and saved us too — but they have had to withdraw all their convertible personalty everywhere, and to borrow money on all sides, even of us and of India. They are in great trouble. The trade-and-customs returns of the last quarter show it. So does the Bank statement, and so do the exchanges. They must either force down prices another fifty per cent, or bust within five years. They may drag us down too, in the wreck, but I think they have done their worst on us. They have certainly withdrawn the whole of their floating capital in America, or at least in our part of it.

Nevertheless, rotten as France is, and cardiacally diseased as England is, and splayed as Austria is, and extinct as Spain is, etc., etc., etc., with all the other powers, I am more immediately curious about Russia. As I see it, Russia is in our position of 1870, but much less well situated. She is a great speculation on an investment of a century ahead. Just now I believe her to be living wholly on her credit. She is tied hand and foot. As the events of this last month seem to me to show Russia has been obliged to drop her plunder in the East, and to let herself be corked up on the Amur, as she is on the Baltic and the Black Sea. But Muraview,[1] Goluchowski [2] and Hanotaux [3] are such calf-headed idiots that I doubt whether we shall know for twenty years what has really happened....

To Elizabeth Cameron

PARIS, 13 January, 1898.

. . . .

I leave Paris on the 21st with the Hays for Egypt, and mean not to return before June, if I can manage to get to Russia, after the Nile. You know my old instinct of running away and hiding in a hole, which has always puzzled my family and friends? I have it strong just now. I don't want to go back to Washington; still less to Boston; until the world and all society has finished its somersaults so that I can settle down to a new situation. The smash of last spring was only partial, and settled nothing, not even a boom in real-estate; and this autumn has left everything dragging, — even Cuba. I've not even married a niece, and the Lord knows it's high time to work off some of my stock. Brooks needs help, for he is a singularly impatient and unsteady workman. *Enfin*, the situation over here is much more interesting than the situation at home. I can watch it better by hanging about Europe.

So I expect to pass next summer on this side, and perhaps next winter too, if the old rubbish still sticks; but please don't whisper it, for I hate to have sticks poked down my hole. Meanwhile, the rubbish goes on rotting, and does it fast. You saw how emphatically the Army, through the Court-martial, set its foot on the Jews and smashed the Dreyfus intrigue into a pancake.[4] Aristarchi who dined with me last night, and with whom I discussed the whole European situation, insists that, whether Dreyfus is guilty or not (and he has little doubt of the fact that he was, but this is no longer important except to him), the campaign which the Jews have made for him, the very large amounts of money they have spent on the press and on the effort to pass by the government and control public opinion against it, has resulted in enormously stimulating the anti-Semite feeling in France, which has now reached the point where violence has become only a matter of time. I believe Aristarchi to be right. The current of opinion is running tremendously strong, now that the whole extent of the Jew scandal is realised. For no one doubts now that the whole campaign has been one of money and intrigue; and the French are very furious. Of course, all the English and the Americans are with the Jews, which makes it worse. . . .

---

[1] Michael Nikolaievich Muraviev (1845–1900), who succeeded in 1897 Lobanov, as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

[2] Agenor Goluchowski (1849–1921), Austria-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs.

[3] Albert Auguste Gabriel Hanotaux (1853–   ), French Minister of Foreign Affairs.

[4] In an attempt to reopen the Dreyfus case, Esterhazy had just been tried by court-

Without acquaintance with women of high position and social faculty, I am blind and deaf. Here I know none, and know of none. I'm half inclined to move over to London for a season, and try to catch on there. Whom do you recommend for an ally? . . .

And this condition of rotten instability may last ten years, or fifty, or a hundred, and I can't wait. If I had common-sense, I'd crawl back and die; but I want to see the fun, if it's coming; and the last six years I've seen a good deal, and there's a good deal going now.

Friday, 14th. *Parbleu!* it was quicker than I thought! When I strolled down the Boulevard after dark last evening, there was an ominous hum in the air that made me look about me; for, if anybody was going to visit Alphonse Rothschild, I've a sort of notion that I'd like to go too. It appears that Zola kicked the boiler over. The situation is now worse than ever. For the first time in twenty years, the Army has put down its foot with a stamp that has scared Cabinet, Senate, Bourse and Boulevards. The Cabinet and the Senate crouched down under the table. Scheurer-Kestner[1] was shuffled out of the way quicker than that venerable fool ever guessed it. Colonel Picquart found himself shut up in Mt. Valérien before he could breakfast. But Zola howled; and the Bourse actually fought — Jews and Gentiles — till the police came in. A good day's work! and rioting too in Havana! and a new outbreak in India! *Tiens! ça marche!*

One can't imagine larks like this every day, to be sure; and after a

---

martial and acquitted. This led to a violent controversy in the press, and on January 13, 1898, two days after the acquittal, appeared in *L'Aurore* Zola's letter, *J'accuse*, for which he was tried, condemned and took refuge in England.

[1] Vice-President of the Senate.

little explosion, the kettle will doubtless simmer down, as it did in '94, provided the finances are right. That is the point of my curiosity: — the Berlin Bourse, the Russian Treasury, and the Bank of England! If one goes, all goes. . . .

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS, 16 January, 1898.

. . . .

Things are so curious and interesting everywhere outside of Europe, and so wonderfully flat and unintelligent inside, that one is now obliged to retire into the wilderness in order to see anything. I feel that India is the true place to study, and I still hope to get there, but not yet.

My brother [Brooks] is a little in my position, and wants to go east. We shall try to meet in April at Athens or Constantinople.

America is just now strong. She manages to buy back all her securities which Europe is forced to sell: — about £2,000,000 a week, for the last three months, at the least estimate. We can go on doing this for another six months without serious trouble. So I feel no immediate curiosity to return there, except for the Cuban matter, which is always threatening a crisis. Even this, however, will probably affect Europe more than it does us.

Indeed, the boot is quite on the European leg just now. Whether it shows in the shape of Dreyfus, Esterhazy, or Indian finance, or Spanish Carlists, or Tzech riots, or Turkish collapse, or European-concerted imbecility, it is all purely economical, and means that the exchanges are against Europe.

To me, Russia is the great and overpowering problem. Sooner or later — and sooner rather than later — England must make a serious effort to correct her exchanges, and there must be an economic war between her and Russia, the end of which must be that one or the other will be ruined. Germany backs Russia. America is the financial reservoir on which England has drawn for ten years past, while she has been building up South Africa. Between these two vast forces, I try to dodge about, poking at them here and there with a stick, to see where they are rotten.

Thus far, I have struck no point in either that seems to me sound. . . .[1]

---

[1] 'The future, however, is always more or less opaque to me, while the past is quite lucid, and Paris leaves a singularly distinct impression as the most solitary and unattachable spot I have yet met on earth. Eight consecutive months here ought to have given me a chance of observation, coming after several years of residence at odd seasons; and I

am quite clear that Paris, in the long run, would be impossible. Socially, it seems to me to be dead. It's only remaining value or interest is as a school of education. The more I live here in western Europe, the more I am impressed by the sense of decay; — not the graceful and dignified decay of an oriental, but the vulgar and sordid decay of a bankrupt cotton-mill. Paris is so rotten that nothing coheres. Even its literary people don't form a class. The social particle is reduced, as nearly as possible, to the individual, and the individual is on his guard against all comers, as though he were living still in the 14th or the 16th centuries, when war was rule and law. For a time, when I have my own society about me, this weird isolation does not trouble me; but at length it becomes a nightmare, and I want relief.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 20 January, 1898.

VIII

EGYPT, GREECE, TURKEY, HUNGARY

1898

To Elizabeth Cameron

OFF MEMPHIS, 3 February, 1898.

Quicker work than ours is not easily made.[1] We reached Cairo Monday night at ten o'clock. You would have smiled to see me, wrapped to the eyes in Spencer Eddy's[2] fur cloak, march after the Ambassadors wrapped in all the other winter cloaks they had, into the hall of Shepheard's hotel, where we literally tumbled over all the fashionable society of Cairo in full dress and uniforms, having the ball of the season. Cairo, we instantly found, was crowded, for I ordered a bath and was informed that three people were sleeping in the bathroom. Within a few hours we were dodging all Cleveland and half New York, a good three quarters of London, and more or less of India, about the hotel corridors and round the street corners; but our final rout and total discomfiture was caused by reading in the morning paper that the Consul General[3] was going to give Hay an official dinner on Wednesday afternoon. I said no sound, much hoping it might be so, but doubting the possibility. Nevertheless, on Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock we were surely on board, and we steamed then and there up the river to Saqquarah;[4] which I call sharp work, and which greatly increased my respect for our worthy selves.

For, in fact, Cairo was quite impossible. Everybody was there. Cards descended like the gentle snow from heaven. To me it mattered not much except that I might be expected to recognise the Ham Fishes, or the Fish Hams or some other relic of a Dutchman or Harvard College, or to be introduced to a stray gossip from Cleveland or Chicago; but to the Hays, the risk was serious of being officialised altogether. I met Gladdis Vanderbilt[5] and her mother[6] at once, and had some chat with the latter. Cornelius Vanderbilt looks better — much better. The Nile evidently did him good, or the Nile and Charcot[7] together. They are now thinking about Syria. Of the swarm of women who at once chattered to the Hays, I know, and am far from eager to know, scarcely the names. We had just time to make a rush to the pyramids yesterday morning, and to lunch at the hotel there with a few thousand or hundred thousand tourists of the usual and organic type. By dint of the most gymnastic activity, we managed to buy the most indispensable things, and the rest was dictated by the despotic Cook, who also won my grace by bringing me a letter from you of the 10th, still at Washington.

---

[1] He sailed with the Hays, January 25, from Genoa.

[2] Spencer Eddy (1874–), private secretary to John Hay, while ambassador.

[3] Thomas S. Harrison. [4] Saqqarâ.

[5] Gladys Vanderbilt married ——— Szechenyis.

[6] Cornelius Vanderbilt married Alice Gwynn.

[7] Jean Martin Charcot (1825–1893).

Under this sky, and in the noon-day sun, Washington does not look to me quite so inevitable as it did from Paris. The East certainly has charm, and makes the West seem gray and dreary. Even a steam-dahabieh and a Cook's Tour do not take away all the color and the resistance of Egypt. Indeed, the sudden return to the boat came near knocking me quite off my perch. I knew it would be a risky thing, but it came so suddenly that before I could catch myself, I was unconsciously wringing my hands and the tears rolled down in the old way, and I had to get off by myself for a few minutes to prevent Helen [Hay], who was with me, from thinking me more mad than usual. She could hardly know what it meant, in any case, and it would not have been worth while to tell her. A few hours wore off the nervous effect, and now I can stand anything, although of course there is hardly a moment when some memory of twenty-five years ago is not brought to my mind. The Nile does not change. Indeed I know of no place where everything changes as much as it does here, and nothing is ever changed. Curiously enough, Cairo reminds me of Mexico more than of anything else. You feel quite at home.

It is now half past one. The party has returned from the Memphis show, and the boat is shoving off to start on a long afternoon run up the river. Our nearest neighbor dahabiehs are the Angell[1] one, and Lord Loch's.[2] We shall be at Beni-Hassan tomorrow, I suppose, and so go on regularly to Assouan.

All my Parisian interests and excitements have faded out of sight as suddenly and completely as though they were dreams, and I am rather glad to be rid of them. They will revive fast enough. Hay brought me little news. . . .[3]

[1] James Burrill Angell (1829–1916), then Minister to Turkey.

[2] Henry Brougham Loch (1827–1900).

[3] 'Existence beyond our desert horizon has ceased for us. We seem rarely to think of Europe or America, and I am for a second time, heartily glad to escape and hide behind Isis's veil, which has always been to me a refuge and repose. This morning I went with

(NEARING CAIRO), 26 February, 1898.

Tomorrow we reach Cairo, and all sorts of ends and beginnings and questions and answers, with perhaps some letters and possibly an incident or two that may not be older than Cleopatra. Two days ago a flying mail-steamer stopped to give us a mail, including your short despatch just before going to Boston and blizzards. There was also a letter from H[arriet] Blaine and one from Mabel [Hooper]. With that exception, nothing has occurred to divert my mind from hieroglyphs and Pharaohs. All runs on like the life on an ocean voyage. On the whole, there is little virtue in travelling with such companions. I am the only one who aggravates and irritates. The others are provokingly patient and tolerant, and even headache fails to spoil their tempers. They do not even stick pins into one, which is an occupation that I have been accustomed to suppose all women and most men adepts in practising, by the sole light of nature. I find myself sticking the pins just to keep up the tradition. Peace reigns within our ship, and beyond is nothing. Since leaving Luxor we have seen nobody, and, except for one or two donkey-trips, have seen nothing. You do not want to hear about tombs and mummies, and if I brought you as a present the complete parure of Hatasu or Arsinoë, you would neither care for it yourself nor find anyone in New York to admire it; for the Egyptians did not know the diamond, and the New Yorker knows nothing else — unless it is the ruby or the emerald, which come to the same. It is no use my trying to interest you in Egypt. The best I could do would be to interest you in Lord Cromer,[1] and him we have missed. The next best would be to interest you in Lord Cowper's valet, who was murdered a week ago a few miles from here, but the newspapers will already have told you more than I know about it myself, and the British Lord, even in his incarnation as valet, does not spell-bind me. I am almost more interested to hear that Zola is sent to prison. If he did not deserve it for the special offense, he did for his novels; and on the whole I think he had better have joined his

---

the whole party, except Mrs. Hay, to renew my worship of Isis in the great temple here [Dandera], built under the patronage of all the worst people that ever lived: Cleopatra, Tiberius, Caligula, Nero. The Goddess was as charming as ever, and I felt more than ever her charm. I would have lain down and stayed there, as John Sargent did, only he did it to filch some ideas for Boston.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 11 February, 1898.

'What I heard yesterday about the destruction of the *Maine* has made me turn yellow. I never felt more astonishment since Admiral Tryon lost the *Victoria*, and as we have no particulars, I am the more depressed. How could the thing happen!' — To the same, Assouan, 18 February, 1898.

[1] Evelyn Baring, Earl of Cromer (1841–1917).

friend Dreyfus on the Devil's Island some time ago, with as much more French rot as the island would hold, including most of the press and the greater part of the theatre, with all the stockbrokers and a Rothschild or two for example. But the horror of my British-American world is positively heart-rending. Since Louis Seize was sent to the scaffold, France has done nothing that made the hair rise on end like the sending of Zola to jail. The incredible and indelible infamy and disgrace of the French people rouses deeper indignation and disgust than the crucifixion, or the massacres of Nero or of his majesty the present Sultan, ever did in the breasts of the British nobility and gentry, not to speak of the middle class, and their New York clients. The gold-bug is outraged beyond expression. How hard I try to sympathise! But, by the soul of Pharaoh and the Rock of Moses, one is not a scarabaeus of that kind without inward agony and self-mortification. If you could see me act the beetle, you would know at last what a silent ocean of heroism lies beneath the smile of the Sphynx. I am going to have a coat embroidered with a scarabaeus pattern in green, and the hieroglyphic for: — Men Cheaper Ra on the back.

All the same, Egypt is better than opium. It soothes and smooths one's creases out with the patient weight of a German philosopher trying to be intelligible. Hay and I ponder painfully over the strange state of mind which results from learning to regard Homer as a modern poet and Herodotus as a trivial Cook tourist. Go where we will in this singular land, one has to look down on all human knowledge or experience as modern and insufficient, but we are used in a degree to that, and we have known since childhood that from the top of the pyramids one looks down on Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Napoleon and Lord Cromer fore-shortened to the same plane, of the same apparent scale and proportions. From the sarcophagus of Cheops all look alike; only their methods may seem slightly personal or peculiar to their barbarian variety of origin. This we know. It is a commonplace of Murray and Baedeker and of the Howadji when we were young. Five-and-twenty years ago, I learned to regard the Third Dynasty as that of my contemporaries. What passes far beyond this, and reduces us to powder, so pulverised is the imagination at sixty, comes from too great familiarity with Cheops and Chephren. Every day we are forced to realise that they were themselves modern, and that relatively they must run with Evelyn Baring and Cambyses as of the same general age. We see dimly already a hundred thousand years behind the pyramids, almost as clearly as we see our Indians behind the Pilgrims. I have got to reconstruct my youth on the scale of at least fifty thousand instead of five thousand years. As far as I can see, society in Egypt when I was young and really active ran to seed fully ten thousand years ago, and was as rotten then as it is now. Since then the only change has been that the rot has spread outwards.

After all, I have felt sure for years that I had made a mistake somewhere, and perhaps a mere trifle of fifty thousand years in my age is one of the least of my errors....

CAIRO, *Monday*, 28. Here we are again, and the change is curious! Yesterday morning we all rode across to Saqquarah to see our friend Tion [Ti(Tji)] in his lovely tomb, — us young people on donkeys, and Mrs. Hay like Cleopatra, on a throne borne by strong Nubians, and visible from miles across the plain, like Memnon. At four o'clock in the afternoon we were installed at Shepheard's, and I took Helen and Alice for a long tramp up the Mouski to see the streets of Cairo. At eight we found ourselves at dinner; the Ham Fishes at the next table, the Angells beyond them, and so on. After dinner, talk in the thronged hall and cold plunges into the hottest of water. Then I heard what I have tried to put off so long, a little of the story of the *Maine*, — as much as can be learned here — and, from step to step, was dragged back to the life I fled. I fled once more, and as soon as my cigar was out, I escaped unmarked in the crowd, and hid myself in bed....

CAIRO, Sunday, 6th March, 1898.

. . . .

Probably I shall go down to Alexandria or Port Said tomorrow; but I hate to leave the mosques and this bazaar, and especially a perfectly Arabian Nights little silver cream jug of work wholly strange to me, covered with weird little naked figures of men or women, dancing about like mad, but whether for pleasure or punishment, I cannot divine. The thief who owns it calls it Armenian; but, please God, he lies. If it is Mohammedan, it is a wicked outrage on the Prophet. Another larger jar, also silver, is obviously either as old as the Crusaders, or a reproduction of a crusader's piece. They will sell me both for sixty dollars, but I would give the sixty not to have bought them, if they are frauds. Allah knows! They are such things as old Khayyám would have drunk from, if he had seen them; but they are not Tiffanian models; they are like me, old, ugly, and mad.

Egypt is indeed a marvelous spot, and the great firm of Messrs. Cromer and Cook that now rule it, in succession of Saladin and Haroun al Raschid, are wisdom and religion to those that know the Infinite and Absolute, and can see God. Truly, as my brother Brooks says, History lies in a nutshell, and the nutshell is Egypt. All Civilisation is only Centralisation, and all Centralisation is only Economy, and all Economy is only the ultimate Reign of the Cheapest; and Cromer and Cook are pretty nearly as cheap as — I am. The rest is cheaper still. . . .

I have been out two hours again this afternoon playing with the Khalifs and the Sultans. They are perfectly sweet. I wanted La Farge to tell me about the glass windows and I wonder whether he knows the wonderfully cheap process and the lovely effects of the Cairene glass. Of course he does know everything, but I should think it would pay him to try this plaster-of-Paris process; though of course the other people would imitate and spoil it. I have also yielded to temptation and bought the little cream jug with the naked figures dancing and beating cymbals all over it, and a couple of little leopards leaping with them. I did not buy the other with the crusaders or armed knights fighting serpents, for I thought one fraud sufficient for the day. I am surprised to see how much beautiful *bric-à-brac* is still to be had here for very reasonable prices. People seem to see only the rubbish. I was delighted today with some old water-goblets in glass of a style fit to make angels weep. As for the Egyptian antiques from the tombs, there is no end to the choice, and I have not dared to look at the oriental rugs and stuffs.

My brother Brooks writes from Paris as though the world were coming to an end. His head is whisked round by the *Maine* affair and the Spanish situation. You know how you and I have foreseen it all, these three years past, and we can afford to be cool.[1] I am more troubled by the financial condition of England and India which seems to me to threaten infinite possibilities, but that too is an old scare. Unless Morgan and Harjes fail, I shall not come west before summer.

BEIRUT [SYRIA], 12 March, 1898.

. . . .

Monday morning, as I wrote to you Sunday my intention, I went down to Alexandria and got my passage to Jaffa on the Khedive's steamer which sailed at four o'clock in the afternoon on Tuesday. Alexandria was amusing in Cleopatra's time, but apparently I am neither Mark Antony nor even Mark Hanna, for I was clearly not expected, and after hunting the streets for bazaars that have ceased to exist I had nothing to do but to wait and talk to a very homesick Karlsbad doctor who found the world degenerate like Nordau. When two o'clock came, the wind suddenly burst out like the winds of the Odyssey. When I went aboard ship, it blew so violently that we almost got smashed in clearing the pier. Outside, we had it behind us, from the west, but it blew up a dust-storm that hid the shore lights, and brought up a rain and heavy clouds, and set us rolling like a bell-buoy in a heavy sea. There was only one passenger besides myself, and she was an American woman, who, I noticed, instantly took possession of the little Turkish doctor, and the little Turkish captain, and all the English mates and engineers, and my own turn was certain. I did not then know that she was a representative of the *Chicago Herald*, or some such paper, and that she had just come down from London, without having had time to land at Alexandria. What with clinging to my berth and struggling with sea-sickness, I was getting through the night after the fashion of such nights, when at about five o'clock in the morning the ship began to perform an extra series of gymnastics which threatened to roll me among my baggage about the deck, and the crockery and glass began to crash, and the poor deck-passengers began to howl, and everything seemed to break loose, but above it all, in sharp, nasal accents, I heard chiefly the Chicago woman screaming that the ship would 'tumble over' and that she couldn't bear it. She got the Greek steward to hold one hand and the Greek stewardess to hold the other, and every time the ship rolled, she hid her face in the stewardess' lap, and the steward went on deck and came back to say that the Captain saw the lights of Port Said, when the captain couldn't see a quarter of a mile; and I lay, face down, hanging on to my berth, in the shoalest kind of sea-sickness, but grinning to myself with the wish that you were in my place, and could laugh, as though you were at Francis Wilson's[1] tom-foolery, when I fail to do justice to the humor. In fact, Wilson's does strike me as somewhat forced humor, but my Chicago woman's humor was everything most natural and spontaneous.

---

[1] 'War is apt rather to stimulate than to check prosperity. We grew used even to our rebellion in a few months. I see only one serious risk, and that is that the collapse of Spain should create a money-crisis in Paris, and that the outbreak of war should make us call in our loans in Europe at the same time. In that case, with India in acute monetary distress, there might be some European news. Even then, we stand pretty solid compared with Europe and Asia.' — To Brooks Adams, 5 March, 1898.

At last, the ship changed her course and stopped cavorting, and I persuaded the steward that it was safe to draw water in the bath without shipwreck, and so got on deck before eight o'clock just in time to see really the Port Said light-house through the rain, and we ran in, glad enough to get there, for the poor women and children on deck were rolling literally in the wash. We hauled up to the bank, and I began to think that Port Said was my home, for apparently I fetch up there, wherever I start for. Port Said is many degrees worse than Alexandria, but I managed to pass the first day reading newspapers and telegrams, and trying to calculate what war would come first. When I returned on board I found a Mr. and Mrs. Paton, who call themselves Virginians, but who distil Philadelphia like attar of roses. Paton is — well! you know what a Philadelphian is! Mrs. Paton is — well! as for me I like the female of the species well enough. As Dick Taylor[1] used to say, they are like their own Buck's County chickens. I won't kick at the Patons, although I'd like to; but that evening, at seven, arrived from Cairo fifty more Cookies, all worse than everybody else, mostly American, and fully a dozen of them without rooms, beds or accommodations of any sort. When I tried to go to bed, I found my door locked, and two strangers established already, with a third in the corridor. The gale raged worse than ever. There was no use in going to sea, for we could not land at Jaffa, which is an open road-stead. So there I was, fixed for life at Port Said, with fifty Cook tourists for companions by day and night! and accommodations for twenty at most!

---

[1] Francis Wilson (1854–1935).

You will never believe it, but I am a good traveller. I don't mean good in the sense of putting up with hardships. Any fool can do that. I mean that in a given situation, I generally am more comfortable than my neighbors. The situation of our steamer was 'given' if ever any costly folly can be eleemosynary. Still, it was not so bad. Having made friends with the chief-engineer I bought out the second engineer's room, and so got clear of the saloon, and in among the engines which are not sea-sick. There I could lie all day and smoke and read and doze in peace and oil. There I did lie all Thursday, while the Cookies explored Port Said; and at dinner I talked flesh and dyspepsia with Mrs. Paton, and Mohamedanism with the little doctor, but he is not a good Mohamedan. Then that night! Oh, but I just smiled with joy in my happy den as I went to bed just at eight o'clock as the steamer went out to sea in spite of the gale. All night we rolled and tossed, and everything on the ship was on a rampage except me. In my den all was taut and steady, and not a pin broke loose. With the early dawn I was up (I need not say that I had the bathroom wholly to myself always) to see the ravages of the storm. We had been obliged to run off our course a long way, and had just turned to run back fifty miles to Jaffa. The ship looked thoroughly tired. The sea-sickness of that set of tourists had been something awful. I spare you the details, but the worst ocean steamer offers little to compare with them. My Chicago female was pale and desperate. The saloon on deck was strewn with broken glass and stray mattresses and rugs. At noon we got to Jaffa and anchored with a heavy sea running and no boat daring to come out. There we lay till dark, and although the wind died down, and boats came out for the mail, we were not allowed to land, because the governor had been scolded for some Austrian Lloyd passengers who were swamped on the rocks two months ago. At seven o'clock, off we went again, Ulysses and his pigs, and Chicago Circe, and all except the gale, which at last died down.

---

[1] Richard Taylor (1826–1879).

So I smoked and finished all my books, and dozed, and at last went to bed; and when at six o'clock this morning I again looked out of my bull's-eye, behold we were close to Beirut, and all along the shore stretched the chain of the Lebanon, one mass of snow far down into the valleys. We were ashore by eight o'clock, and found the hotels full. The whole mass of tourists *à la carte*, along the whole coast, are held by the weather, unable to get to Jerusalem or from it, or, indeed, anywhere else; for, when I wanted to go straight to Damascus by the regular train, I was told that the road was blocked with snow, and no one could say when the trains would run.

So my shivering Ibrahim has established me in a villa looking over gardens where the peach-blossoms are fading and the orange-trees are yellow with fruit, out on to a leaden sea, and mountains white with new-fallen snow. As I am thus imprisoned, and nothing will carry me anywhere, I sit down with my heaviest overcoat, feet positively icy, and fingers blue with cold, by an open window, to send you a despatch. Not that I can give you news of my future movements. Jerusalem will have to wait now till I die and go to the new one, for I am not going back to Jaffa if I am well informed of my own intent. No train has gone through to Damascus for three days, and no boat has stopped at Jaffa for the same time. You were better off in your Boston blizzard than I in my happy home on the sea following the keels of the Phœnicians and Hebrews who once made money by telling lies about their climate, and inducing crusaders and tourists to come here to be robbed.

Sunday, 13th. Ibrahim reports the railway as clear this morning, and I've telegraphed to Damascus for rooms, but cannot in any case go up before Tuesday. That will bring me back here to sail for Smyrna about the 23rd and so to Athens on the 1st. Of course I have had no letters for a fortnight, but I hope to get some here this week. I do not even know what has been happening for a week past, or whether the last scare is over or a new one begun. If I were sure of a war anywhere, it might give me energy to do something, but as it is, I am awfully tempted to plunge into Asia, and bury myself in Persia. It would be easier than not, and an economy, for I find I could run my caravan for $15.00 a day. But I want to know about the summer, and what is to become of the country and the universe, for I cannot rid myself of the feeling that the planets may at any moment stop running, and fly off into space. A world as rotten as ours must occasionally have fits. Yet here in Syria, I find the old world still alive. Mohamedans, Christians, Druses, Armenians, still kill and hate each other as they did a thousand years ago. No one dares go out after dark. I feel quite at home and ready to slay a banker.[1]

BEIRUT, 24 March, 1898.

On arriving here yesterday, on my return from Damascus, I learned that, between the imbecility of Syrian hotel-keepers and Turkish post-offices, all my letters, since February, have either been sent back to America, or lost. The brilliancy of this achievement in the teeth of the unremitted struggles of my pirate Ibrahim, and an untold expenditure of mine on telegrams and instructions, actually made me laugh. My only real annoyance is that among the letters are probably some that you have felt an interest in writing and in reaching me, for I can dimly realize that you must be having, or have had, an excitement. Of it I know nothing except very brief telegrams announcing a unanimous vote of a war credit by the Senate and Congress, and a simultaneous heavy fall in Spanish Exteriors in Paris. Our very last date is from Alexandria the 15th. Today I sail by Austrian Lloyd to Smyrna, and expect to reach Athens about the 1st. There I ought to find all letters which reached Paris after the 13th. I have ordered everything to be sent to Rockhill. From many symptoms and from conversation even in these utterly isolated regions, where there is far less contact with European politics and thought than there is in Tahiti or Fiji, I gather that the world had not, down to the 15th, yet straightened out any one except Zola — *et encore!*

---

[1] 'American is not only the language of the country, but will soon be its religion. Nothing like it has been seen since the crusades. The American tourist has literally repeated the story of Peter the Hermit. It is not the men — it is the women — four to one — who have stormed the Turkish empire. Unprotected, unaccompanied, with no papers except Cook's tickets, they pour in here, to a city filled with the worst population on earth, where the daily delight of all classes for ten thousand years has been to rob and murder and ravish; they spread over the country in bands and caravans; they calmly answer remonstrances by saying that they are women, and women do what they please in America: and while our ministers and consuls and the Turkish governors and all the men who know anything about it, are green with terror at the thought of what may some day happen, the American woman is gloriously unconscious that the Turk is unspeakable. I sometimes wonder if the American woman knows anything at all, or whether she ever will know anything. Apparently God has made a new sex for her sake. But what shrieking there will be, one of these days, when a dozen or two presbyterian females from Oshkosh find out what a Kurd is.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, Damascus, 19 March, 1897.

Do not imagine me as fuming with impatience under this blanket of blindness. It is true, if Mr. Cameron were still in the Senate, and you and Martha and Willy Phillips and John Hay and Rockhill were still in Washington, nothing would drag me away from there; but, as it is, the relief of finding absolute strangeness is enormous, and I gladly pay a thousand dollars a month to be fantastically uncomfortable here, if it is only to spare my nerves the strain that has so often brought them to the verge of collapse at home. Even at that, if I could be of use to you, I should not run away here, but the worst part of it is that this year I am most useful when furthest off. Even in regard to my amiable nieces, I feel quite sure that as long as they have uncles and elders to bully and feed upon, they will turn up their noses at boys of their own age. I admit that a boy is an ass — so is a man, for that matter — but it is absolutely necessary, for my own peace and comfort, that all the women I much depend upon, should have men of their own to bully, that I may not have myself to defend. The female sect is very masterful to the old.

Moreover, brute of selfishness that I am, there is no doubt in my mean mind that I am uncommonly happy in this absurd mode of life. Damascus is, and always must have been, a mere shop, without political or intellectual leadership — just the sort of place that Chicago is, or St. Louis, or Lyons; yet Damascus amused me for a week as neither London nor Paris can. Perhaps there was a little malice in it, because the Ham Fishes, etc., assured me that three days of Damascus were more than human endurance could bear. Forgive all this egotism. I am perfectly aware that I talk of nothing but myself, but it is consciously done, and because it would be transparent affectation to talk of geography or geology, both of which are more in my mind. Egotism did certainly have a share in the *parti pris* on my side, to enjoy Damascus if I could; but apart from that, merely as a traveller, I felt there the old sense of travel more than anywhere else for twenty years. There, once more, I seemed to meet people and exchange something. The place was not yet saturated with English and American middle-class, who are perhaps, except other middle-classes, the least entertaining of mortals. Even at *table d'hôte* there was talk. I think it was the French element that lifted us. Half a dozen French people, some frankly Marseillais, but some very nice in their French way, including a French Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, and young Hélie de Durfort who was delightfully simple and royalist, and his wife who talked English as well as I, and a young Englishman bred in Syria, son of a former English Consul at Beirut in Richard Burton's time, who talked French to shame me, took the head of the table, and rattled from French to English, and English to French, on all sorts of subjects and principally in outrages against Cook and his tourists. I've not talked to so many strangers for forty years as I have this last ten days; and it proved to me that the times, not I, have changed. But what was more curious was the atmosphere of the rascally Syrian town, made of Moslem scoundrels, Christian thieves, and Jew money-lenders, all of types that blanch Chicago white. Yet what bores one in Chicago, intensely amused me in Damascus. They cheated me out of my eye-lids, stole my letters, lied ten times to the word, and made me live like a swine, and I only laughed. You would have laughed too, had you seen me, on my last afternoon, sitting in what they call a garden, under flowering almonds and apricots, with the willows just showing green, munching dry pistache and fresh almonds, and puffing violently at a nargileh that would not get lighted — I never could learn to smoke a nargileh — while I watched the Moslem men in their robes and turbans, and the Christian or Jewish women, unveiled, and tried to imagine what it looked like to Bedreddin — or whoever it was — when the Djinn dropped him at the gates of Damascus, — probably close to where I sat, — and he took to making tarts. The city is still full of these tarts!

But we all started off yesterday morning, the French to Jerusalem by land, and I to Beirut, to take ship this afternoon to Smyrna. I find myself here once more plunged in the tourist crowd, who are still dilating on their sufferings during the great storm of the 9th when I could not land at Jaffa, and they were drenched, buffeted and imprisoned all over Palestine. The great Cook's reputation was badly blasted in that storm. As for me, I escaped much more happily than there was any reason to expect. . . .

SMYRNA, 28th. Four days more of steamer! This time dirty and Dutch; or rather, Austrian Lloyd. I was packed into a state-room of four, the other three being, I suppose, German tourists. I suppose, because I never saw them. I bought the second officer's room, and glad I was, for the *Achille* was forty years old, dirty beyond patience, and crowded beyond decency. There were twenty German tourists of the Cook class, not aggressive, as Englishmen and women would be, but gross as pigs. They have not improved one hair in forty years. They all still eat with their knives and adore pork. They are the same coarse feeders, and have as little idea of refinement as ever. Positively they tire me. To escape them I flung myself into the arms of Dr. Bliss,[1] an elderly Presbyterian, head of the American College at Beirut, who was on board. Also a Boston family, consisting of two young women and an epileptic young man, whose very names I never learned, but who were human. We had four long days, getting ashore only once, at Cyprus. The steamer, as I have remarked, was very bad. The weather varied between bad and good. At last, this morning, we arrived here, and I came ashore, to wait till Thursday for a steamer to Athens.

Here I am quite alone again, at a hotel where I hear only Italian spoken. I find here, too, all the newspapers down to the 24th and have studied them carefully. They do not enlighten me much. Evidently Europe and America have had one of their usual ague fits. It has been a sharp one, but has, apparently, changed nothing. We must wait for the next. What troubled me more was to see the announcement of Lady Cunliffe's death. I have written at once to Robert, but what can one say? I had no idea she was ill.

Smyrna is rather amusing. I have passed the day in the bazaars, hunting antiques which are to me always entertaining; looking at old embroideries; bargaining for Greek coins; wondering whether the extraordinarily clever pottery figurines are forgeries or are genuine; climbing to see the superb view from the old citadel above the town; and, in short, doing the tourist after my manner, with about the usual amusement. It is not bad. I am pleased to see this place at last, and tomorrow I go to Ephesus, like St. Paul, whose foot-steps I follow. Smyrna is almost a European town, more Christian than Moslem, and has lost most of the picturesque color of the East, but it is still entertaining, and the women are handsome in the style of Elizabeth Warder. One still rides donkeys, and forgets where one is. . . .

---

[1] Daniel Bliss (1823–1916).

To Sir Robert Cunliffe

SMYRNA, 28 March, 1898.

On arriving here this morning, I saw, in a chance newspaper, the announcement of Lady Cunliffe's death.[1] I need hardly tell you how it weighs on my mind, and the thought of you continually recurs to remind me how I have had to tread that path before you, and how infinitely useless all attempt at consolation was, and still is. Yet the one slight relief which I then felt, was in the expressions of sympathy which made me a little less terribly conscious of total solitude. It was something to know that others had suffered like me. It was almost a relief to think that others had got still to suffer. More than twelve years have passed since then, and I have seen, one after another, almost all my friends require in their turn the sympathy they gave me. All my experience did not help me to give them more. It is heartrending to sit, year after year, and think of life past, interests lost, and pleasures extinct. The effort for distraction becomes ferocious and careless of consequences. You are older than I was when the life was knocked out of me, and perhaps you can bear it better for the years that you have had more than I. Anyway I will hope so. I am sorry not to be near enough to have at least a chance of showing sympathy. . . .

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

SMYRNA, 30 March, 1898.

. . . .

Of myself I can only tell you much the old story. I had a month on the Nile with the Hays. It was pleasant. Honestly I am obliged to admit that the Nile itself, all things considered, is still there. It has not essentially changed. Perhaps Cheops might say as much. Cairo has lost color. The Cook tourist is occasionally conspicuous. But from the point of view of Cheops, Herodotus was probably undistinguishable from a Cook's tourist. On the whole, the Nile keeps its local color better than most things.

The Hays had to go back to Europe, and I was dropped alone a month ago at Cairo. I tried to go to Jerusalem, but a storm forced me to Beirut, so I went up to Baalbek and Damascus. It amused me. If I cared any longer to be instructed, I would say that it taught me something, among the lot, I have been taught what a curious part the tourist is playing in the world. He — or, rather, she, — is the modern crusader. She is conquering the east, but she suffers untold discomforts and causes them. Don't bring a woman to these parts! They drive one mad! As for the sights, they are quite secondary in interest. Not but that I have got a very fair share of amusement from the sights too. On the whole, I have enjoyed my trip amazingly. Out of a pure habit of contradiction, I insisted on finding Damascus most entertaining, because all the tourists detested it. The moral of this is that tourists have a use. The steamers are over-crowded, dirty and insufficient. Nevertheless I have squeezed myself through, by liberal use of money, without extreme annoyance, in spite of violent storms at sea and extravagant cold on land, and have arrived here none the worse for my experience. Today I have been to Ephesus. For an experience, places like Baalbek and Ephesus are worth the trouble of a visit. To see the clean sweep that mere changes in the channels of trade can make of the greatest cities in the world, is worth an effort. I do not know that I have ever felt a more acute sense of remoteness and desolation than today in the absolute wilderness that was formerly the centre of art and life in the world; but, after all, it is a commonplace. Macaulay's New Zealander will certainly stand some day on London Bridge, or its remnants, but the ruins of St. Paul's will not be half so well worth sketching as the ruins of the Temple of Artemis would be if there were any left. Probably the New Zealander, like me, will find no ruins left. Nothing surprises me so much as the power of destruction in our race. They seem to have made as much effort to destroy, as they ever made to create. London would offer them hardly a mouth full.

---

[1] Eleanor Sophia Egerton (Leigh) Cunliffe. She died March 13, 1898.

I expect to be in Athens in three days, and hope to stay there some little time. Apparently the world has been rather out of sorts since I left it. Rumors of wars are troublesome, but the real *malaise* lies deeper, in the changes of the channels of wealth. I shall return westward presently to watch it.

To Brooks Adams

ATHENS, 2 April, 1898.

. . . .

I lose my head when other people are calm. The moment they get off their heads, I recover mine. For two years, the Cuban business drove me wild, because other people stupidly and brutally and wilfully refused to listen to its vital warnings. For two years, with the Senate to back me, we moved heaven and earth to get the people into a track. Now that the countries have pitched into the ditch, I've no more to do with it. As I told you in the Bryan campaign, my business is to look ahead; when the mischief has happened, it's for the practical man to run the machine and save the pieces. I never was afraid of a Spanish war. I'm not afraid of it now. I think its cost easily measurable....

As for the book, I don't know what better you have to do than to work over it. I wish to the Lord I had some such hobby to ride. So far from finding it a *corvée*, I think you are extremely happy to have such an occupation, and that you had better prolong it all you can....

Apropos to our — or rather, your — garden! Reflecting at Cairo, Thebes, Baalbek, Damascus, Smyrna and Ephesus — alas, I did not get to Antioch or Aleppo — on your wording of your Law, it seemed to me to come out, in its first equation thus, in the fewest possible words:

All Civilisation is Centralisation.
All Centralisation is Economy.
Therefore all Civilisation is the survival
of the most economical (cheapest)

Darwin called it fittest, and in one sense fittest is the fittest word. Unfortunately it is always relative, and therefore liable to misunderstanding.

Your other formula is more difficult:

Under economical centralisation, Asia is cheaper
than Europe.
The world tends to economical centralisation.
Therefore Asia tends to survive, and Europe to perish.

The most brilliant part of your theory, however, is its application to thought as well as to economy. Nothing has struck me so much as its application to religions. The obvious economy of monotheism as compared with polytheism explains why the two sole monotheistic religions developed on the edges of the two great channels of trade, one at Jerusalem, the other at Mecca. You have already applied the theory to the reformation, but you have not casually, and, as it were carelessly thrown out the suggestion that atheism is still cheaper than reformed religion.

To Elizabeth Cameron

ATHENS, 10 April, 1898.

. . . .

I make desperate efforts to hear and think as little as possible about the situation, but, do what I will, I hear and think too much, and as I sit on the platform of the Pnyx, or wander over the hills at Phaleron or Eleusis, my mind wanders terribly fast between Salamis, where Xerxes is before my eyes, and Key West where our ships are waiting orders. The moment is perhaps a turning-point in history; in any case it can hardly fail to fix the lines of a new concentration, and to throw open an immense new field of difficulties. The world is abjectly helpless. It is running a race to nowhere, only to beggar its neighbors. It must either abolish its nationalities, concentrate its governments and confiscate its monopolies for social economics, or it must steadily bump from rock to rock, and founder at last, economically; while it will founder socially if it does concentrate and economise. Even so weak and wild a political member as Spain or Turkey has the power to pull down the whole fabric of the world, and the whole of Europe quivers with terror if she threatens to use it. Germany, Russia and England can agree in nothing but a division of thefts, and a tacit understanding that no part of the world shall be exempt from the exercise of their power. Behind it all, there lies an economical war which is vastly more fatal in its effects than any ordinary war of armies.

Slowly and painfully our people are waking up to the new world they are to live in, and I am, as you know, for these five years past, so absorbed in it that it gives me nervous dyspepsia, insomnia and incipient paralysis if I have to face a crisis. . . .

So I dread coming west, and dread still more the thought that I may be obliged to come west. I am too glad to remain here, and to haunt the poor, old, ridiculous, academic, pedagogic, preposterous associations of Attica. What a droll little amusing fraud of imagination it was, and how it has imposed its own valuation of itself on all respectable society down to this day! Fifty years of fortunate bloom at a lucky moment, — a sudden flood of wealth from a rich silver mine, the Rand of that day, — was all that really dazzles us; a sort of unnatural, forced flower, never strong, never restful, and always half-conscious of its own superficiality. So ridiculous a city, without excuse for existence, and without land to cultivate, water to drink, or trade to handle, no historian ever saw elsewhere. Aristophanes and Lucian are the only people who really understood it. Still, it had a certain success that I could wish had been commoner. Without being a superstitious worshipper of Athenian art, I shouldn't mind if a little of it could have survived. My brother Brooks says, — 'No! It cannot be! man is made to be cheap, and Athens was costly.' — After all, other and greater arts have gone; — Chartres and Amiens are as dead as Athens, and Michael Angelo deader than Phidias. It is a comfort to find one city that never kept shop, and where art never smelt of per-centages. I prefer it to Venice.

Rockhill and I roam all over the place, for Mrs. Rockhill[1] and Dolly[2] have gone to Olympia for three days, and left us here. One afternoon we passed at Eleusis, really an exquisite spot. All day today we have rambled along the seashore of Phalerum and the Piræus. We haunt low quarters where I bargain for coins with dirty pawn-brokers and greasy Greek peddlers. As they sell me for a dollar or two the same coins which the shops and collectors at Athens will not sell for less than ten or twenty or a hundred dollars, naturally I prefer their friendship. My coin-collection is becoming weighty. I must have bought more than a hundred since Assouan, and they afford me not only much amusement but lots of instruction. A new king turns up every day or two, of whose existence I never heard, but whose head is a medallion that all the Caesars since Julius have never been able to approach — unless it be Napoleon, who did pretty well on medals as on some other rivalries with classic triumphs. But of course the only real charm of Athens, as of all these other dry countries, is the color and the water, the mountains and the sea. . . .

April 13. Poor dear old McKinley stands like Olympian Zeus with his thunder-bolt ready, and Sir Julian Neptune[3] with the lesser Gods offering him burnt-incense. I only hope he will keep it up. The real issue is now European, and, to me, a veritable turning-point of the hinges of Hades. If we only get round that corner safely — and that corner means the Kaiser Willy to me! Then they can pick up the pieces of various shattered empires at our leisure. To think that the gold-bugs, instead of squeezing us into obedience, have squeezed Paris and London till they howl, and have forced the Bank of England to put up its rate to four per cent. in order to borrow more of our money when she can't pay what they already owe! . . .

---

[1] Caroline Adams of Philadelphia. She died in July, at Athens.

[2] Dorothy Woodville Rockhill, who married (1) Joseph Clark Hoppin and (2) Arthur Larking.

[3] Sir Julian Pauncefote (1828–1902).

Ah! I've been thinking so long of this crisis, and have cast up so many columns of figures, not to speak of our prodigious Cameron Reports of the Senate Committee,[1] on which, as far as I can see, the President and Congress have taken their stand. After all, it was you and I who did all the real fighting against the odds when Olney went back on himself and us. It was a *mauvais quart d'heure*, the Christmas holidays of '96, and poor Willy Phillips never lived to see the fight recovered. If only this week holds out right!

Meanwhile I have become an Athenian, and have half forgot that countries exist without dust and Greece. I live mostly at Rockhill's, and do little of anything. Our plans are now settled. We are all to start Saturday (16th) for a week's trip to Mycenæ, Corinth, Delphi, etc.; and on our return, as soon as possible, we go to Constantinople; from there to Bucharest, ending up at Belgrade, probably about May 20. I shall then strike for Vienna, and Rockhill will return here to his family, for the ladies do not go with us to the north. . . .

ATHENS, 20 April, 1898.

. . . .

After some delays, I got Mrs. Rockhill and Dolly to organise a *partie carrée*, with a Greek gentleman of the Foreign Office named Soutzo, to visit Mycenæ. It is no simple matter even now, to visit these Greek places, though Cook has nominally conquered Greece. I left little Mrs. George Eustis setting out with her friends to drive to Delphi, three days by land. I hope she is enjoying the days. She will be in Venice within a week, and will tell you her adventures. You can compare them with mine, and if she liked the days, you can ask about the nights.

As for us, the descent to Mycenæ was easy. Distances here are absurdly small. We left at seven o'clock in the morning; changed cars at Corinth, and reached the Mycenæ station at about two, where we had ordered a carriage and drove up to Mycenæ. Of course I was greatly interested. Yet the thing was very nearly what I expected. Except that the art was in certain ways much higher, Mycenæ is uncommonly like a ruined castle *quelconque* on the Dee or the Don. It is the citadel of a highland chief whose tastes are developed by contact with Indian Moguls. I was glad to clear my mind about it. Homer became easy, and even a little modern, as though he knew rather less about his ancient predecessors than I did. After my winter's travels Mycenæ seemed neither very old nor very difficult to understand, although its forms are different from those of Egypt and Asia Minor. I felt quite at home with Clytemnestra and Orestes and the whole lot of them, even with Odysseus. Then we drove down the valley to Argos, which is nothing, and to Tiryns, which is Mycenæ over again as a sea-port, with only the changes that a sea-port would make. Finally, at sunset, we reached our night-quarters at Nauplia.

---

[1] Adams wrote one of these reports: *Recognition of Cuban Independence*, forming the first part of Senate Report No. 1160 of the 54th Congress, 2nd Session, December 21, 1896.

What rattles one most in Greece is the food. As a rule I can eat anything, even Greek food, but I don't hanker for it. Rockhill, who hates to stir, had gone back on us, and stayed at home. Soutzo was used to the customs of his country. I was tolerably hardened to tastes and smells. Mrs. Rockhill could go hungry. But when Dolly struck goat's milk, or meat fried in goat's milk butter, she wilted and went to bed. The water and the wine are mostly as bad as the goats. Even I caved in when required to drink the resin wine, and was dangerously near sea-sickness. Dinner was therefore a modified success, but we pulled through and went to bed. The Devil, having marked us for victims, had fixed that Saturday evening for the Resurrection of Christ according to the Greek rites, and in raising Christ, the Greeks seem to think that their religion requires them to raise the Devil. Such an infernal *vacarme* I never heard. All night the little square rioted with shouts, music, processions, pistol-shots, fire-crackers, singing, howling and bells. To enliven me, I found that no little energy was necessary to clear out various previous occupants of my bed, which at least gave my midnight hours of wakefulness a useful object. Mrs. Rockhill and Dolly looked out of their window and laughed. I know not what Soutzo did. He was angelic and devoted and would have suppressed the church, had he been able, in order not to show an undignified Greece to strangers, but Easter beat him, and we passed the night as we could.

The sun came at last, and we swallowed gaily some coffee — without milk — and started off again in a carriage three hours into the mountains, just like a dry and purple Scotland. The scenery was striking, and the road fair; the breeze reasonably cool, and the world our own. History lay about so thick that we stopped noticing it. Mrs. Rockhill and Dolly chaffed Soutzo, and I tried in vain to divine whether he was really hunting Dolly or was prospecting imaginary gold mines. I liked him, but he is Greek, and unintelligible to an American mind. Mrs. Rockhill and Dolly were as curious and doubtful as I, and chiefly amused to think of what would happen when the imaginary gold mine should disappear. Poor Soutzo, very gentlemanly, obliging beyond measure, and good-natured as an angel, made himself a slave for us, and did everything except black our boots, so that I am sure he made it possible for us to do what we did; and in fact we got along most smoothly, thanks to him and a general determination to enjoy. He it was who dragged us up to the great Temple of Æsculapius, a sort of Greek Carlsbad, though so Greek, and — oh, so little German! We passed the day there, lunching under the olive-trees, and dozing in their shade; rambling over the ruins, and wondering how much better the Greeks understood health-resorts than we. The theatre was the finest in Greece. The race-course and the little opera-house and the groves of columns and statues, the reservoirs and the buildings raised by Emperors and Vanderbilts of the time, amused us awhile, though only their foundations remain. Then we drove down again to Nauplia and renewed the struggle with dinner. The night was better. Soutzo had invoked the police to stop the pistols.

Monday was eccentric. I did not care to go back to Athens without finishing my sights. Mrs. Rockhill knew that if she went back without visiting Delphi, she would have a desperate chance of ever getting there. The great Soutzo enjoyed taking us about. He undertook to get us to Delphi. Without returning to Athens, it was not easy. We had to return to Corinth, and catch a steamer which passed through the Corinth canal after midnight. Any ordinary guardian would have depended on ordinary means, but Soutzo was not ordinary. He carried us by rail to the eastern end of the canal, put us into a cart with two wheels, and carted us to the house of the Superintendent, Prince Caratheodori, and dumped us on him for the day and for dinner. It was peaceful, though not exciting, and after dinner we were put to bed till midnight, when we were put on board a tug, which intercepted the steamer, and so, at one o'clock in the morning we found ourselves on one of the dirtiest and smellingest steamers I ever saw, with one room to sleep in for the four. Soutzo, whose sense of propriety was correct, kept outside. As for me, I turned into my bunk in my boots, and Dolly into hers next to me, and Mrs. Rockhill on to a couch — for fear of insects — a foot too short for her; and we slept till the sun rose and we rose with it to land at Itea, the port for Delphi.

Rather to my surprise, Mrs. Rockhill and Dolly made violent faces at the little inn at Itea. They said they objected to the smell. To me the smell was a trifling objection compared to what I had feared, and we calmed down and started for Delphi leaving orders to have the whole house washed out in our absence. Luckily we had it to ourselves. A day later, it would have been packed by Cook's tourists, or some other tourists, who come in groups, sleep four in a room, and drive eight in a carriage if necessary. There are French tourists in bands, and German in cohorts, all worse than the Americans; and English, like the insects, in the interstices. We luckily slipped in between several gangs, and had Bœotia all to ourselves. Bœotia was worth it. *Si j'étais roi*, I should think fairly well of myself. The drive up to Delphi is very striking, and, as the road is now excellent, that part is easy as the forest of Marly. At the end of two or three hours, one finds oneself hanging to a mountain-side, two thousand feet above the valleys, and surrounded by the paraphernalia of a Greek city — temples, theatres, walls, race-courses — which all seem plunging down the hill into space. I felt oracular. Greek temples are never religious, mysterious, or very serious, and they are not even — don't quote me — very imposing. At a small distance they look small. Unlike Egyptian temples or Gothic cathedrals, they suit very well as jewel-boxes for Aphrodite, who is very much at home in them, but they suggest too much, as Aristophanes remarked, or should have remarked, when he wrote *Lysistrata* and gave it to Réjane to act, and scandalised even me. Fortunately you did not see her in it, but other Americans did, and as a rule do not mention it. She was very Greek. So is the play. So is the Parthenon. So was Delphi, I should think, perhaps the Greekest thing of all. It comes nearest being serious, and is charming; a transparent and elegant fraud that no one more than half believed in except when it suited them, but that was artistically satisfactory and scenically perfect. 'Nothing too much,' was its motto — '*Mesure en tout*,' as the French say, or don't say. '*L'excès en tout est un défaut*.'[1] There is no excess at Delphi. The horror of the priestess' cavern is unseen and quite imaginary. The mountains are just imposing enough. The valleys are just far enough off, and the olive gives the tone of color. I was immensely pleased with the wonderful taste of it, as I always am with everything Greek. Only Delphi was the loftiest experiment they made, and the most daring. It was packed dense with colonnades and statuary. Rome and Byzantium filled their streets with its marbles and bronzes. The French have just spent one or two hundred thousand dollars in digging it out again, but have found little that is perfect. Only a few fine marbles, — some very archaic and singularly interesting, — and a quite wonderful bronze of early Sicilian art, supposed to be Hiero of Syracuse, and which fascinated me more than a thousand Aphrodites could, with weird speculations about the beauty of that Sicilian world whose coins are my delight, and whose life was more Grecian than Greece itself — this was all. The place itself, plastered against the mountain, is hotter than a radiating steam-heater. In summer one must have burned there till one envied the Pythoness in her hole. Mrs. Rockhill and I toiled wearily up and down the mountain, over wastes of ruins without one patch of shade, and invoked every demon in the Pantheon to confound Greek theatres and race-courses. One could not find a spot level enough even to lie down on.

---

[1] Both Pascal and Bossuet used '*juste milieu*' which may have suggested Adams' term.

Practically this closed our adventures. We drove back to Itea and improvised a dinner. We slept peacefully and sound. We were, at seven o'clock, on our way to Athens in another of the nastiest Greek steamers that heart could wish; and we reached the Legation here soon after five o'clock in the afternoon....

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

ATHENS, 23 April, 1898.

. . . .

I have been in Athens three weeks, and have seen as much of Greece, ancient and modern, as is likely to do me any good in the next world, and I see no good in any case for this one. Athens should be taken early in life, if one wants to accept its despotism. After seeing Egypt and Syria, Italy and Japan, Greece shrinks; and after living in French Gothic and Michael Angelo Renaissance, Greek art has less to say to the simple-minded Christian. I understand better now the feelings of Cicero and Nero and Hadrian; but at bottom, Athens was always a fraud, and Aristophanes and Socrates and the rotten and impudent scepticism and cynicism and sophism of the schools expressed the character of the place very much more successfully than the artists ever succeeded in expressing religious majesty in Zeus or religious emotion in the Parthenon. Peace to the ashes of poor Palgrave! Athens leaves me cool.

Delphi is better. There the Greeks evidently put all they had of faith and soul. Delphi did not leave me cool. Its religiosity is very Japanese, to be sure, and singularly Greek and graceful in its grandeur; but it is those, though the theatre and the race-course, as usual, dispute victoriously both the place and the interest with the temple; and

Apollo evidently was more concerned with statues and decorations and lines of columns than with oracles. Still, the Greeks certainly felt their Delphi. The place has quality of its own, unlike anything else in the world, and one hardly misses the buildings because clearly the religion of the place must have been anterior to them, and rather lessened than heightened by them. In what is left of them, and of the statuary, I was glad to find that the very archaic character was quite general. At Delphi, one does not want Greek cleverness; one wants a little Greek intensity. Beautiful as Apollo and Hermes and Aphrodite are, in the later time, they much too evidently know it. At Delphi the finest bit they have discovered is a bronze statue, provisionally named Hiero of Syracuse,[1] so straight-forward, so simple, so intensely realistic, and yet so beautiful, that I returned at once to my old belief, founded on the coinage, that the greatest and best Greek was the Sicilian. Hiero is quite marvellous art.

I have also struggled down to Mycenæ and Tiryns. They are worth seeing, for they bring one's Homer quite down to fact, and they belong to the time of the Pyramids when the dead lived on earth, before the age when it was found cheaper to invent another world for them. The vaulted tombs at Mycenæ belong to the same stage of thought as the Pyramids of Gizeh and the tombs of Beni Hassan. Mycenæ itself seems to me as simple as a Dutch cheese to anyone who ever saw a Scotch valley. It is the Dee or the Don over again, only the clan-chief of Mycenæ got his ideas of art from the Tyrians and Asia Minor, while the Forbes of the Dee-side got his ideas from France and the Valois châteaus. Both the Forbes and Atrides must have got their money by mercenary service as fighters for rich foreign powers. Agamemnon was in Egyptian pay. As for Tiryns, it is merely another Scotch fortress, say at Aberdeen, with store-houses for imported wares — bonded warehouses, in short. Ephesus is a later and enlarged form of the same kind of city.

I am now tired, and hot weather has come, and I shall drop Olympia. One Greek stadium is very like another, and the Nike and the Hermes are familiar as the Venus of Milo. Tomorrow I go up to Constantinople, with my friend Rockhill, our minister here, whose happening to be minister has made my stay so long. . . .

---

[1] Now known as the Charioteer?

To Elizabeth Cameron

CONSTANTINOPLE, 29 April, 1898.

. . . .

As for me, I have been busily engaged in seeing Constantinople which is not so easy as I could wish, owing partly to its size, and partly to the jealousy of the Sultan who has shut up everything he can. Practically one is forbidden to enter any building whatever except Sta. Sophia. The old walls are about the only antiques left visible. After Cairo, the mosques are not very interesting, and there is no other architecture. If it were not for the beauty of the situation, the place would be an unredeemed hole. Still, it has done me a good turn in closing up the circuit of winter travel, and laying the perturbed spirit of a life-long curiosity....

Today Angell has taken us to the ceremony called the *Salamlik*, to see the Sultan go to midday prayer at the Palace. It was a pretty sight, on a fine day, and a curious one. I suppose I can say that I have seen Abdul-Hamid, though I did not have an audience with him as Rockhill did. I am not a wiser or a better man, but none the worse. What I saw was only the troops and the procession, much gold lace and many Turkish survivals, and the Sultan driving two white horses in a sort of pony-carriage. The landscape was the finest part of it....

The war news vexes me more than it interests. Until we get fairly to work, we shall have only the old rebellion story of newspaper rumors and small details. I presume it will take at least a month to get into a situation for making our weight tell. If we can manage to clear out Cuba and Porto Rico this summer, I shall be satisfied; but things have moved so much faster than I expected, that I may be slow. Anyway I remember 1861 too well to be impatient now. The Spaniards are the ones to suffer, and it will take time to screw down the lid on them until they squeal. Just how weak they are, a few months will show. Thus far, they show even weaker than I expected. It remains to be seen whether they can manage their ships. Nothing yet shows that they can do anything, and until they try to do something, I shall try not to worry.

May 1. *Sunday.* What on earth is this report of Roosevelt's resignation?[1] Is his wife dead? Has he quarrelled with everybody? Is he quite mad? I calculate that the Spanish fleet which is now giving such a *mauvais quart d'heure* to our good Bostonians that they are afraid to go to Beverly Farms, will show, within a fortnight, what it can do. Logically, a squadron putting itself in such a situation, ought to be destroyed to the last man; but things do not always or instantly result according to logic, and if the Spanish squadron succeeds in escaping destruction, and still more if it does us serious injury, and destroys our sea-power, there is a long story before us. I calculate that within a fortnight, we shall be able to judge something of what the Spaniards can do. In that case I shall be quite ready for Paris by the 18th.

---

[1] To raise the regiment of Rough Riders and take part in the war with Spain.

Meanwhile Rockhill and I start this evening for Sofia. We have not altogether thrown away our time here, but I have not been either to Broussa or to Hissarlik, both of which I greatly wanted to visit. Broussa would take three or four days, and Troy is very inaccessible. So I go away as though I left Venice without seeing Ravenna, or Athens without seeing Mycenæ. It is a pity, for I shall hardly return....

The Angells had a dinner for Rockhill, as I had remarked above, and various Balkan diplomates were there. Another person was there who might interest you more, and whom I talked with a long while — poor Mavroyeni.[1] He is desperately and plaintively homesick. He cannot leave Constantinople without special permission from the Sultan himself. Naturally Constantinople is a residence far from gay even to the Sultan, and what it is to his officials I can only guess, but my guess is partly founded on the abject terror they openly affect. Apparently the exhibition is a part of required etiquette. Constantinople is a blooming Hades, as Ruddy Kipling would say. It is the gloomiest spot on earth; worse than Berlin, or Paris, in December. Mavro yearns for Washington and would only be too glad, he says, to be left there in peace for life.

I rather agree with him. Europe impresses me more and more with a singular sense of melancholy and unpicturesque decay, cheap, vulgar, and hopelessly German. Constantinople is only another, and perhaps the worst, face of the rotten building. The difference from the Europe of forty years ago is deep as life itself; the difference between manhood and age. We shall have to go back to Washington.

SOFIA, 3 May, 1898.

We duly quitted the Sultan's dominions on Sunday evening, as we had arranged to do, and once more, after three months' vacation, I got back to the sleeping-car and the land-travel, which I hate. Dirty as steamers are, they are cleaner than trains, and their resources are cosmos itself in comparison. When I struggled with an atrocious liquid they called coffee, yesterday morning, we were already in Bulgaria, and a very pretty, agricultural country it is, like Italy from Milan to Bologna, with no cities, and women still in charming costumes, and men still in sheep-skins with the wool inside. All looked well-to-do and contented, and I quite felt like being a little king of such an ideal little kingdom, till we got to Sofia and saw what a little capital I should have to live in. It is quite a nice little residence, with a lot of wild Albanian Turkish picturesqueness, a Russian military, and a German architecture. We strolled all over it in half an hour, but searched in vain for a shop to ask for a guide-book or a newspaper. The streets were broad and straight and cleaned, and the sunset was fine, and the mountains rose rather snowily to the south, but the shops contained only cheap German goods, and the street-lamps were still oil. A simple spot to live in, but said to be not unpleasant for one so young. I suggested calling on Backmechieff[1] — how do you spell him — but Rockhill thought Mrs. Back[mechieff] was in America, and as he seemed shy, I did not care to venture. We strolled an hour, and saw it all three times over. The Prince is away, nursing his mother. If I were Prince I also should nurse my mother, away.

---

[1] One time Turkish Minister at Washington.

Then we came back to dinner with the singular sensation, that one has at Cheyenne or Spokane, of being at least twenty-four hours from everywhere, and the land-lady brought us newspapers from Vienna and Buda-Pest, and the day's telegrams of Reuter, and there and then I read aloud to Rockhill the news that we had bombarded Cadiz.[2] We promptly had a fit.

Our navy has gone and been and done it, this time, sure! That stroke is way up to the classic level of Truxtun and Preble and Decatur and Isaac Hull! I can't yet quite follow it up to its remote consequences, but the first is that our people will feel as though they had settled a part of the score of the *Maine*. So far, good!

---

[1] George Bakhméteff, second Secretary of Russian Legation in 1877, married Mamy Beale.

[2] 'So, not Cadiz, as the telegram said, but Cavite! and the change of hemisphere gave me a sharp disappointment. Still, Rockhill and I drink Dewey's health regularly every hour or two, and I guess that Cavite will serve for the moment. Now for the flying squadron and Schley! . . .

'Meanwhile, here I am at Belgrade! which is like being in the last century without picturesqueness. A deadly little place it is — a political, social and economical mistake from the start.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 5 May, 1898.

To John Hay

BELGRADE, 5 May, 1898.

Here I am, and have been for a week, travelling about to inspect the President's representatives in the Balkans, and to keep Rockhill in order, but have got to the end of both; for King Milan has shut up Rockhill here for an indefinite time, — apparently during his good pleasure, — and I can't go on alone to Bucharest. So I have got to turn westward at last, and, if you keep an eye out to windward, you will probably see me running into port somewhere about June 1st.

Naturally I use nautical terms, seeing that we are all nautical just now, and have our eyes fixed seaward. Queer that in our day, good Bostonians should be still trembling, like their ancestors in the 16th century, for fear of a Spanish armada! I hardly know myself whether I am reading the Critic or Amyas Leigh. In a day or two more, I suppose we shall see that Spanish fleet which is not yet to be seen because it is not in sight, or for some other reason. I am dying of sheer curiosity to learn what Dewey has done at Cavite, for the Spanish account obviously omits all his serious work. Still more anxious am I for Schley's turn-up on the Atlantic.

Of course, in theory, not a single Spanish ship or land-soldier ought to escape capture or destruction. They have taken risks far greater than those of the old Armada. If they succeed in winning any successes, things will be drawn out; but I expect in any case that diplomacy must now become pretty active, and as this is likely to be the last considerable settlement I shall witness, and as London is likely to be the spot where one can see most, I intend to bestow on that commercial and rotten metropolis a portion of the coming summer. You may as well, therefore, resign yourself to that infliction.

Europe has stood the financial strain of Spanish collapse without a total break-down, and is evidently delighted. Apparently our strength saved her, for the Bank pulled through only because we wanted no more gold. They seem to admit that we had the means of insisting on it, if we had needed it. Our financial supremacy is, for the time, established. But the worst and most nauseous dose Europe has yet had to suffer is the sight of our flag over Manila. Will not England — or Russia — want us to stay there? You have a new game to play, and I hardly see my clue. My own little game of two years ago is played out and won in far less time than I expected. I had not prepared myself for the new deal, and don't quite feel as though I knew the value of the cards or of the players. Whose hand is the heroic President playing, anyway? Is it New York and Cleveland? Is he on the make? Who is behind him? Is it a syndicate, financial, political, or what?

At Belgrade, one sees the Danube, or a piece of it, but not far across it, and the Cardinal Major President is more of a problem to me than all the Balkan peninsula. At this distance I see none of his tricks — real or assumed — I see only the steady development of a fixed intent, never swerving or hesitating even before the utterly staggering responsibility of war. It is no use to tell me that McKinley has wavered or weakened or has had to be forced on. He has done it; and, though I call myself rather a reckless political theorist, he has gone far beyond me, and scared me not a little. No wonder if he has scared himself. In his place I should have gone to bed and stayed there. What does he want next? What should I want, in his place? To clear out the West Indies! That is as good as done! — Hawaii! He can take it with a word! But what of China? What of the East? What of Europe? By the horns of the moon, I know not where the ambition of the man may stop, for he holds the sceptre of the world — if Schley puts in his work.

Naturally I have stayed here in order to escape the bother of noise and idiocy that always begins a war, and I have tried to think of everything rather than it. If we get a licking, I don't want to be there; and if we win, I expect to turn up to watch the next hand. So I have wandered in the ruins of Baalbeck, and Ephesus, Eleusis and Mycenæ and Tiryns and Delphi, and have explored ancient Byzantium and modern Athens, and tracked the failures of civilisation over thousands of miles of country where every village is historical and every stream has run with blood, and all is now more desert and more barbarous than it was in the time of Homer. This is cheering — it is even a beautiful dream. But it has really taught me only one lesson, and that at an expense of three or four pounds bestowed on the noble oriental. You remember the Greek coins which so much puzzled me at Cairo. I could not comprehend how the finest Greek coins, worth anywhere from five pounds to fifty, should be held in the bazaars, by adjoining shop-keepers, at prices differing between four shillings and forty. Accordingly I bought specimens — naturally at the lowest price — wherever I met them — at Cairo, Damascus, Smyrna and Athens, — with increasing wonder, for the specimens became rarer and finer and cheaper as I went on. At last I had eight or ten of these coins, with the peculiarity of washing clean and bright, unlike genuine coins which usually wash down to the stain of time, and show a more or less rich oxydation. I had no means of weighing them, which is one of the surest tests. At last, at Constantinople, I ran the thing down. A scamp of a jeweller at Alexandria, by collusion with the guardian of the coins at the Museum there, made a series of about a hundred and fifty forgeries, which would deceive the righteous, and with these he has deluged the Levant. The forgeries are large and small, and I suppose include gold coins, and especially the rarest. I have seen only about thirty. The Syracuse is one; the Alexander another; and so on. I am curious to see whether the scamp has managed to keep the weights. I am also curious to get a complete set of them for protection and comparison.

Rockhill sends his professional and personal regards. Convey the assurances, etc., to your amiable family.

To Brooks Adams

GRAND HOTEL HUNGARIA, BUDA-PEST, 7 May, 1898.

. . . .

So I have worked up to Hungary, where I find a very different situation, and one which gives me much food for reflection. I was always puzzled to understand why the best electric street-car system was called the Buda-Pest. In ten minutes after arriving here, I caught on to it from merely seeing the streets. Buda-Pest and Hungary itself are a new creation.

Just now I'm not writing history, and still less a guide-book, and if Buda-Pest detains me twenty-four hours, it is not because I enjoy either its art or its industry; but I make the note for your future use. Buda-Pest is the first place I have struck that really leads to Russia and the future. When you make your journey there, you had better take in the lower Danube.

As far as I can see, the present Hungary is the child of State-Socialism in a most intelligent and practical form. In principle there is no apparent limit to its application. The railways, etc., are all, or nearly all, designed, built, run and owned by and for the State. The forests, the mines, the banks, the very street-cars, and, for all I know, the babies and the pug-dogs, are, or might be, in principle, made, bred and educated solely by and for the governing commissions or committees. What is more curious, the result seems to be reasonably consistent with a degree of individual energy and character. As one form of future society, it deserves a little attention, especially in connection with Russia; and, as it represents to me the possible future with which I sincerely wish I may have nothing to do, I recommend it to your notice. To me it seems to demonstrate that the axiom of what we are civil enough to call progress, has got to be: — All monopolies will be assumed by the State; as a corollary to the proposition that the common interest is supreme over the individual.

Enough of that! I touch on it only with reference to the next Presidential campaign, which, if you feel obliged to take part in, you must lift off from silver, and lift in to Socialism. Not that I love Socialism any better than I do Capitalism, or any other Ism, but I know only one law of political or historical morality, and that is that the form of Society which survives is always in the Right; and therefore a statesman is obliged to follow it, unless he leads. Progress is Economy! Socialism is merely a new application of Economy, which must go on until Competition puts an end to further Economies, or the whole world becomes one Socialistic Society and rots out. One need not love Socialism in order to point out the logical necessity for Society to march that way; and the wisdom of doing it intelligently if it is to do it at all.[1]

---

[1] 'As for the war, it is a God-send to all the young men in America. Even the Bostonians have at last a chance to show that they have emotions. Mabel [Hooper] writes me that they have come up to time. But the fun to me is to see our political propaganda so much more successful than we ever imagined. Economically America is strong as the Rocky Mountains; the shock of war, which pulverised poor Spain and squeezed the Bank of England dry, has merely demonstrated our strength. Dewey's shooting has startled even Austria. We are already an Asiatic power! You and I hardly expected as much when we ran the December Report of '96. When the tide does run, it runs fast.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, Vienna, 9 May, 1898.

'I got here [Vienna], according to time-table, without exchanging a word with anyone more important than a railway conductor, since I left you, except for half an hour's conversation yesterday with C[harlemagne] Tower, H. E., etc., etc., etc., who turns out to be one of my old scholars.

'Vienna is the most changed spot I have yet struck. I recognize nothing. It is practically all new since 1859 when I was last here. It bores me, of course, for it is wholly Americanised and Judaised; has lost all local color and all its style; but it's time for me to go to Heaven anyway, and if Sampson and Schley will only hurry up that Porto Rico show, I'm ready to go. Theodore Roosevelt, Willy Chanler, George Eustis and everyone else have gone to the fair already. Let's hope the poor Spaniards will show more fight than they did at Manila; but I doubt it. That was Spain all over.' — To William Woodville Rockhill, 19 May, 1898.

IX

PARIS AND SURRENDEN DERING

1898

To John Hay

[Paris,] Hôtel Brighton, Tuesday, 17 May, 1898.

My address has been *chez* Hottinguer ever since the world was young and happier than it is now, though it is improving rapidly and making vast strides towards perfection. Four months ago when I left this hostelry with you, the world still had some vague semblance of order, though Zola already showed what was coming. To my intense regret, Zola has not yet been sent to the devil or his island, though his last volume — *Paris* — merits, in my weary apology of a mind, punishment infinitely worse than good healthy treason ever got; but hopefully I trust that even he will come to judgment, and meanwhile Joe Chamberlain has taken his place on the penitent stool. What calm and ultramarine-blue joy do you suppose I took out of his last speech! Intuition be hanged! Some ribald and coarse jokes of our childhood rise to my lips when people talk of guess-work. The whole situation of western Europe today was as clear two years ago as now, and as mathematically demonstrable from its economics; but people were interested in shutting their eyes. Every man in the world who owns a dollar is intuitively a liar to himself and the world. Only paupers and anarchists like me can afford to study the exchanges and see where empire must go. Joe Chamberlain is also by nature a pirate and a robber, — that is to say, endowed with a certain intelligence, and he sees and tells what the stupid want to know.

The next two months will be a trying time, for, until the new harvest, all the industries and the labor of Europe must pay a heavy tax to us. Normal conditions can hardly be recovered before August. At the rate things have gone since January, the world by August would be a fifth-century chaos. I have not seen the trade-returns since January, but I imagine they are worse for Europe than last year. If so, England must continue to squeeze India and the other debtor countries; France must make more losses; Germany must reduce prices again, and intensify competition to famine rates; and Russia will have to look to her finances. Austrian difficulties, already insuperable, will be aggravated. All southern Europe, already under military law from Cadiz to Persia, will be beyond even convulsions, which at least imply life. Our war is only a symptom of our economic strength and of European decline. Lord Salisbury has been kind enough to give his adhesion to the diagnosis drawn from economics, and Chamberlain is more pessimist even than I was in January. The point where my curiosity hinges, however, is, as you know, not Europe or America or China, but India. The economics of India are bound to control us all. When India brings England — that is, the money-market — to its knees on the silver question, you may know that the great political revolution is not far off. For the love of the holy dollar, study that! Our daily champagne hangs on it.

As soon as I can get my teeth sharpened, and a new false set made, I shall come over to take care of you. Diplomacy must soon begin to count heavily in the scrimmage. After much talk with Tower[1] at Vienna, I incline to think — though very doubtfully — that our first step should be to notify Goluchowski that we are as anxious as Austria is to save the dynasty in Spain, and that we will make any reasonable concession which will tend that way. Austria and Germany are ready to sacrifice Spain to almost any extent, if they can only save the Queen. To be sure, the business of dynasty-saving has become a desperate one, but the dynasts now care for little else, and we are not yet interested in overthrowing them. Austria will throw all her weight on Spain to bring about a settlement, and not only Austria but Russia and perhaps Germany, will do their utmost to prevent our throwing ourselves into an English policy. At least, I am clear that our best chance for an early peace is to press on Austria.

As you know, this war is none of mine. My scheme was a very different one, and if war had followed, it would have been Spain's act, and all the Spanish American States would have been openly on our side. The *Maine* affair upset everything. The true culprits were Cleveland and Olney, but that is now past history. Our great object is henceforward to make peace. All my interest is set on that point, and to keep us out of the European chaos. It seems to be no easy matter, for Europe is like a sinking ship that drags us all down in the vortex. The confounded wreck sinks so fast that I'm afraid we have no time. If Schley can catch that Spanish squadron, its destruction might help us, but I expect to hear that the Spanish squadron has doubled on its tracks and will run out to sea again, to reappear, if anywhere, off the New England coast. I cannot imagine even a Spaniard mad enough to run into a cul-de-sac like the Gulf of Mexico....

---

[1] Charlemagne Tower (1848–1923).

To Sir Robert Cunliffe

Paris, 19 May, 1898.

Your letter of May 6 reached me only on my arrival at Paris two days ago. I forgot that no one can be expected to remember their friends' bankers, but it happens that Baring and Hottinguer have been mine for forty years, and my address seemed to me as notorious as that of the monkeys in the Zoo. Not that it matters! I am apt to be a little vague on such matters in order to give lazy correspondents an excuse for laziness if they want one. You have never been in that class. But I did not expect you to answer my letter. After a blow like yours, one is not oneself for a long time. The violence of the nervous shock upsets one's mental balance, and the most that the wisest can do to maintain an appearance of self-control is to say nothing. To this day, so completely was I torn out of my mental habits by my shock, I have never recovered self-confidence so far as to resume a place in society or active life. I always figure myself as out of the race. With that condition of mind, one can't get back into it. Different men are differently affected, but few are so hard as to be quite sane after a sudden and violent distress. Above all, very few can write without saying more or less than they want.

You tell me nothing of your future — whether it is changed, or how it will be affected; or of your children. Some day I will hear it all from you. Just now I have got back to Paris by way of Constantinople, Sofia, Belgrade, and Vienna; and as soon as my dentist lets me go, I shall cross to London. Year by year, since 1893, the world has acquired new interests to me, until now, within the last six months, a wild curiosity has mastered my mind to outlive the rotten old society of which we were once a part. Now that I have the authority of Lord Salisbury and Joe Chamberlain to back up the results I had figured out by travel and statistics, and the amiable Zola to bear me out on the moral aspect of the case, I feel all right and highly encouraged. Of all parts of the world I know, the rottenest are Paris and London. I have passed the last year in or about Paris. Now it is time to go to work on London, and I propose to give the summer to it.

Our Spanish war, though personally very interesting, enters for little in the beauty of the general landscape. Rotten as Spain is, or was, it can gangrene without poisoning all Europe. Economically it counted for little. Even Paris can rot to pieces slowly without much affecting the shell of society. But the decay of England announces the downfall of our whole nineteenth-century world, and its economical religion. Not that I expect anything better! My life can at the utmost only reach into the collapse. I have lived through most of one Utopian life, and Socialism has no charm for me. My feeling is rather that of an old man of ninety who wants to outlive one or two other old men, to see how their estates cut up.

This is quite a Parisian attitude of mind. Probably London has not yet reached the point of calmly contemplating its own toes. London was never given to that sort of self-inspection. How long a time it will need to get there, I can't imagine, but there are Jews enough in it to bring it there at last, for the Jew is singularly impersonal in such matters, and can turn on himself quicker than any race I know. So I hope to cultivate the London Jew, and learn wisdom from the Synagogue.

I found the southeast of Europe in a condition to gladden the heart of Satan. Turkey is in a nightmare. Constantinople is lurid. Austria in some ways is almost equally desperate. The best informed people there think its dissolution inevitable. Italy I did not visit. If I had gone down there, I should have tumbled directly into the Milan outbreak. Even here in Paris I am a little nervous. The Zola outbreak did for a time relieve the nervous tension, but at any moment it may break out again. Here as there, the only cohesive force of society is its money and the army. The money seems to lose power, and the army wobbles with the capitalists. Unless industry can in some way develope new sources of profit, the whole machine must run down.

My cheerful optimism does not go to the extent of wishing to convert anyone to my views. It is quite personal to myself, and not in the least propagandist. So you need not fear that I shall preach my gospel among your English heathen. All I do is to look on at the play, and mentally criticise the actors.

Just now I am doing little but go to Paris plays. They are not very good, and are apt to be simply disgusting, but one has to know what is doing. Literature has as yet offered me nothing new that is good. I shall go to the *Salon* as soon as I catch a free morning. Paris still swarms with Americans in spite of the war, but most of my friends and relations have put on uniforms and expect to do some fighting, although I fear they will have to fight disease rather than Spaniards. My field of activity is much more on the side of making peace than war, and I hope that before the summer is over we may begin to see a way out of the imbroglio. Whenever the Spaniards have satisfied their *pundonor*, we can begin to talk sense. Perhaps, by that time, however, Europe will have tied itself up in such a knot that sense won't have a chance. All my hopes are turned to getting America out of the scrape.

To John Hay

HÔTEL BRIGHTON, 26 May, 1898.

. . . .

The American news comes exactly to my calculated date. The Spaniards have collapsed without even a fight. That they should have absolutely given us their fleet was more than even I expected, but it hurries the moment for your usefulness. Another week or two will bring us to the preliminaries of a settlement.

What we shall want now is to settle our own ideas. What are we going to ask? I want peace, and am willing to concede much. For instance, I would propose an armistice based on liberal terms like these:

Spain recognises the independence of Cuba. She grants complete autonomy to Porto Rico, on the lines of Canadian self-government, and the entire withdrawal of her military and naval occupation, with admission of the formal guaranty of the United States for the performance of the contract. The United States shall withdraw her forces from the Philippines, on condition of retaining a harbor of convenient use for a coaling station. In consideration of these concessions, the United States will not exact a war indemnity.[1]

These points cover all that I think necessary to ask from Spain; but they ought to imply of necessity the annexation of Hawaii and the purchase of St. Thomas. These are essentials in a settlement that abandons the idea of conquest.

If we can get these points admitted by Russia and France, I've little doubt that Austria would jump at them, and all the powers would press Spain to accept them. The only question would then be how to give the Queen[1] strength enough to carry them through. There has got to be a practical *coup d'état* in Spain, or a fall of the dynasty, in any case. Probably Martínez Campos[2] or some other military chief must challenge a contest with the Carlists and depend on the army for its result. His only chance is in the support of the great powers. We had better let them run that part of the programme.

---

[1] 'I had drawn up a little project which was yours almost verbatim. The weak point in both of our schemes is the Senate. I have told you many times that I did not believe another important treaty would ever pass the Senate. What is to be thought of a body which will not take Hawaii as a gift, and is clamoring to hold the Philippines?' — Hay to Adams, 27 May, 1898. *Letters and Diaries of John Hay*, III. 126.

Compare with terms of the President in Day's despatch to Hay, June 3, printed in Dennett's *John Hay*, 190.

What we need most is to get our government as quickly as possible to formulate its terms of peace. You ought to do that, since your position requires you to know what language you are to hold. No one except you, on this side of the water, can speak with so much authority, or needs so much to look ahead. England is the present leverage of all our action in Europe. In great probability the President will wish you to be at least one of the negotiators of peace, and will try to negotiate in London.[3]

To William Woodville Rockhill

2 CLARGES STREET, LONDON, W., Sunday, 12 June, 1898.

I would have written sooner had I not been busier than an Athenian statesman, trying to settle myself for the summer. Of course I had nothing to say, but that would have been always something, — indeed, just now everything; for if we don't hear something very decisive from Spain within a few days, we shall be luckier than I expect. I sit here gasping. As far as any information reaches here, I should say that Spain was about to disappear from the map. Her government collapsed when Canovas died. Nothing but a shell remains, and we shall smash that, next week. At least that is the way it looks here. Then comes another acute spasm — a Spanish question— on top of a Turkish and South African and Far Eastern and Egyptian and God knows what more; and the Canaries a bit of plunder about which every nation in Europe will want to fight every other. The curious thing is that no one seems to see it. Except our own wise selves! The last great failure of my destiny will remain the loss of my ship at Athens. Dewey cheated me of immortality. With those ships, you and I in command, at the Canaries, the world would have stood in terror....

---

[1] Maria Christina Christina (1858–1929), widow of Alphonso XII and queen-regent of Spain (1885–1902).

[2] Arsenio Martínez de Campos (1831–1900).

[3] 'I want peace. I want it quick. I want it at any reasonable sacrifice. I want it before we are obliged to annex Spain itself, in order to save our own heads. I want it before all Europe is dragged into a war of partition over the Canaries, and Ceuta, and the Philippines and all the rest. I want it before we are thrown into England's arms, or forced to pull her chestnuts out of the fire. I want it in order to recover our true American policy, which Congress has abandoned and McKinley has betrayed, but which must be the basis of every future extension towards Asia. I want to save Cuba from the sugar-planters and syndicates whose cards McKinley will play, and who are worse than Spain. I wish I thought McKinley would "have a peace patched up in a week." He could have no peace which would not be satisfactory. In any case Spain has ceased to be an American power. . . . I am always thinking of the next Presidential election, and of what we are to say two years hence. Hanna will drive us to Bryan — and then! Much as I loathe the régime of Manchester and Lombard Street in the nineteenth century, I am glad to think I shall be dead before I am ruled by the Trades Unions of the twentieth.' — To Brooks Adams, 11 June, 1898.

Spain is moribund, and has not strength enough even to lie down and die. That is no great harm, but Europe will have to divide the heritage with us, and that is impossible. I can see no possible plan of division that would satisfy anybody.

There is nothing to be done. Everything that can be done, has been done. Nothing short of a *coup d'état* in Spain, and a military dictatorship can make peace; and that is a droll programme for military heroes. I expect hourly to hear that the whole blooming Spanish empire has vanished, as it did in 1808, and that chaos has settled on Europe, as it did then. The more I study it, the rottener it seems to me, and the more necessary and imminent the collapse. A European war is mathematically certain. As I figure it out, the only doubtful and perhaps decisive element, of x, is the next harvest....

So the Major takes Cleveland's old droppings of diplomacy at Byzantium! I love the Jews. If I did not, life would be now a dreary thing. At the same time the Major is running the most miraculous government America ever saw, and if there is to be trouble with anyone but Spain, I fear the Major will lose a reëlection. A lively crop of scandals is going to be reaped anyway, whatever happens to the corn and the pigs....

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

SURRENDEN DERING, ASHFORD, 26 June, 1898.

I have been as busy as a saint in a stew-pan since I last wrote you, trying to find summer quarters for my friends the Camerons, and at last, after desperate struggles, have attained a sort of Nirvana here, where Mr. Cameron has taken a house about the size of Versailles, on the main South Eastern line between Dover and London. Here, with them, I shall make my head-quarters for the present, and if you come up to London, I hope you will spare a sufficient time to run on as far as Ashford, or rather to Pluckley, the local station, ten minutes short of Ashford, and waste some time from the sad season gaining. The country is charming, and the place is a whole three-volume Scott's novel. Of London I have next to nothing to tell you. Everyone there had the old preoccupied look that we know so well — the look of the London season. 'God bless me! another man to be civil to! As though I weren't engaged to dinner a month ahead!' I left a few cards — very few — and hurried away as fast as I could to spare them the trouble of remembering three months hence that they had not returned them. The Hays were visible at lunch, but my conscience reproached me even for taking their time. So I can give you no gossip, social, political or literary. Perhaps I have been a little more cautious than usual not to talk politics for fear that I might seem to be meddling. Just now, when peace negotiations may at any moment be opened, I might innocently annoy Hay by saying — or not saying — what nonsense is my habit to talk by way of holding my tongue. There are idiots enough of the amateur diplomate class without counting me. But I keep my rooms in Clarges Street, and expect to go up for a day or two every week. My brother Brooks and his wife will probably come over next week. In fact, brothers, nephews and nieces are likely to be plenty as the hops in my county. I shall potter about on a mild cob, and explore the country lanes, and wait for summer, and then farming with the natives. I wish you could have heard me yesterday solemnly questioning the landlord, Sir Henry Dering,[1] about the shooting, the hunting and the hops! . . .[2]

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

ASHFORD, 3 September, 1898.

. . . .

I am already thinking of my return to America, and wondering whether Rip van Winkle really found anything changed, compared with me.

---

[1] Sir Henry Neville Dering (1839–1906).

[2] 'We are rapidly getting through our summer campaign and our guests, including the Hays, will soon be all gone. On the whole, the experiment has been pleasant to us, and I hope to them. I am not particularly or exuberantly young or hilarious, and find the world excellently good, but hardly worth very violent effort. Still I think I enjoy it as much as the Ambassador-Secretary enjoys his promotion — perhaps more. The suburbs, outskirts and edges of importance satisfy my appetite for dignity.' — To Gaskell, 30 August, 1898.

Probably not! The world changed little then. It has changed frightfully of late in one respect. I can hear of nothing to read. In this beautiful warm weather I miss books. One is obliged all day to look at sheep. It is *bête*. Occasionally I lose my temper and swear at human stupidity like our army in Cuba, but I took it all back last week when I devoted six days to studying the first volume of the Evidence before the India Commission which sparkles with wit and humor, especially Lord Rothschild's remarks; yet it is sad to think that few people will enjoy it as I do. Indeed I have known people who denied humor to Aristophanes and Little Alice, and how can a Rothschild expect universal appreciation. All the same, I have no books, and am idiotic.[1]

To William Woodville Rockhill

SURRENDEN DERING, ASHFORD, 24 August, 1898.

. . . .

Your friends have not in the least forgotten you in the changes of the cards. Everything will be done to bring you back, or relieve your strain. We shall need time to find out what can be done. Hay has been ordered home, to be sure, but he knows as yet almost as little as you do about the situation there, or whether he is to have any control either of policy or patronage.[2] Both the President and the Senate are unknown elements, not to speak of the retiring Secretary [Day]. Hay needs help badly. He has no one to rely upon, and the Cabinet, as far as I know, is a heavy load to carry. I can conceive of no foreign policy likely to satisfy anybody, but that is only one difficulty. He is surrounded by embarrassments of all sorts, and although I think he will get through them, I don't yet know how many friends he can carry with him. It may be, as it commonly is, a question of patience.

---

[1] 'Never have I felt so stodgy and stupid, so bankrupt of thoughts, plans and energies. Day after tomorrow I go to town to see the Hays start for America, and with them to see the hope of some fun coming in the future. For poor Hay has got a fearful mire to wade through, and I am a gilded butterfly on his cart-wheel, or at least a house-fly on the adjoining window.' — To Gaskell, Monday, 12 [September, 1898].

'Thanks for your kind remarks about the Embassy. My friend Hay is singular. All my life I have lived in the closest possible personal relations with men in high office. Hay is the first one of them who has ever expressed a wish to have me for an associate in his responsibilities. Evidently something is wrong with Hay — or with me.

'For the rest do not trouble your sleep on the matter. Poor Hay wants help terribly, and, if he called on me, I should no doubt be obliged to do whatever he wished; but he will never be given that amount of liberty. Nothing short of a cataclysm in America could throw up men without political backing into offices of cabinet rank.' — To the same, 4 October, 1898.

[2] Hay was at this time at Surrenden Dering.

Patience is a poor word to use to you, and although I have found it true that most things come to those that wait, I have also found that they are apt to come too late, when one no longer can get any good from them. You had better reserve as many cards as your sleeve will hold. While you write to your political friends, to consult them, I think it would be worth while to sound about to see what else is open in government employ, and whether you can't slip in somewhere *en attendant*. How would it be to strike for your old place as Third Secretary? In that case you give the Major two political offices to fill. There is also the Library — or some temporary employment.[1]

To Henry White

SURRENDEN DERING, ASHFORD, Monday, [September? 1898.]

If you tumble — or can manage to tumble — onto this new English-German-Russian arrangement,[2] and can disseminate your information as far as Surrenden without impropriety, I would listen with curiosity and interest to the tale.

Of course, it is none of my affair. The Five Commissioners are not acquaintances of mine, and I'm not likely even to see them. But if there is — as seems to be certain — an English-German-Russian approachment, it is desirable for even a simple citizen to know it, for it will not tend to help your late chief, and my domestic comforts next winter will somewhat depend on his digestion.[3]

[1] 'Hay started yesterday for Washington.... Here is the future Secretary of State crossing the late Secretary and his Peace Commissioners in the middle of the ocean, as though they had agreed to have nothing in common. Hay does not yet know whether he can appoint a bootblack, and of course he is as much in the dark as to his political influence as you or I see. I imagine him to be very low in his mind, but probably that would be the case anyway....

'Although quite willing to let the newspapers do the grumbling, I am obliged to own that, without doing a little on my own account, I cannot answer your letter or explain your own situation. The Major is evidently a very bad business man, and the State Department is probably as chaotic and heedless as the War Department. Any private business, so managed, would, as the Major has experienced, become bankrupt. You can judge for yourself, on these data, what the chances are, all round.' — To William Woodville Rockhill, 15 September, 1898.

[2] This may refer to the reported desire of the Kaiser to form a coalition against American expansion. See Dennett, *John Hay*, 278–281.

[3] 'Harry White came to speed us at Waterloo. I promised him to support him for the Embassy if he wished! *Quousque tandem!* Cataline that I am! But he says that Porter is eager for it, so I need not lie awake o'night to work for Whitelaw.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 5 November, 1898.

'John Hay stumbled over me at my very door-step, and came in to sit an hour, chatting, not, as you might imagine, about affairs of state, but about you and the family and personal humors of the situation. Not that he made any secret about the affairs of state, — on the contrary — but by common consent they bore us both, and it is an effort to discuss them. We did not even mention the embassy, although Spencer Eddy who came in after dinner was disposed to chaff about it, and rather surprised me by saying that for a time they had actually some idea they might make something of me. To my vast relief, it is now pretty well understood that [James] McMillan is to go to London. Of course there are objections to him as to everybody, but as long as the present *entente* lasts, all we need in London is a man who will hold his tongue and feed the pigs. McMillan should be better than most. Joe Choate is the fancy candidate, but New York swarms with featherless diplomates.' — To the same, 15 November, 1898.

X

WASHINGTON

1898–1899

To Elizabeth Cameron

[Washington], 21 November, 1898.

. . . .

The days slip away, for the most part, in the mild amusement of destroying all the papers, books and other rubbish that I can lay hands on, or in weighing and cataloguing Greek coins, until noon, when someone generally comes to breakfast.... At four o'clock, Hay generally comes for a walk, and we tramp to the end of 16th Street discussing the day's work at home and abroad. Then at five we get back to Mrs. Hay's tea where someone, agreeable or otherwise, generally drops in. About six I return to my den, and close my day. So ends the first lesson....

The impression I get is rather sympathetic and pleasant. Washington at this season is almost as villageous as ever, and people are as informal and simple as in the First Dynasty and the age of Cheops. Mostly they are rather soothing, as I felt by contrast one evening when Wayne [MacVeagh] dropped in, trying furiously to be genial. Hay is especially loyal. I am sure he makes an effort to show that office is a pure fungoid, and not a part of his nature. Yet, as far as I can see, his office has been so thoroughly looted, or is so pawned in advance, both in patronage and in policy, that he might as well look on from outside as stand within. He was not even allowed to appoint an Assistant Secretary. If he has anything to say about the British Embassy, he affects a secrecy which contradicts all his apparent behavior. He tells me that such and such candidates are out of it; that Hitt and Wolcott and McMillan are for different reasons impossible; that Choate is most favorably considered; that Platt and Quigg are playing with Depew and Whitelaw Reid, and nothing they say can be trusted. But at the same time he says that, while he could create an efficient diplomatic service, he is not allowed to use even the instruments he has at hand — meaning Rockhill and me — and has not a single diplomatic agent who can be utilised to advantage. I believe all this to be true. You will appreciate how glad I am of it. To refuse him my help would be most disagreeable to me; but to accept office would be misery. What I like — for I am, as you have often truly said, a mass of affectation and vanity — is to have people make me pretty speeches, which they do, and to grin behind their backs, as they do behind mine.

As for policy, the helplessness matters less, because no question of policy is involved. All was fixed in advance, and has no credit for Hay except the cheap success — or failure — in trading with the Senate to carry it out, and even that will be done by McKinley who is easily first in genius for manipulation. McKinley is more than I thought. He is just the President for us in our present condition. Clearly we are bound to go, soul and body, into the hands of the gold-bug — wealth individualised, — until a violent convulsion sweeps away the Cimex, and substitutes the socialistic hemiptera commonly called lice. As Dr. Johnson once remarked: 'Sir, there is no settling the point of precedency between a louse and a flea.' Between McKinley, with his Hannas, and the coming trades-union administration with its cheaper and feebler Bryans, I will give no precedence except in time, but surely McKinley is better than we had any right to expect....

Tuesday. [22d.] Joe Choate is now far away at the head of the field for England. Platt[1] does it to spite Whitelaw and break him down. It will be a very brilliant and excellent appointment, but a terrible pecuniary sacrifice and expense to Choate. The expense of that Embassy has become a serious difficulty in filling it, and practically shuts it up in New York....

TUESDAY, 29 November, 1898.

Winter has come down on us this time like a howling herd of office-seekers, so that my autumn has run away before its time, and spring seems near again.... We are really almost alive at last, or think we are; and the scene is a singular contrast to that of the last winter I was here, and the moment, two years ago, when I was writing that famous Cameron Report which is now the law of America, — or would have been, if everyone had not then been afraid of it. Those who trembled and ran away two years ago, are now lightly taking risks and asserting rights that turn me pea-green. Only yesterday Hay swallowed, without a tremor, two or three continents, and told two or three Kaisers to go hang. Tomorrow the country would scream with delight at a war with Europe; and it is not one but a dozen questions that threaten to gratify the public in that respect....

---

[1] Thomas Collier Platt (1833–1910), Senator from New York.

Between ourselves, our diplomatic servants abroad have by no means made a success at our own palace, and the new experiment of sending Joe Choate out to raise the average, though certainly the best choice by far that could be made to please and conciliate the mugwump and anti-imperialist classes, is yet an experiment, and will make the deadliest enemy of Whitelaw. Choate ought to make a very brilliant ambassador; but there are going to be times when wise diplomates hold their tongues, and, above all, avoid being funny. He will need two seasons to learn his business, and he will wander blindly among pitfalls. Still, I am heartily pleased to see anybody there, so long as it is not me; and am annoyed only because an idea seems to have got about, founded I suppose on a false notion of Hay's influence, that I might have had the post, had I wanted it, whereas the absence of wish and of power were equal, — that is, absolute.

While on the subject of diplomates, I will stuff in here, quite out of place, the visit of poor Quesada[1] who sat an hour with me yesterday pouring out his story. I say *poor*, but in reality Quesada single-handed won the biggest diplomatic match of our recent times, and is now only busy in scooping in the stakes. He is to bring Calixto Garcia[2] and the other commissioners to dine with me this week, and there is no Dupuy de Lôme[3] now to denounce us. Quesada has made clean sweep of his enemies. To be sure, he is still regarded askew by the departments, but, as I told him — *Paciencia y barajar* — that too shall pass away.

The story Quesada told me was to me intensely interesting, not because it was dramatic, but because it was the burial-service of my — or rather my grandfather's, doctrine of foreign relations, and of the scheme which lay behind our Cuban Report and the Senate Resolutions, and our dinner two years ago for Mendonça and Romero. Quesada, as you know, did his best to work through the brambles by that path. He went again to Mexico; he importuned Diaz[4] and Romero.[5] All the South American States were implored to interpose, in order to bring Spain to terms in the interest of their common blood, and to save Cuba to the Spanish race. Instead of coming round to that course, all the Spanish Republics backed round the other way. They grew more and more afraid of the United States in proportion as they threw more work on us, and they ended by throwing their whole passive weight on the side of Spain. How like dead weights we poor mortals are! For eighty years our ablest men — Jefferson, J. Q. Adams, Clay and nearly all the rest, down to Blaine, have toiled to build up an alliance with the Spanish American Republics to support the Monroe Doctrine and protect us from England and Spain; suddenly, at the first strain, the Spanish Americans desert their own kith and kin; fly back to Spain; throw us into the arms of England, and force us into the position of a domineering tyrant.

---

[1] Gonzalo de Quesada, later Cuban Minister at Washington.

[2] Died before December 13 at Washington.

[3] Enrique Dupuy de Lôme, Spanish Minister at Washington.

[4] José de la Cruz Porfirio Diaz (1830–1915), President of Mexico.

[5] Matias Romero, Mexican Minister at Washington.

Anyway they have done the job thoroughly. With the usual Spanish bull-headiness, they have thrown everything into our hands, and they are all left out in the cold, and hate us now without disguise or limit, because their fear is at last founded on their own treachery and cowardice. Except Brazil, which is not Spanish and is strong enough to stand alone, all Spanish America is now for sale to Europe, with us forbidding the transaction. You can imagine the fire-brands that are lying round loose, and underneath is the Nicaragua Canal, all cut and dried, to fan the fears of every republic from Mexico to Chili, into a frenzy.

This is the reason why the Cubans resigned themselves so willingly to our exclusive assumption of power over them. They were cast off by their own blood, and angry with everything Spanish. They were at their last gasp, and when we struck in, they cared little what else we struck provided they got their revenge.

Of course, all this is secret, probably known to very few people, and not talked about even by them. Quesada hinted at parts of it rather than told it as I tell it. The sum of it is that we cannot help ourselves. The law of nature is stronger than a mere doctrine. We are in for a sort of Athenian hegemony over the hemisphere and we may yet have our Syracuse to besiege, and our Nikia-Shafter[1] to ruin us. . . .

To Worthington Chauncey Ford

WASHINGTON, 26 November, 1898.

Among the many social losses which have rendered my return more than usually difficult and unsatisfactory, that of your assistance seemed to come as the snap to the very bloody whip which scourged my poor little fireside. Like the rest, the loss seemed gratuitous, and compensated by no consideration, unless to others than me. I am glad to hope that Boston makes up to you for whatever Washington withdrew.

---

[1] William Rufus Shafter (1835–1906), in command of the expeditionary force in Cuba.

Meanwhile the world, in these eighteen months, has moved with bewildering rapidity. The total disappearance of the Spanish colonial empire, which would have seemed a sufficient revolution for any ordinary decade, is only the least of the events of 1898. I suppose we may now safely assume that the whole east coast of Africa from Alexandria to Capetown has been formally surrendered to the control of England, and that the empire of China may be considered as partitioned. In such prodigious changes, the recovery of Crete to Christianity hardly attracts attention. The world has waited so many thousand years for most of these things, that a mere pursuit of a few centuries seems no gratification.

If this were all, one might perhaps know how to deal with it, at least politically; but the greatest revolution of all seems to me to be that astounding economical upheaval which has turned America into the great financial and industrial centre of the world, from being till now a mere colonial feeder of Europe. It was this that we saw impending three years ago, but without a suspicion of its imminence. The last figures you furnished me gave a trade-balance of $127,000,000 for the average of the five years 1890–1895, with a gold outflow of $18,000,000. I do not know exactly what average you would give me for the three years that have since passed, but I imagine it to be not far from $500,000,000 with a gold import limited only by the steady and violent rise of bank-rates in Europe. That our political attitude should reflect this stupendous change in our economical position is not surprising. I am heartily glad that so little violence and so short an exercise of force have apparently satisfied our people. As for attempting to resist it, I should as soon think of resisting a tornado. Half the mischief that has been done is due to the stupid resistance offered in advance by the late administration. I am anxious only to appease it.

The dangers of the future, according to my diagnosis, depend less on our colonial expansion than on the economical decline of western Europe which has already tumbled one colonial empire on our head, and may well throw one or two more after it. My modest, inherited vision contemplated no more in my life-time than the establishment of our economical supremacy and consequent political influence over the two Americas. I thought that a feasible and laudable statesmanship, dictated by necessity, both military and economical. Instead of that, Spain, at a touch, fell into a mere heap of rotten fragments. The slight acquaintance I have with France leads me to fear a collapse equally serious, though not perhaps equally rapid. The declining condition of British trade promises nothing good for England. Sooner or later we must come to her assistance economically — in fact, we are holding her up now, in part, and she is bleeding France for the rest; — but it is impossible for us to hold her up economically without also holding her up politically; and the mere question of whether or how that should be done, sends a cold chill down my back. If our manufactures are to take her markets, and our capital is to merge with hers in developing joint interests, our fleets and armies must hold and defend the common wealth. The logic of the situation is remorseless.

The effect of the vast inflow of wealth on our domestic, social condition is another matter about which I prefer to shut my cowardly eyes. The future must bury its own dead, me among the rest. Sooner or later we must all rot, I suppose, and in the meanwhile our society can get no small amusement out of its ripeness. There will be a rich field for intelligent socialist changes, and a still richer one for thievery and private greed.

Anyway, I am out of it, and worry no more about what does not concern me.

To Elizabeth Cameron

SUNDAY, 4 December, 1898.

Cabot came in at dusk, and Hay afterwards, and, for an hour they talked Senate and Treaty, and dreary Senatorial drivel. I sit silent. What do I care whether the Treaty is ratified, or whether we take the Philippines? I've won all my stakes. The Spaniards are almost out of Cuba, and are wholly out of Porto Rico. Our country has asserted its right and power even more emphatically than I tried to assert it. Had you told me, two years ago, what the Major would do, I would have given him my head for a foot-ball, and would have supported him with yells of frenzied enthusiasm, instead of clammy assent. The Philippines are not, or were not, in my scheme, but the President has taken all and more than all I wanted, and has stuffed in the Philippines on top. If he is beaten on that point by Hale and Hoar and Morrill,[1] and my poor fool-friends the democrats in the Senate, I do not know but what on the whole he and I may be all the stronger two years hence. The Major is an uncommonly dangerous politician. I used to say of

---

[1] Justin Smith Morrill (1810–1898).

Cleveland that to be his enemy was money in one's pocket; but nothing short of mortal sin will turn me into an enemy of the Major....

SUNDAY, 11 December, 1898.

What you feel about your uncle John is perfectly true. I think everybody, probably even McKinley himself, admits it. The intrigue which got him into, and out of, the State Department, is, I imagine, generally admitted to have been about the meanest ever known in our politics. As for McKinley himself, I don't think I have much to learn about him. But the country, which today, I suppose, thanks largely to you, counts near a hundred million people, has got to be run, and the third-rate Ohio politician whom you all helped to put there, has got to be run too.... Meanwhile we are waiting with delight for Whitelaw to come home, and begin his campaign against everybody. The *Sun* is just spreading its claws for him. As I am no enemy of his, I feel no particular wish to see him in the gutter, as is likely, now that Platt has gobbled all his associates; but I am vindictive enough to want to see McKinley put Hale's hide on the fence....

SUNDAY, 18 December, 1898.

To conclude with the Lodges I should add that the Senator, while agreeing in general approval of the Secretary of State's health, expresses an earnest wish that he would not look so exceedingly tired when approached on business at the department; while the Secretary with sobs in his voice assures me that the Senator gives him more trouble, about less matter, than all the governments of Europe, Asia and the Sulu Islands, and all the Senators from the wild West and the Congressmen from the rebel confederacy. Tell me, does patriotism pay me to act as a buffer-state?...

Talking of anarchists, my brother Brooks has been here, and gone; but a more thoroughly convinced gold-bug than he now is, I never saw. He thinks America fated to perish of wealth by that form of corruption, and he wants to perish too. Apparently his democratic friends are eager only to become republican. Their great leader Bryan has knocked them silly by accepting the Treaty. Bryan is a great fool, but I think Jones of Arkansas[1] and Gorman and their like are greater; and, between them all, they have made the democratic party a contemptible mob — which, indeed, is its history. As yet McKinley's astounding blunders are all covered up by the war, and the democrats

[1] James Kimbrough Jones (1829–1908).

have not yet been able to decide whether to become bigger gold-bugs than Hanna and Elkins, or to rob the Trusts with Bryan. Meanwhile the wicked and scandalous liars who make a Byzantine bazaar of this model republic go about whispering in corners of McPherson Square that the democratic party must have a new leader and a new policy, and that only the General of the Army [Miles], if properly martyred, can give them the one, and only the late Ambassador to Italy [MacVeagh], now that a rival reformer is to go to London, can give them the other. So you see your family connection seems to wriggle still. Which is more than mine does. *Tuesday*, 20th. John [Hay] stays at home, to sponge off the Major when he gets out of the ring down South. I sincerely trust that the first thing after his return will be to send Choate's name to the Senate for the Embassy. If it were not Choate, it would probably be Elihu Root,[1] for the West cannot scrape up a candidate with a deep-sea dredge, and we cannot miss the chance of conciliating somebody, when Teddy Roosevelt is a presidential candidate, and reformers like Wayne and Platt are just bursting with virtue. I regret to say that Wayne shows of late a marvellous set of teeth at McKinley, whom he regarded but a short time ago as a kind of Zeus Nikephoros — and what that is, I can't stop to say....

To Worthington Chauncey Ford

WASHINGTON, 19 December, 1898.

Your remarks on the budget situation start my curiosity. The economical theory of history requires the extinction of the wasteful, and the substitution of the cheaper forms of life, until the forms become too cheap to survive; but we have reached the point where further cheapness can only be reached by a social system growing rapidly more and more socialistic. Plutocracies are wasteful, and yet we are building up the greatest plutocracies that ever existed. If you are right, government has now got to feed on accumulated capital, which will speedily bring about the Russian millennium of a centralised, despotic socialism. Europe is some fifty years ahead of us in that line of motion, but the speed, on both sides, is sufficient for comfort. You might almost figure out for us an arithmetical rate which would fix the date of our arrival at the terrestrial Paradise. Please try and let me out....

I see that Mr. Lloyd, in the latest *Statist* (December 10) fairly commits himself to the statement that the adverse trade-balance of England is a delusion, and that 'never before have we been so rich.' No one will accept this view more gladly than I, if it means that England will continue to pay us five or six hundred millions a year, without dropping prices on us. On his own showing, I doubt it very seriously, but as long as England and her industries will consent to prolong the situation, we have every interest in not disturbing it. On the other hand, I see increasing uneasiness in nearly all the industrial circles of Europe, and the Bank statements of Russia and Germany, Austria and France, show that a general and somewhat painful effort has been made for contraction, which must press their industries hard. I am at a loss to see how, under such conditions, at present prices, their industries can compete with ours. The whole of western Europe is already tributary to us. The British trade return for November is again deplorable, and that for the eleven months is awful. France, this year, is apparently running behind. Russia can no longer borrow in Europe, and wants to borrow of us, with the pledge to spend all the loan here. In short, I have terrible qualms about the bottom of that European money bar'l as our next general election approaches. The next turn of the screw may hurt our thumbs.

---

[1] Elihu Root (1845–1937).

My brother Brooks has gone back with many conundrums for you. I trust he is in a contrite spirit. In spite of talk-for-effect in the newspapers, I think we are pretty serious-minded here, and disposed to view the future with no purple illusions. The problem is certainly calculated to set the whole menagerie to chewing its tails in religious silence.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

[WASHINGTON,] 22 December, 1898.

. . . .

To console myself for my weakness, I read poor dear old Henry Reeve's two-volumed Life, on my voyage hither, and positively chuckled with pleasure to think what a portentous jack-ass he was; and yet he had more sense than John Stuart Mill or Gladstone. After all, common-sense is not a bad thing to have, though it is constantly confused, in the newspapers, with common-place.[1]

If you pretend to read Latin, our long friendship is going to suffer grievous risk; for I maintain that no man, living or dead, Roman or Celt, ever could read a Latin sentence with any grammatical certainty. The only good Latin ever I read is the mediæval language of the Chronicles and the Charters, which has no nonsense about it, and says what it means; which is more than Cicero ever did....

---

[1] Henry Reeve (1813–1895). *Education*, 192.

Yesterday I sat an hour by Hay's bedside, trying to soothe his larynx by cheerful conversation upon the sudden and painful deaths of all our friends from pneumonia. As yet Hay has only laryngitis. Our new ambassador will be Joe Choate, if he will take it; an extremely bright, agreeable man, and one you would like to know; but a New Yorker, which is a type about half way between a Bostonian and a Lombard Street Jew. He is a little old for trying so young a career, for he will be sixty-seven next month, but my greater anxiety is to know whether he can afford to live like a gentleman. But the New Yorkers have the merit of always spending the necessary amount, whether they have it or not.

Today another of our embassies falls in. Our man in Russia is to be brought home, and stuffed into the cabinet.[1] Hay generally goes to bed under such circumstances, from vexation at the necessary appointments. The President only goes to bed when a policy is in question, but, like most Presidents, he loves to distribute patronage. Just now, all goes swimmingly. We have robbed Spain, and are only in doubt what to do with the spoils. My brother Brooks, who has been here, gives me an amusing account of the hopeless disruption of his party, — the democracy, — while I, as a conservative anarchist, gloat over gigantic horrors in the future. The actual business of governing is a dull and dreary routine. One would not wish to push such a load if one were less stuffed with vanity and less devoid of wit. Certainly the men who run our governments are as vain and as witless as one wants at a small dinner. For that reason I stay at home, and dine alone with my own egotism....[2]

---

[1] Ethan Allen Hitchcock (1835–1909). He became Secretary of the Interior.

[2] 'The President has been raking in the stakes, and his unlucky opponents have been rolling in the mud. Tom Reed and Eugene Hale are jaundiced with all species of political biliousness, and will end by either being kicked out of the party or having to swallow dirt; while Teller and the silver-republicans are returning to the fold as fast as decency permits. When the Senate met three weeks ago, Cabot Lodge figured out the defeat of the Treaty. Today the Treaty is as good as confirmed. I expect a rather quiet and docile Congress. The true compass is wavering all about the place, and points to fair weather rather than storm, as long as the exchanges remain in our favor. The storms must rise on your side.' — To William Woodville Rockhill, 22 December, 1898.

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, CHRISTMAS, 1898.

I am more perversely discontented than usual when I've nothing to complain of; but Christmas always was a dreary day to me, and it is, at least, gayer now than when I was a boy, and felt depression more acutely. Gay or not, however, nothing shows much on the surface, for the house is full of young people, and I have nothing to do but to look on, and play the benevolent grandfather.... My economical demonstration is complete that Europe cannot get through the winter without trouble. All its discontent is caused by the pressure of our competition, and as long as I thought that this pressure might let up, and the last two years might prove to be exceptional, I thought that European affairs might run along quietly; but now that money is 8 per cent. in Berlin and 2 per cent. in New York, while our exports and imports show a trade-balance in our favor 25 per cent. greater than the utterly unheard-of balance of last winter, the game is up. Under such conditions, further competition is ridiculous. We shall just rake in the stakes as long as the poor Germans and English can put up the money. Last year we, and India, pocketed the whole gold-product, more than two hundred million dollars, and left not a blossoming ounce in their vaults, but we loaned them at least as much more. This year they are 25 per cent. worse off, and their credit is getting shaky. England and Germany are reckless gamblers and will go on borrowing till they break, but France hates the Jews and debt, and therefore I expect the first collapse to appear there. My reasoning is perfect, but its results depend on the correctness of my estimates of stocks and credit. Of course I cannot know the unknowable, but this month has settled lots of things. Europe has tried, rather timidly, to drop the prices on us, and for about a week she sold everything short. She had to give it up. In the attempt to economise, she had let down her stocks of wheat, iron, copper and even cotton to so low a point that she had to buy. If she stops buying for a week, she must stop eating and stop working. I want you to understand this, for a timely understanding may save your lives, not to speak of fortunes. Europe must go on, buying our goods at our prices, on loans of our money. Sooner or later we shall call those loans; Europe must then stop buying; and the result is, in theory, that her people must die, on a great scale, of starvation. The single unknown quantity is the date when we shall call those loans. The longer we defer it, the worse will be the crisis; and, as I have said, I regard the crisis as already certain to be accompanied by the most sweeping revolution that has ever been known, which can only end, if it has an end, in the concentration of life in two last centres, one probably in Russia, and logically on the Black Sea; the other in the Mississippi Valley.

To you, and indeed to me, this reads like lunacy; but within the last five years we have seen so much lunacy realised that we cannot afford to disbelieve in the moon. Indeed the whole situation is the outcome of the silver struggle five years ago. Gold is doing its work faster than I expected. . . .

You hate McKinley with all that vindictive hatred which, I think, women alone feel. Your only chance of revenge on McKinley is in the trouble which financial confusion will cause. To me McKinley is totally indifferent, but I like amusement, and it will amuse me to help run our affairs without having to take responsibility. The more closely I see McKinley's administration, the more clearly I see his incompetence, but also his suppleness and keenness of instinct. I think you will have your revenge, but you will have to take it in a very nasty form of the vilest and most degrading personal intrigue, in the ratio of John McLean to Mark Hanna. Even then your revenge depends on the world's total ruin. I've no objection, as far as it affects me, and indeed should be highly amused, but I want you to understand better than Cleopatra did, how a world is to be well, or ill, lost.

Meanwhile the Commissioners have arrived. I found Whitelaw Reid at Hay's when I went there for my cup of tea last evening. Poor Hay had to bear the brunt of Whitelaw's insane voracity for plunder, at a moment when he was barely able to walk after a sharp attack of illness, and when the promotion of Hitchcock to the Cabinet had depressed him once more with the consciousness of his — and the President's — total inability to cope with the greed of the Senate. In the great crisis of concentration which our country must pass through, it is already quite clear that the Senate is the chief obstacle, and will have to succumb. I have always been impressed by the parting speech of that otherwise overrated scoundrel Aaron Burr, on going out of office as Vice President: 'If the Constitution is to perish, its dying agonies will be seen on this floor.' Burr cribbed the idea from the commonplace of Roman history; but we have now arrived near the time of Tiberius Gracchus, and either Julius Caesar must come, or must fail to come, which means our failure to reach the next stage of life. The Senate is already an impervious obstacle to concentration and economy of government, and I see its resemblance to the Roman Senate in every twist and turn of our tortuous Executive. For instance, Hay would give his head to put life into the Department at home and the service abroad. I've no doubt he would like to tear the whole machine to pieces. It is not the President that prevents him; it is the Senate; it is Cabot Lodge, Mark Hanna; Stephen Elkins; old Morgan; Eugene Hale; Platt and Vest. There can be no executive efficiency while the Senate remains what it is; and there can be no room for Whitelaw — or, if you prefer it, for me, or for Rockhill, — so long as all patronage must go to the Senate....

15 January, 1899.

. . . .

My worst forebodings about Hoar have come true. His senility is mortifying. I blame no one for opposing imperialism; I am no Napoleon myself; but when it is carried to the point of compelling an extra session, I call it treason. Just now we are in doubt, and I still hope that gleams of sense may penetrate his foolish old mind; but if not, and if he commits this outrage, I do not see but that I must go it alone, and face the March winds with the anemones to spite him. The poor old reprobate assassin has been making speeches all the week, and has stolen them bodily from my books, leaving out the point, and of course leaving out me, for in all his blamed life he never yet alluded to one of my name except for some purpose of showing his feminine jealousy and dislike, and if he ever spoke with assumed patronage of one, it was to insult another. My brother Brooks paid it all back in his New England Puritanism,[1] which lashed the beaming old cherub into a spiteful rage against me. He did not even know that Brooks existed. I believe he still loathes me for that book, which certainly did draw blood, but which was Brooks's whip, not mine. As long as he let me alone, I expressed my opinion of him in mild terms of ordinary courtesy, such as calling him Pecksniff, which is flattery.

You will see that Miles too is in the hottest kind of water. I hope Eagan[2] has saved him, but there are ramifications of the Miles business that I do not understand. I don't know that I want to understand them. Both sides are charging intrigue. The *Sun* has made itself the official organ against Miles. The *Tribune* seems to favor him. All the elements of republican discontent are apparently trying to make a tool of him. This always amuses me when I'm not interested in the fool who is a tool; but I know that you are interested in Miles, and I know that Miles is diseased with vanity and egotism. Never was such a tool handy for political intrigue since poor old Winfield Scott! The anti-imperialist crowd is one that I would rather have nothing to do with.... I am a pure and simple anarchist, and run a machine of my own.

---

[1] *Emancipation of Massachusetts*, published in 1887.

[2] Charles P. Eagan (1841–1919), Commissary General.

My machine just now is busy running Cuba. My house is more than ever a Cuban headquarters, and between one and another conspirators I look benignant and talk mild platitudes, but without you I am helpless, for I trust, and can trust no one. Hay is of course primarily bound to his wheel — or machine as they call Ixion's motor now — and sister Anne is bound to her Senator, and the Senator is bound to himself. I can do nothing. Fortunately we have not a Cleveland or an Olney to deal with this time, and the Cubans are not desperate. Quesada and Rubens[1] keep me informed of the situation, and on the whole are not ill-disposed or dissatisfied with their influence. Friday evening a very interesting young Colonel Villalon dined with me. He had been for two years serving in Pinar del Rio under Maceo[2] and Ruis Rivera, and told me the whole story, which was most interesting to me, as you may suppose. Meanwhile General Wood[3] has come up to support the Cuban side of the matter, and General Brooke[4] has been turned down....

Monday.... Later Hay came in. He is now in a chronic condition of disgust and ennui, which grows worse. Six weeks ago, talking of the intrigue which ended in the retirement of your uncle John, I remember Hay saying that, 'badly as they had treated your uncle John, whenever the time should come for them to treat me in the same way, it is not I who will utter a complaint'; but now it is one continual growl at the selfishness and the weariness of the work, and longing to be free, together with a degrading fear that with freedom would come reaction. He seems to have all the power he wants, except over patronage, but his epithets in regard to the gentlemen who come to his office for jobs, are such as would be libellous if used by the Trinity towards Judas Iscariot. Of course we know he is right. He has that excuse. He says no more than your husband does, and has said ever since I knew him. The quality that redeemed Pennsylvania was that she always returned an equivalent for every job she made. The Yankee does the same jobs — makes the very same bargains — and then refuses to carry out his part of the contract.[1] Hay's fury with this class of men is intense, but they have the whip hand, and he can do nothing but go on trying to get their aid by new jobs which they demand and repudiate in regular course. I took a little pleasure yesterday, when Hay and I stopped at the Lodges', and Cabot asked me point-blank what your husband had said to me about Pennsylvania politics, — I took malicious pleasure, I say, in smiling sweetly and replying that Mr. Cameron had told me a good deal about the situation in Pennsylvania and his own attitude towards it, but in substance it was only that, much as he detested Europe, he had rather live all the rest of his life in Europe, than go back to the Senate. For once, Cabot looked astonished. He could not disbelieve, for he said himself that Mr. Cameron could probably go back to the Senate if he chose. The moral I omit to mention. It was that the Senator who tried to trade fair, found the business unprofitable....

---

[1] Horatio Rubens, counsel for the Cuban Junta.

[2] Antonio Maceo.

[3] Leonard Wood (1860–1927).

[4] John Rutter Brooke (1838–1926), first Military Governor of Cuba.

To Sir Robert Cunliffe

1603 H STREET, 19 January, 1899.

Your letter of December 10 found me here, but as I had little to say, after so lately quitting your gilded scenes of depravity, I let it lie on my table for the chance that I might some day be able to send you news either that I was dead, or born again, or had lost my grandmother, or was left an orphan, or was elected King of Manchuria. On the contrary, nothing has happened. Almost everyone else has died, as usual, or threatened to die, and whole batches of Kings have been elected in Manchuria, but I am sitting here in Washington just as you left me ten years ago. I have grown so used to playing the spider, and squatting in silence in the middle of this Washington web, and I have seen so many flies and other insects caught and devoured in its meshes, that I have now a little the sense of being a sort of ugly, bloated, purplish-blue, and highly venomous hairy tarantula which catches and devours Presidents, senators, diplomates, congressmen and cabinet-officers, and knows the flavor of every generation and every country in the civilised world. Just now my poor friend Hay is caught in the trap, and, to my infinite regret, I have to make a meal of him as of the rest. Very glad I shall be if he escapes alive, and my forebodings are dark; but he is no worse off than his predecessors except that he has a much bigger machine to run wrong. Anyway, nothing further in this administration is likely to affect you or our other English friends. The new ambassador [Choate] is the chief wit, ornament and decoration of Harvard College and the American bar. If he will only consent to temper his passion for cleverness and chaff he will be a great success, but I shudder with horror when I think that he could not help chaffing the Prince on his stomach, or the Queen on her widow's cap, if a joke occurred to him unseasonably at their table. Generally speaking I loathe lawyers, but Choate is less a lawyer than he is a clever man who works at law for a fortune. For many years I've not seen him, and he is a good bit older than we are, although, like Mdme du Deffand, I am *mille et quatre-vingt ans*. So I cannot tell you to go see him.

---

[1] *Education*, 333.

I wish, instead of old men, I could send you some young ones, but I am in despair about the next generation. I hear of no one who can divert or diversify my senility. I have runners everywhere — girls and boys, women and men — with orders to seize and bring in every likely young man they hear of; but they hear of none; I know them all, and they are all just the same young man. Once in a while your Embassy throws one to me and I devour him, but the supply is totally inadequate to my demand. The little war was a God-send to our youth, and now all the active ones are in the West Indies or the Philippines, so that I am left with no one to wheel my Bath chair, and tell me stories.

On the other hand I have nieces without limit. I am uncle to all the girls in the Atlantic Coast States. They are tame as mice, and come in and out without a flutter, and breakfast and dine with me as though they had never heard of a chaperon. They coo to me their little love affairs and their little troubles and even their little poetry, as sweetly as wood-pigeons. They cause me terrors unspeakable, for I never know what they may do. They are jealous as tigers, and their little feuds are savage. They are handsome and clever and well-educated and well-dressed, and I can't provide husbands for all them, and I can't manage their mothers, and I dislike their brothers, and loathe their fathers as a rule. To keep out of their quarrels is the ambition of a life-time.

My friend Mrs. Lodge, who is, as you remember, wife of the Massachusetts senator, has announced to me that I am to go over with her to Paris on March 22. As Mrs. Hay this year gives me no orders I suppose Mrs. Lodge's orders hold good. At all events the senator has engaged my passage. Probably I shall go then, and with them straight to Italy. Later in the year I may drift back to England.

To Elizabeth Cameron

SUNDAY, 22 January, 1899.

. . . .

It has been a Cuban week. My house has been over-run by dark-haired patriots who want appropriations and lots of things. General Wood also came to breakfast with sister Anne. Among the crowd I have been painfully studying the situation and the people. It is useless for me to stir. It is a constant fret and depression. Yet I have my way to some extent, and it is no longer a fight with wild beasts. It is only that the government lets everything drift. It professes earnestly its intention to give Cuba its independence, but refuses to take a step towards it, and allows everybody to act for annexation. It supports Wood at one end and Brooke at the other, pulling different ways. When I try to trace up the tangle, I find the War Department in a mess. Apparently everybody there gives orders over everybody's head. Alger[1] is very little regarded by anybody. Corbin[2] is much disliked. As for Miles, he seems to be quite unconsulted and unconsidered. Meiklejohn[3] does what he can, but the whole Department needs the most radical overhauling. With a serious and inevitably murderous war in the Philippines, and *quasi* war in the West Indies, and threatenings in Samoa, and entire inexperience and incapacity in administration, the chances are great that a year hence the amiable Major will be very sick. I dread to think what the effect will be on Hay. Already he shows it, and although I think the Tartar Cassini[4] rather exaggerated in saying the other day that he never saw such a change for the worse in any man in so short a time as two months — a remark over which Hay has puzzled himself greatly to divine the motive — still I do see deterioration especially in irritability of temper, and as that is my growing infirmity, I feel its seriousness.

I like Wood, but I do not quite feel as much force in him as I would prefer. He is the kind of man you would like to have for a family doctor, and would trust in every emergency, without necessarily accepting his want of opinions on the ecliptic. He is amusing, quite funny about Teddy and gave me a good deal of light on the mysteries of the Santiago campaign, without mentioning names or expressing responsibilities. The more I learn, the more I wonder at the Spaniards, whose incapacity went far and away beyond what even I expected, though I knew much of it. Our blunders were incredible, but theirs were more than human. Wood himself offered no explanation; he could only tell the facts, but he gave the relative numbers and positions, and left me to infer what I pleased. The only point on which he let in, almost inadvertently, a ray of light, was the grotesque absurdity of our medical bureau, in connection (and cause), with the famous round-robin, with which, by the way, Teddy had nothing to do.

---

[1] Russell Alexander Alger (1836–1907), Secretary of War.

[2] Henry Clark Corbin (1842–1919).

[3] George De Rue Meiklejohn, Assistant Secretary of War.

[4] Count Cassini, Russian Minister at Washington.

Lloyd Griscom[1] too has been here, fresh from all over Cuba, with much to tell about the Spaniards, those dear friends of mine, whose virtues he does not enjoy as I do. His stories chill one's microbes. He looks delicate, and to me seems to carry himself with an effort, as though depressed. By the way, he spoke openly about the situation in Pennsylvania; said that it was Quay who called Mr. Cameron back, and that Mr. Cameron had refused to return to the Senate. Sorry as I am that he will not come, it is a relief to me that his pride should be flattered by the offer, for it proves that his position was not weakened by what he did at my instigation, or by what he said in my words at his own. Neither Cuba nor silver hurt him.

But my great and dreary task is to get Quesada into office in Cuba, and Rockhill into the Library to succeed John Russell Young.[2] On all matters of policy, the President is amenable to pressure, but his grasp on patronage is Napoleonic. Yet he has actually pressed Quesada on Brooke, and Brooke refused to obey the order. The situation is strained with regard to Brooke and Corbin who seem to run together. Rockhill's case is more difficult, and I have to leave it to Hay....

In all these matters Congress plays no part, but it is giving lots of trouble all the same. Slowly the republicans are yielding to discipline. Hale has, I am told, swallowed the leek. He has had his mouth stuffed with mud till he has given in....

Willy Chanler[3] appeared one day, and gave me a lot of democratic gossip. On the whole I think the democratic parrot is worse off than the republican monkey. I fully share with Hoar the alarm and horror of seeing poor weak McKinley, in gaiety, and on the backs of Alger and Corbin, plunge into an inevitable war to conquer the Philippines, contrary to every profession or so-called principle of our lives and history. I turn green in bed at midnight if I think of the horror of a year's warfare in the Philippines, and chaos in the West Indies, where nine men out of every ten in our force must go into hospital, and we must slaughter a million or two of foolish Malays in order to give them the comforts of flannel petticoats and electric railways. You know how I hate the civilised being, and especially loathe him in the tropics. In my conscience I am certain that every member of the administration thinks as I do. We all dread and abominate the war, but cannot escape it. We must protect Manila and the foreign interests, which, in trying to protect the natives from Spain, we were obliged to assume responsibility for. If Hoar had suggested any trace of a path to escape, I would jump for it. But the opponents of the Treaty are unintelligible. They have nothing to propose, and they are inciting the insurgents to insist on our total departure, and even an immediate attack on our troops. They are all broken up about the Treaty. Gorman,[1] to break down Bryan, insists that the democrats in the Senate shall vote against the Treaty and defeat it. Bryan, to break down Gorman, insists on the silver issue. Croker[2] plays with Gorman, who has nothing to lose, and is forcing an extra session. So I was not surprised to find that Willy Chanler threw up the sponge for the next election. A year from now, after a campaign, he may feel differently, but even he has nothing to suggest but a ticket of two military heroes for the campaign of 1900, on an anti-imperialist platform.

---

[1] Lloyd Carpenter Griscom (1872–).

[2] John Russell Young (1840–1899).

[3] William Astor Chanler (1867–), at this time Member of Congress from New York.

Sister Anne, who went to New York with Constance, had a chat with Bammy R[oosevelt] who gave her a humorous picture of the military Teddy's march to Albany, tumbling in on her, all the children and nurses dropping with grippe, and 'Edie' sweetly drawling that she had forgotten to order cabs, while Teddy had appointed a meeting of politicians and patriots for every hour of the day in her drawing-room. Thus far, Teddy seems to sail with fair winds. What we want to know is whether Platt will cut his throat when the time comes, as he has cut the throat of every man whom he has ever put forward, from Conkling down. And then, why — oh, why, — asks Will Chan., was Choate chosen for England?...

---

[1] Arthur Pue Gorman (1839–1906).

[2] Richard Croker (1841–1922).

[WASHINGTON,] 29 January, 1899.

. . . .

Among the many mercies which Heaven showers on the just, that of an embassy in England for a New York lawyer is perhaps the richest. Joe is delighted with his drum. I have not seen him, but I hear from various sources that his simple and childlike nature embraces the toy as Martha would embrace a chocolate cream. Hay tells me, however, that his surprise was considerable at finding the extremely small bulk of his instructions; in other words, that there was nothing to do; all pending questions being now treated here. How long this will last, is a matter which may concern Choate. Jeff Coolidge[1] looks in here now and then, usually with a very disgusted account of the Canada Joint Commission.[2] Lord Herschell[3] complains with oily sobs in his voice that Foster[4] insults him. The President's wish is to yield everything possible to Canada, but it is quite certain to me that no such Treaty can be got through the Senate. Indeed the whole executive crowd has last week been furious because Cush Davis[5] let himself be bluffed in the Senate by an impudent assertion that the opposition had thirty-six votes against the Peace Treaty. Cush Davis has lost reputation as a leader by his waste of very precious time. I have never seen reason to doubt that the opposition to the Peace Treaty must break down, but in any case Davis ought to have forced them to take the position and the responsibility of prolonging a state of war. Old Hoar is quite frantic. In executive session the other day he declared to the Senate that if he could only prevent the ratification of that Treaty, he would willingly lay his head upon the block before the Vice-President's chair. So Cabot told me with a gasp. I would gladly see the execution, on the same condition, if I could see how under the scaffold of this sainted man I could find an escape from the Philippines. *Nous y sommes*, and as far as I can see, Treaty or no

---

[1] Thomas Jefferson Coolidge (1831–1920).

[2] A commission to consider questions pending between the United States and Canada. After many meetings it adjourned February 20, 1899, without having accomplished its purpose.

[3] Farrer Herschell (1837–1899).

[4] John Watson Foster (1836–1917).

[5] Cushman Kellogg Davis (1838–1900), chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, and one of the Paris peace commissioners.

Treaty, we must stay, and fight the Philippinos. No one wants it. Poor Hale is at last whipped till he cowers. There is no fight left in him, and I assure you that Hale, when he crawls, is even more reptilian than when he ramps. Del Hay starts for the Philippines next week on the transport which leaves New York with reinforcements. Senator Hale has begged a passage for Eugene to go with him!

John Hay's temper is quite savage. He has reason. I am near enough to the White House for thought-transference without need of words, and I can tell very nearly what everybody thinks. Of course Alger is the great trial, and the War Department the great anxiety. Our army is in as bad a condition as the French. It needs complete reconstruction. Alger and Corbin and Miles himself and pretty nearly all the general officers — Brooke and Otis[1] not the least — have lost credit and authority in the service as well as out. Greene[2] has refused to stay. In case of serious operations in the Philippines, I really do not see a hope of escaping awful disaster. Of course we can thrash the Philippinos and kill them by the hundred thousand, but it will cost in one season at least fifty thousand men, fifty millions of money, and indefinite loss of reputation.

Through Rubens I have had constant reports about Agoncillo, and have had him sounded again and again to see whether he would accept any terms of friendly arrangement, but he is more afraid of his rivals at home than he is of us, though he quite appreciates that, if he forces a fight with us, he will be killed. He dare not abate the least from his demand of complete recognition and independence. He has no authority to listen to any proposition even about Manila. He threatens us, in one breath with a million men, and, in the next, hints that he knows how preposterous he is. You can imagine how much temper you would have, if you were President, and had to deal with such a case. Cuba is rather better, but to me even more embarrassing. There, my only success — or, rather, Hay's only success, — is to have sent Quesada down with Robert P. Porter,[3] to treat with old Gomez.[4] I want to get the old man up here, and make him feel happy. As for Cuba, we have taken a foolish responsibility and a discreditable rôle, and there again the anxiety is great. Canada is as vexatious though not so dangerous. Germany is always stirring up one's senile passions by her stupid and apparently blundering interference....

---

[1] Elwell Stephen Otis (1838–1909), in command at Manila.

[2] Francis Vinton Greene (1850–1921).

[3] Robert Percival Porter (1852–1917).

[4] Maximo Gomez.

But I honestly think that the irritation which counts double or treble all the rest, is the Court work at the White House; the Cabinet dinners; and the duty of attendance on poor Mrs. McKinley.[1] This last must be terrible. The poor woman is not so imbecile but that she sees some things intensely; as, for instance, the other evening when going to dinner, she suddenly turned on her ladies, and said: 'I know one of you who wants to be in my place, and that's Mrs. Alger.'[2] At other times she remembers just half enough, as when she insists on H's[3] telling her about her sister-in-law, Mamy Bakhméteff. Next to her, poor Hay has to sit, and I know what my feelings would be. I never noticed that he was much less sensitive. Mrs. Hay does not mind; indeed I think she likes it; and this alone carries him on....

Tuesday. Really, I am almost busy! Here is your letter of the 20th, and Martha's; and the Bancels just this instant gone, and John Hay coming in to hear my last report from the Philippines — for I am getting up to my neck in Agoncillo's affairs, and every hairy traitor and murderer in the islands of ocean seems to gravitate towards me. Cubans and Philippinos are now running in harness together, and I'm trying to get them all off our hands, and let them murder each other instead of us. But don't repeat a word of this. When I see the awful *corvée* that office is, and the miserable responsibility that goes with degrading work, I hug myself with delight that no one knows my existence. Now I must send a long telegram to Rockhill to explain the snags in the way of his appointment to the Library. Ain't I just important? All the same, important or impertinent — Please do not think I am proud and 'aughty! I would treat even Smalley with cardinalesque courtesy. I hate no one but the Hales....

To Worthington Chauncey Ford

WASHINGTON, 2 February, 1899.

. . . .

So we are all at last awake to our strange situation. I have drawn up Tables enough, and *per capita* averages, to run a national exchange, and am still buzzy-headed with the contradictory results. Yet contradictory is too strong a word. The results are fairly straight-forward, but I hesitate to accept them.

---

[1] Ida (Saxton) McKinley, of Canton, Ohio.

[2] Annette (Henry) Alger.

[3] Harriet Blaine.

Only within the last fortnight have I gradually yielded to the conviction that the new gold is beginning to affect the prices in America, where all the new gold belongs. The rise in Europe of copper and tin is perhaps due to short supply, but the attempts here to run up cotton and wheat must be due to our increased resources in credit which enable us to fight the European bears. Apparently on stocks we cornered them at the last settlement, for the *Sun* said they had to borrow half a million stocks to carry over. If they try that game systematically, there will be a big fight some day.

In short, I am now looking earnestly to see whether we are to repeat the California days, with an indefinite rise in prices. The gold product jumped up last year from near two hundred million to near three hundred million. At that rate the bond-holders will soon begin to quake again and wish they had left silver alone. Another twelve months should settle this point. Of course the new gold is first felt here, for we get it all; and what we leave in Europe affects European prices only through us. I am very curious to know whether our London balance has recently been used to buy into South African mines, which might account for the present boom in those stocks.

Another vital question is whether the rise in prices, if it occurs, will help England over the shallow water. As yet it has only made her case worse. Our interest now is to sustain England, as we are trying to do; but she has got to economise and to lower wages; and if she has to face serious labor troubles, the outlook for her export trade is very bad. On the other hand, if the new gold raises our prices and wages, England may pull through.

Politics will contribute. If we can pull out of Cuba and the Philippines, we shall avoid some bad risks. I hope we may. I am sure we all want to. But a political situation is always stronger than all the wishes and wisdom of man.

According to the *Economist* and Soetbeer, the California rise in prices lasted, with one or two set-backs, till 1873, nearly twenty-five years. The present gold-harvest, at its present rate, would deluge us with gold long before that time. It has come, like everything else, five years before I thought it possible. That is to say, assuming that it really has come, and that it may not for years be still diverted to India, Russia and the waste places, to fill up the silver vacuum. We have more than enough for us already, and I calculate that the ounce of gold serves today as the basis for several hundred, if not thousand times more business and credit than it supported seventy years ago.

At least the Bank of England seems to show that practically no gold is now necessary for credit. The international banking system is one of mutual insurance. New gold must count for immense enlargement of external uses.

These external uses must primarily be in America and Russia. There are the two future centres of power; and of the two, America must get there first. Some day, perhaps a century hence, Russia may swallow even her; but for my life-time I think I'm safe.

With all my laborious and constant effort to keep two years ahead of events, the events persist in keeping at least two years ahead of me. They take such leaps that one month is no clue to another, and averages are worthless. I think it is now about five years since I first came to you for instruction, and those five years have produced one tremendous revolution after another till my brain reels. We seem now steadying down a little at the higher speed.

To Elizabeth Cameron

[WASHINGTON,] 5 February, 1899.

. . . .

Just now, one must not stop at all. We are plunging about in pretty heavy seas, without headway. I think that all of us here at this end of the town, who see most of the administration machine, are most anxious. Gorman is bound to reject the Treaty if he can, simply and solely to break down Bryan. I am very curious to see what effect on the country and the Senate, such a display will have. I have never believed it possible, and do not now believe it. The responsibility would be too crushing. Loving political melodramas as I do, I am eager to see the row that will follow; but the mischief is already done. The Senate has made a Philippine war inevitable, and a Philippine war, under the present condition of the War Department, is madness.

Nevertheless it will force a very violent change in our system. Sooner or later the War Department will have to be put in the hands of a strong man, who will sweep it clean from top to bottom. You will see in the papers all the fresh talk about Miles....

It looks to me now as though Miles had no friend but Alger, for if one goes, both must go, and Alger shows how very little he wants to fight. The President, too, has been driven back to the wall. Miles is trying to kill him. I think the chances even that he will do it. All depends on the Philippinos and the Senate. Nothing but the stupendous blunders of the democrats can save McKinley, if there is war. I presume Miles knows this, although I long since ceased to understand Miles. Anyway, intrigue now rules the whole situation, and the collapse of the democratic party is reacting on the country. . . .

After putting all one lot of friends in office, I find them all bothering themselves to change. After a long pull, we have got Quesada to Cuba, and have got Cuba a little way towards independence and civil war. That is a step. I think, too, that Hay has got Rockhill fixed for the Library. So sister Anne hoped last night, from what the President said to Cabot. The effort needed to get office for one's friends is nothing like the effort needed to keep them there. I am in daily terror lest Hay should bolt the course. I can see, beneath his silence, how he suffers under the imbecility of his colleagues, and the increasing difficulties of his situation. Yesterday, or rather, on Friday, everything seemed to give way together: — The Canada Joint Commission broke down, dragging with it the Clayton-Bulwer negotiation and all Lord Salisbury's honeymoon; the Peace Treaty was declared beaten; the Philippinos turned to war; the Miles feud broke out again; the whole work of the winter was in ruins, and had to be somehow patched up.

Well! Quesada will not stay in Cuba; Rockhill will not stay in the Library, any more than at Athens; Hay will cut the Cabinet at the first chance. McKinley and one batch of my friends will perhaps be driven from office in disgrace. Bryan or John McLean will come in; my brother Brooks and another batch of friends will take the offices, — and do the same thing over again!

So we hobble on. Luckily the country is prosperous as never before, and the money tumbles in at the doors and windows and through cracks and crannies. Everybody is good-humored, and, at bottom, everybody wants the same thing. Even I, who want nothing, am free from guile and enmity. I should be glad to see the Treaty rejected if it would get us out of the Philippines, but the country is big, and our energies are vast, and, sooner or later, to the East we must go, for a situation is always stronger than man's will. The storm, if it comes, will have to wreak itself on the Senate, until either the Senate absorbs the Executive, or the Executive crops the claws of the Senate. . . .

Monday morning, 6th. . . . Yesterday the perturbation was deep all round. We don't want this war. We are terribly afraid of it. We have shown a conspicuous white feather. If the Philippinos would have let up on us just a little bit, we would have yielded indefinitely. But they have never yielded a hair. Go we must, bag and baggage, and above all we must hand over Manila! I have had constant communication with them through Rubens, my Cuban manager; and Agoncillo and Luna have frankly said that they were afraid to treat; they would be declared at home to be bribed, like Aguinaldo.[1] I am heavy-hearted, not about the Philippinos, who are the usual worthless Malay type, but about the War Department and the Senate. I can do nothing for Miles. He is too big a fool to live. I've known it ever since the Venezuela affair. His only proper and dignified course is to resign. He has driven out poor Eagan, the only efficient man in the Department, and he goes on with his utterly unsoldierly newspaper campaign in a way that would oblige me, if I were put at the head of the Department, to dismiss him at once from the service. I am astonished to see how forbearing the army is towards him, though he is universally disliked in it; and how poor Hay continues to fight his battles in the Cabinet as well as he can, when in his place, I should frankly tell the President, that unless Miles went, and Alger with him, it would be my painful duty to hand over the State Department to them to run, since it was no use for me to run it any longer. Meanwhile sister Anne can't come to lunch because she is wading through the snow to witness the scene in the Senate, whither all the world goes this morning; while I stay at home to read the history of the Roman Senate, and study the career of Caius Julius known as Caesar. At least I can hold my tongue, the only valuable result of forty years' education in the most cultivated human society.

Tuesday. You in Paris have read your *Herald* at breakfast, and gone to your daily occupations hours ago, and are now thinking of a walk to the Bois or the Boulevard in the afternoon, while I sit down to my coffee and finish my letter without having seen a newspaper, or knowing whether the Senate rejected the Treaty, or the Philippinos wiped out our army at Manila.[2] Yesterday, all day, snow fell, and I did not leave the house. No one came in except Rubens to consult me about the usual Cuban difficulties, and to bring me the latest abstract of the situation. At dusk I thought I would not go in next door for my tea, and wet poor pussy's little feet in the snow on the chance of finding the Secretary in as doubtful a temper as mine would be, in his place. So I read on and enjoyed my own history, which I am correcting in case of further editions. As a rule it bores me, and I have to drive myself up to the task, but yesterday I happened on the third volume, and was greatly amused by it. I was honestly surprised that no one ever mentioned it to me, or spoke of it in the press, so that I had never read it or heard of it before. Sunday I marched Hay and Cabot Lodge to call on old John Bigelow,[1] one of my few surviving contemporaries. He civilly asked me why I had given out no more volumes. I could only refer him to my publishers....

---

[1] Emilio Aguinaldo, leader of the revolt in the Philippines.

[2] The Senate accepted the treaty by one vote.

[WASHINGTON,] 12 February, 1899.

. . . .

The ball is now rolling, and the best that can happen is that it will continue to roll, though it squash a good many of us pretty flat. My little revenges are complete. Every one of my old opponents is laid out cold and stiff. Cleveland and Olney and Hale and all the rest! Poor Hale has had his unlucky nose ground flat. They have rubbed the mud into his mouth till he can't even sputter.... But though the Treaty has squeezed through, we could not escape the war, and though we have already killed or captured more Philippinos than we ever want to hear of again, I am uneasy to see that as yet none of them have made submission. All depends on that. If they come in and are reasonable, we can perhaps in time get partially out. If they are fanatical and keep our troops at work, we shall be in trouble. No doubt the country can and will do what it chooses, but the loss of an army or two may very well overthrow the administration which is saved even now only by the greater imbecility of the opposition. You will have seen that Miles is to have his trial. The result is certain. Miles's charges have broken down on the vital point — the refrigerated beef — and he has had to withdraw them. I inferred as much from Wood's conversation a month ago. On the canned beef business, nothing is proved or charged that is criminal, so far as the public knows. The soldiers' canned beef was the same as our canned beef, if we have to go to the tropics. The true issue, of Alger's management of the war, is lost sight of. As far as I know, no officer of the army supports Miles, and the newspapers are merely making use of him. I had hoped that he would at last get scared, and would take some reasonable advice, but he is absolutely *tête-montée*, dead-bent on breaking his head. The President is, as you know, very unwilling to fight. Alger is vindictive enough, but has little power, and the real Secretary of War is Meiklejohn who understands Miles's real grievances better than Miles does, and would be glad to right them. Coaly [Colegate] Hoyt[1] is not exactly the man I should choose for a champion, nor yet your uncle John. Both avow openly or let it be seen too clearly that they look to political methods. If you can believe it — as I believe you can — Coaly Hoyt actually threatened the members of the administration with electing Miles President, to their face. In short, Miles had but one chance, as every general has who sees himself beaten, and that was to surrender. What use is a military education if it does not teach one to know when one is beaten? To surrender to Alger would be bad enough, but if Miles prefers to be dismissed the army by him, I have no more to say. The best I can hope now is that the precedent which McKinley has established for Eagan is meant to apply to Miles — suspension with full pay. All this is wholly private. What I hear comes mostly from Rubens my Cuban friend, who is I presume a Jew, and therefore has more intelligence than any fifty Americans, Spaniards or Philippinos; but he too is ill-seen of Corbin and Alger, as likewise Quesada is; and the effort to sustain my Cubans, made doubly severe by the loss of Miles on whose help I had a right to count, makes me doubly furious with Miles whose blunders are nearly as fatal to my objects as they are to his own. For this reason you must not whisper what I say. I have been acting as a kind of Cuban confidential adviser and intermediator, and it has brought me somewhat too near a variety of rocks.

---

[1] John Bigelow (1817–1911).

Oh, Lord! Lord!! these men! Last Tuesday morning, just the morning after the Senate vote, Hay, walking into the President's room, stood agog to see sitting by the President's side, with arms about his neck as it were, unctuous, affectionate, beaming, the virtuous Hoar! Cabot Lodge, entering at the same time, was struck dumb by the same spectacle. Only a few hours before, in the full belief that his single vote was going to defeat and ruin the administration, Hoar had voted against the Treaty, and there he was, slobbering the President with assurances of his admiration, pressing on him a visit to Massachusetts, and distilling over him the oil of his sanctimony. Which is worse, he or Hale? Last week in the full knowledge that his vote was to be given to the democrats on this vital party issue, Hale begged a free passage for his son Eugene to go to Manila on the government transport *Sherman*, and got it! Eugene has sailed with Del Hay and young Wadsworth. . . .

---

[1] Married a sister of Elizabeth Cameron.

[WASHINGTON,] 19 February, 1899.

. . . .

No one here seems to be in the least anxious or depressed. On the contrary, Mr. McKinley's amiable optimism carries all the load of national cares as lightly as though it were only a trifling solar system for God Almighty. To me, on the contrary, the charming Major seems to be walking straight into a big catastrophe. His constitutional incapacity to act, or to move at all except when floated by a stream, begins to reach imbecility. Although I seek no confidences, I am near enough to observe a good many straws. One was very significant. You know how hard I have been trying to get Rockhill into the Library. Hay strongly pressed him, and was supported by all the best influences in the Cabinet, and by the President's own judgment. But Secretary Long[1] inspired a beaten Massachusetts Congressman named Barrows[2] to apply for the place, and Barrows invoked with more than usual violence the usual political machinery. This alone should have excluded him, for Libraries ought not to be political jobs; but of course Long and Barrows invoked their Senators and, as usual, our noble statesman Cabot went every day to the White House to press on McKinley an appointment which he knew to be exceedingly unfit, and which he did not want to have made, and which he knew would disgust his own wife and children as well as Hay and me and the Senate. I never saw Cabot more apologetic; it was so bad that I retired into total silence; but you can imagine Hay's comments. Finally, the President followed our wishes so far as to offer Barrows the Greek mission, with a view to shifting Rockhill to the Library. Barrows refused. Then the President yielded, and sent his name to the Senate, where Cabot now hopes it will be rejected!

This is a complete picture in small of the situation. In large, the War Department is the same thing, or worse. Rubens and Quesada (who is returned) give me a curious picture of Alger, which, when compared with hints from other sources, lead me to think that Alger is very much broken, and his mind so weakened as to be incapable of consecutive thought. As a matter of fact, the President long ago set Alger aside, and this is one reason why he cannot remove him, because Alger is really not responsible, but McKinley is. The Department is not run at all. Corbin is noxious to the whole army. Meiklejohn has no authority. A dozen Major Generals are all pulling different ways; in Cuba, Brooke and Ludlow[1] and Lee,[2] Jim Wilson,[3] Wood, and I don't know how many more, are pulling different ways, on totally different lines, and only by the greatest effort has a grand dissolution of all ties been avoided thus far, although it is nearly certain to occur within a very few weeks or months. Add to this that Miles is in open opposition to all the rest, above or below, civil or military, talking openly in hotels and cars and with reporters and strangers, of everybody and everything with a degree of indiscretion that exceeds Alger's imbecility; and I am sorry to say your sister encourages him! Finally, the situation in the Philippines is as bad as our fears feared, and may any day become alarming now that the rainy season is at hand.

---

[1] John Davis Long (1838–1915), Secretary of War.

[2] Samuel June Barrows (1845–1909).

My few hairs turn green when I watch this muddle, and reflect on what confusion may happen. If the Cabinet could help! but you know what the Cabinet is. To my surprise — for I hold my tongue now — there is no longer any reticence about the most important person in the Cabinet: — 'Gage[4] is a fool of course, but,' is the usual formula of mentioning that Secretary. I need not discuss the rest. Even Mrs. Hay has now issued the edict that she quits on March 5, [1901]. The work of the State Department is thus far a total failure except to break Herschell's head, or neck, or leg, and to kill Dingley[5] and invalid Foster. They are trying hard to patch it up, for the British alliance is their only staff of support, and they must not let it break. But the Senate is factious, and Tom Reed is playing the devil. In the next Congress, if he is Speaker, the administration will be at his mercy.

To you, naturally revenge is sweet, and if McKinley is ruined, you can enjoy it with a good appetite; but to me the actual flies are better than a new swarm, and I prefer Hanna and Elkins[6] to John McLean[7] and Bryan. Bad as they are, the next lot will be worse. As long as our exports keep up, and the exchanges keep steadily favorable, the republicans may commit all the crimes of the penal code with impunity, but any check in the economical tide would very soon upset the whole machine....

[1] William Ludlow (1843–1901).

[2] Fitzhugh Lee (1835–1905).

[3] James Harrison Wilson (1837–1925).

[4] Lyman Judson Gage (1836–1927), Secretary of the Treasury.

[5] Nelson Dingley (1832–1899).

[6] Stephen Benton Elkins (1841–1911).

[7] John Roll McLean (1848–1916).

[WASHINGTON,] 26 February, 1899.

. . . .

As far as I can see, the last week leaves things worse than ever. Manila has begun its dance, and our first army must soon disappear into the hospital without having accomplished anything as yet. The reaction on Alger will go far to break down the whole administration; and however much the public may concentrate its criticism on Alger, as a matter of fact Alger is rather above the administration average; he is in certain ways the equal or superior of Long or Lyman J. Gage, and perhaps of the President himself. As yet none of them show anxiety or sense of danger. They are beaming with optimism like McKinley. Cabot smiles because he has got his reëlection, and all the world feels how great and good he is, but the others smile because they know no better. Yet I notice that Hay does not smile, and although he pooh-poohs danger either in Manila or in Cuba or in Canada, he is quite aware that thus far his failure is complete; he has not the least idea how to redeem it; and he is deliberately arranging to get out of office by the end of this year. Another symptom is that the President and everybody else are almost as eager now to get out of Cuba as they were a year ago to get into it. They are as docile as lambs. The thought of another Manila at Havana sobers even an army-contractor. The rainy season, too, has not yet begun; I can only guess what their feelings will be about August when the rains have put in their work at Manila and Cienfuegos. If the democrats were united, I think Bryan might be President after all, and I am by no means sure he won't, as it is. Your people are doing their best to help, and every stone thrown at Alger and Corbin will hit McKinley, as it ought, for McKinley is the true culprit. Do you blame me for wanting to keep out of the scrimmage? Do you think I ought to ask for office? I am just praying to escape before the snakes bite me....

Alger and Gage are, as you know, regarded as fools, but now Long is in disgrace. He actually gave to the press Dewey's cypher despatch calling for the *Oregon* 'for political reasons.' You can imagine Hay's emotions! Do you not see the beaming countenance of Joe Choate already shining from the State Department? Please do not take my guesses for earnest, but some things are too obvious to be overlooked. And Teddy Roosevelt! What fun to see Teddy in the White House!...

I've managed to drag on a degraded existence for the last thirty years without an office or an honor to my family-back, as far as I can see, all the better for the freedom. We have outlived dynasties and are still on top, while a thousand Congressmen, Cabinets and Presidents have vanished; the dark Ferrash[1] has been uncommonly busy; the phantom caravan long ago reached its Nothing; but you and I are still sitting at the door, chaffing the passers-by. Quesada and Rubens still come to consult me almost daily, and, what is far more bewildering, they follow my advice. If it were not for poor Alger, who is simply senile and irresponsible, and who always upsets to-morrow what he and we agreed upon yesterday, I should feel that for once I had been allowed to have absolutely my own way in the government on a policy so huge as that about Cuba since 1894, which you and I fought out to a finish....

To Worthington Chauncey Ford

WASHINGTON, 28 February, 1899.

Your letter reminds me that I am going off again, and my brother Brooks is on his way home with a cart-load of West Indian facts with which he will doubtless regale you. I sail on the 22d in the *St. Paul* with the Lodges.

This time I want much to visit Russia, to ask there what answer they can give to our riddles.

What becomes of the gold? The Banks of France, Germany, Russia and Austria have lost nearly fifty million dollars in the last year. The Bank of England has not gained a sovereign. Our banks have absorbed a great deal, but by no means the whole new product. And now India is coming in.

All the trade returns represent England as fabulously prosperous; yet her revenue declines; she depends more and more on confiscation (called death-duties), and her own market is the only one she holds. Her foreign investments, according to the income tax returns, are diminishing, and she certainly has withdrawn a very large capital from us which has not been reinvested outside of England. Are we to expect a squeeze there or not?

And France! I am as doubtful now as I was last autumn whether she can pull through or not.

And Austria! Are things any better?

And Russia! The riddle of riddles! Is her economy sound or rotten?

---

[1] Ferash means a house servant who spreads carpets, etc. The original form in Urdu from the Arabic is Ferrash.

Germany stands or falls with Russia, and does not help to answer my questions.

At one moment I feel almost sure that the new gold is beginning to work, and that another Californian epoch is at hand. The next indigestion makes me doubt whether the spurt is more than local, or will be long. Western Europe declines relatively in importance far more rapidly than she does in absolute wealth or strength. She loses ground every day. The next severe economic strain will test her energies dangerously, and if we have a real gold boom, the economic strain ought to come soon. We move quick.

Mr. Lyman J. Gage is, according to common apprehension, an ass, but an ass can run the Treasury as long as the exchanges are a million a day in our favor. On the other hand, a check or a temporary squeeze might bring him up with a short turn, and develope his weakness suddenly, while the still greater weakness of his amiable chief may easily bring our politics into confusion. Even if we get safely over the next election, I can hardly conceive of McKinley's reaching the end of a second term without some disaster.

But the world always has to dance on the tight-rope, and on the whole I see no more reason why it should snag now than at any former time. The Philippine business is my chief anxiety. We are quietly cooling down about expansion, and, if we react slowly and moderately, we shall come out somewhere on firm ground.

Why not introduce South African mines on our market, and let England pay her balances in gold shares?

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 1 March, 1899

. . . .

Much question of public affairs comes up, but it is rather vexatious than amusing, so that I am not sorry to turn my back on it. I have seen in my time so much of public affairs that the machine has become a monotonous repetition of old jokes that were never very clever. Our administration is one of them. On the other hand we have been fabulously prosperous, and have not only paid off our debts but piled up large balances at our bankers. . . .

The past year has answered so many of the questions my curiosity had been asking since '93, that I am doubtful whether I have much curiosity left. It seems to me that I can now see ahead to the day of judgment. Having reached this point, I feel a simple-minded wonder why anyone hereafter should care to go through the trouble of living, when they are certain to find out nothing new, but I reflect that undoubtedly they will think it new, so I let the young ones prattle.

George Trevelyan sent me his book[1] — very pleasant, easy reading such as I like — and I wrote him a long letter of appreciation. I would give a great deal to feel the appetite for writing like that, and it is a happy thing for him to have preserved the taste. Between the agreeable and the useful — say writing history and building sewers — there is little difference provided either of them amuses.

Want of new literature is a grievance, but not so bad as the want of new men. I have found no novelty in man — only a little in woman — this winter. The bores ravage our feasts. As for what was once called wit, if it exists now I hear no whisper of it. Even poor Kipling I presume to be drawing his last breath at this moment, probably asphyxiated by bores. Please catch me a man — a new man — a variation — and keep him for me, canned or otherwise, till I can get over....

To Elizabeth Cameron

[WASHINGTON,] 5 March, 1899.

. . . .

On the whole, things have run as well as I expected or hoped. We all knew pretty well what would happen. We knew even the blisters. They have been neither better nor worse than I imagined. Taken broadly, the session and the winter have been a complete and sweeping failure in every branch of government. Even the Treaty of Peace has not been a sufficient success to warrant claiming, and the narrow majority was a calamity. In every other respect there has been nothing but disappointment. Hay's work has been altogether lost. The Canadian High Jink, as it was called, has been a ghastly Hoodoo. It killed Dingley, and invalided Foster, and now has killed Herschell, and has totally failed in everything except the estrangement of the parties, and a cloud on Lord Salisbury's honeymoon. The Senate has sat upon the State Department as solidly in other ways as the High Jink sat on it in theirs. Except three Third Secretaries of Embassy which Hay obtained by bribing Cabot with two of them, I believe Hay has accomplished nothing. The Treasury Department, being the only one from which nothing was required, has got off with only a big deficit and the prospect of a loan next year unless the revenue improves without regard to any act of government. The War Department has broken down in Congress and out. I told you three months ago that Alger and Corbin might drag down McKinley and elect Bryan. What was not impossible in December is very possible in March, and will be probable in August, if the situation continues. The chance of destroying McKinley is improved by the decline of W. J. Bryan. The prospect is that the next election will run on choice of persons, not of policies. Miles has done and is doing the bulk of the work, and his struggle with Corbin and Alger is really and necessarily a struggle with McKinley. In my view, the result will be decided by the result of the campaign in the Philippines. Every day that passes adds to the dangers there, and makes more impossible a reform in the War Department in time to save McKinley. I think everybody sees this except McKinley himself. All the eastern republicans have seen it from the first. Meanwhile Cuba tends constantly to become another Luzon, and McKinley is responsible for that too. He seems constitutionally unable to act.

---

[1] *The American Revolution*, of which the first part appeared in 1899.

The Navy Department has failed as conspicuously as the Army. Chandler[1] and Hale and the Senate have stopped the increase of ships by the $300 clause. The Sampson-Schley feud has broken out as furiously as the Miles-Corbin feud. Only the personnel bill has been passed.

If the administration has had a single gleam of success in any branch, I don't know it. I see that the Senate has even snubbed it on the small matter of the Librarian by reporting against Long's dead-beat Barrows. Long is apparently a favorite with McKinley, and personally agreeable to him. This gives the measure of both. Long is one of the cheapest of our cheap Yankee politicians. He commands the confidence of State Street. So does Lyman J. Gage. Beside either of these noblemen, I assure you that Alger is a Louvois and a Carnot, and Corbin a Napoleon.

There's my little balance-sheet, and you can use it to check worrying if you still err that way. As you well know, I want no disasters. I have wanted and still want the country to be prosperous and successful, whatever administration is in power. I want this administration to succeed. I've no fancy for a return to '93 and another Cleveland. I am satisfied with King Log. I've no personal wrong to revenge. I don't believe that any Department is going to do better under a democrat. I am wholly opposed to the issue on which McKinley is being driven to defend himself, as one much too favorable to him, that distracts attention from the real point of weakness. But the situation has drifted steadily away from me towards you — or whoever represents hostility to the present Ohio dynasty — and after all it's not my funeral. . . .

---

[1] William Eaton Chandler (1835–1917).

Of all the new phenomena, however, Teddy Roosevelt is the queerest, for he has become a serious fact, and if the McKinley-Alger-Corbin combination comes to grief, our Teddy comes on top, and anyway will stand in for the V.-P. How far he supports Miles I do not know, but his sympathies of course are wholly with him against Alger and Corbin, as are, for that matter, everybody's sympathies. The divergence of course is merely one of tactics. The other officers did not want to make their fight against Armour and the contractors. Teddy is ready to fight anybody and anything. Teddy is too much of a plunger and too little serious to suit my taste, but he helps to muddle. . . .

XI

PARIS AND ITALY

1899–1900

To John Hay

PARIS, 11 April, 1899.

Your telegram about Kipling arrived yesterday (Monday) morning. I could not make out when it was sent. I answered it immediately. *Hélas!* I only wish that my house would inspire Kipling with disgust for his recent work, even if at my expense. That boy will break my heart....

I am tired of wind and rain and cold, and there is nothing good at the theatres. I dragged myself to see Réjane in Laballette,[1] but she was ill too, and another laidy played the rôle. Gaskell and Palmer write piteous accounts of the sickness in England. Let us hope it will continue, and stop the mouths of your diplomates and newspapers. Naturally I am not in the way of those characters, and know nothing of their usefulness, but I am told that they are all in a panic in England at the idea of Russell's[2] going out on the Kanuck business; that Herschell was thought to be the most successful of negotiators, but that Russell quarrels with everybody at sight, and is known as the most cantankerous litigant in the British empire. That he is sure to make a quarrel with us, and that the whole public is remonstrating, avowedly against his quitting the Bench, but really against the certainty of his unfitness for the place of a diplomate.

I guess you had better sit on that conference, but I wonder how many more mugwump College Presidents you've got in your pocket for commissions. Seth Low[3] does you infinite credit. He is almost as good as Andrew White,[4] and runs Joe Choate hard. I'm not pleased, because I had thought of stopping on my way to Russia to talk with the peace-angels, and now I don't know ary one, and wouldn't talk to 'em if I did.

Not that I — or they — could say anything to each other that has common-sense. The situation is as yet one stupendous muddle. Europe has built up a system that it can't run, and now wants to shunt it off on us, or at our expense. France is the first to break down, and the helplessness here is pitiable. The Dreyfus business reflects the whole social, economical and political condition of the country, — the hopeless collapse of the machine. I can't find out now whether I am Dreyfusard or Anti. Even my anarchist friends are divided and helpless. The Army is too big a machine to run, but the Civil Service is as bad; the Educational System is worse; the Colonial System is the worst of the three; and the financial system is the worst failure of the lot. I've no doubt that the difficulties in Russia are as great or greater, and that Germany and Austria feel the same limitations. Even with us, it is not every man who can run a hotel. I am happy to think that you can, but I would rather it should be you than I; and I would rather it should be today than tomorrow.

---

[1] Gabrielle Réjane (Charlotte Réju), (1857–1920).

[2] Sir Charles Russell (1863–1928), Solicitor for the government of the Dominion of Canada.

[3] Seth Low (1850–1916), president of Columbia College.

[4] Andrew Dickson White (1832–1918), president of Cornell University.

By St. Anthony of Padua but this is brutal weather! My love to all yours. Paris is *plutôt idiote.*[1]

To Elizabeth Cameron

GIRGENTI, Tuesday, [23 April, 1899.]

Is it April 23 or 24 or 25? I have kept no run of the month, but it is certainly Tuesday, and so life gets done. Another stitch picked up, and my last Greek cities running off like the time-machine! Here I am at last, looking down over the temples and the Mediterranean, where for nearly forty years I have meant annually to come, and now it is done, and another small object in life wiped out. Of course it's not worth while. One Greek temple is just like another, when it is ruined. Girgenti as a landscape is Athens with improvements. Two thousand, or twenty-five hundred years ago, it must have been immensely charming, like Japan in its prime, but now it is a landscape with hardly ten lines of history, and no art. So we will turn it down and catalogue it. Please consider Cabot and Bay and John and Winty Chanler[2] as

[1] 'I got this morning a letter from Oom Hendrick, who is more than usually delightful and pessimistic. He seems to be hustling for a front seat on the verge of the abyss into which all Governments are about to plunge, so that he may have nothing to obstruct his vision in the final cataclysm.' — John Hay to W. Sturgis Bigelow, 20 April, 1899. *Letters and Diaries of John Hay*, III. 149. 'Henry Adams is in Europe with the Cabot Lodges. He is now, I think, in Sicily, with views upon Russia, China, and India, where he is going on the invitation of the Curzons. I got a letter from him the other day, full of glee at the impending destruction of every country in Europe.' — Hay to Sir John Clark, 30 April, 1899. *Ib.*, 149.

[2] Winthrop Astor Chanler, married Margaret Terry, half-sister of Marion Crawford.

having reached Palermo punctually Sunday morning, and taken me to see the mosaics which I came for, and which make another old bird-of-travel flushed and killed. When I came to Palermo in June, 1860, I came to see Garibaldi and a fight.[1] There was a barricade at every fifty yards on the main street, and I chatted with the red-shirted hero in the Municipal town-house as he supped with his staff. I could see no sights but that. All the brigands in Sicily seemed to be in the streets, and the fleas were thick as dust. If Garibaldi were Hannibal, he could not seem further away now, and if I were Empedocles and Matt Arnold to boot, I could not be older; but at last I saw Monreale and the mosaics, and, for a wonder, these were worth while. They make even Ravenna modest. Also some Greek metopes from Sergeste or some other old ruin, which we struck in the Museum seemed to me of the very first class. To bag two first-class art-works in one place, when I know so few in the world, was a triumph. I was glad I came, and after all, Girgenti is typical; altogether the most beautiful Greek ruin I know; far more charming than Athens or Corinth or even Delphi or Smyrna, and of course out of all comparison with places like Ephesus or Alexandria. I've done fairly well, therefore, and game has been good.

Of course our party has been amusing and pleasant, rather young for me, but almost as much so for Cabot, and old enough to make allowances for each other and the universe. Winty Chanler makes most of the fun and the go, and keeps us properly mad. We have seen no one worthy of being called even pretty, though the boys are of an age to find beauty in a harpy, and naturally we have seen no one that is good, or at least good enough to notice. The weather is cool — almost cold. A fire in the evening would never be out of place. I am rather shivering right now, before an open window, at seven o'clock in the evening, in my heaviest winter clothes. I think I had better get ready for dinner, and at the same time get warm. Tomorrow night we expect to reach Syracuse.

MESSINA. *Saturday morning.* Prompt we are! Cabot rattles us through, on time, tourists such as Cook should love; but I don't much mind now. Nothing matters much, except money, I judge; even in the best days of the Greek Gods, money seems to have paid for all. We are now very learned about our Greeks; we have done our Syracuse and we understand our politics and economics as well as though we lived in 415 B.C. and had a hand in the Peloponnesian War. Even Bay admits that our Greeks were somewhat wanting as economists and politicians, but on the other hand we are quite overwhelmed by their superiority as landscape gardeners. Girgenti and Syracuse were interesting studies in that profession, but yesterday came the climax at Taormina. Nothing in Japan compares with the vigor and genius which the Greeks put into this poor little colonial mountain-side, to make every inch of beauty count for its utmost value. For the hundredth time I flung up the sponge and stopped chattering before my Greek. It's no use to talk. The fellow's genius passes beyond discussion. Taormina in itself is one of the most beautiful spots in the world. I've seen most of the great landscapes, including the slopes of Fujiyama and Kilauea and Orizaba and Popocatapetl and Turquino. They are all divine, but the Greek is the only man who ever lived that could get the whole value out of his landscape, and add to it a big value of his own. His share counts for almost as much as the share of nature. The wretch was so complete an artist that big or little was equally easy for him to handle, and he took hold of Etna just as easily as he did of the smallest lump of gold or silver to make a perfect coin....

---

[1] First described in letters printed in the *Boston Courier*, July 10 and 13, 1860, which were reprinted in *American Historical Review*, XXV. pp. 240–255. *Education*, 93.

ROME, 3 May, 1899.

. . . .

Our Sicilian expedition has ended cheerfully. The night journey from Reggio to Naples was the worst part of it, and Naples itself was not the Naples of 1860, being a trifle less filthy, and very much less Neapolitan. If I had to find out precisely what has happened to all these places, I should say that they had lost their souls, but I should be badly pinched to have to describe the soul that is lost. The soul is a diaphanous and impalpable article that does not lend itself to description. Forty years ago, to put it crudely, every place had some industry or interest. Naples had corals and macaroni. It has them still, but they hardly appear. Read the Corricolo![1] The corricolo has vanished. Even in 1873 I found good Greek vases and bric-a-brac. Yesterday I ransacked the antiquity-shops in vain. Not a good thing was in them. The lazzaroni are poorer than ever, and the beggars just as many, but they are more like other beggars and poor people. It is the same in Rome. The taste is flat. The world has drifted away; it is in New York or Berlin; it has gone into the *ewigkeit* with Alexandre Dumas and Lamartine and Leopold, Robert and me. The tourist has come in crusading armies. I found a howling mob at Pompeii, a whole special train of Cookies. I don't care to come here again, but, if I do come, it will be with fewer illusions than I have about Jersey City. The only thing that I recognised as thoroughly familiar was the fleas, but even they hardly bite me now. It is hard to be beneath the notice of a flea, but youth has its duties not less than age, and the fleas deserted me to feast voluptuously on John and Bay....

---

[1] Carrucola?

To John Hay

PARIS, May 31, 1899.

The family misses you sadly in its wanderings. We have bestrode the earth in various directions, but have found no one to make your absence good. You would have particularly loved Sicily. As for companions, Cabot and his two boys and the Faun — known to some as Winty Chanler — beguiled my loneliness, but I still regretted what was left behind. Rome was pleasant, but you would have made it more so. Florence was sunny, and Paris is gay. Even I who so easily flop into bored helplessness find the days pass with little thought of the future life or of your present responsibilities. My sister Anne sometimes takes care of me; sometimes Mrs. Cameron and Martha; sometimes Cabot marches me off, as yesterday he dragged me to Laon to inspect a cathedral, and the day before he took me to the Talleyrand sale to see Columbus knocked down for a poor six thousand dollars.[1] We all had a joyous little dinner at Maire's and an evening at Antoine's theatre while your predecessor Harrison and your representative Porter[2] were dining solemnly at the Elysée. We have all been to the *Salon* to see the Sherman and Rodin's Eve, and to discuss them afterwards, — great things, both. I am deep in Greek coins with M. Feuardent; and Martha has been done in pastel by Helleu[3] most charmingly. In short, we need only you to be complete. If it would only last! But, after all, I have had two months' amusement, and what more can a poor old man ask? What is curious is that I have seen for the first time a whole harvest of old shows, and really feel ready to quit. Last spring and this have regularly cleaned out my dear Greeks. Palermo polishes off my Normans. One's education is becoming liberal, and one has little to do but to decade as fast as our time.

There is where you and Cabot are hopeless failures, and I am a wild success. To be sure I know nothing about what is going on in politics, but any fool as big as I can see that, just now, politics matter not a spring chicken, and that everyone is thinking only about making money. The new gold is coming in like a tide, and will sweep you and your administration into harbor, no matter what you do, especially if you succeed in doing nothing. Even here in Paris, the public seems at last to accept the final degradation of France, Fashoda, Dreyfus, China and all, the total discredit of army, navy, government, legislature and people; the final acceptance of the whole capitalist régime; the inevitable in its grimiest form; all seems to matter no longer. To my ecstatic vision, disarmament stands near. Now that the army is totally discredited for foreign uses, it can serve only for domestic police, and ought to become undesirable to the socialists. The capitalists, who have been the chief agents in discrediting it, have avowedly every reason for economising at its expense, as they have induced the Czar to suggest. You have, therefore, practically, all society united in the principle of disarmament. It seems to me, if I were you, or Lord Salisbury, I would offer to the Congress a plain business proposition. The whole question is one of very simple economy, and all other points should be kept subordinate. I would suggest a declaration in principle that, for a term of five (?) years to come, each government should agree and stipulate to spend on armaments such a sum as has been the normal average of its expenses for the last five years; and no more. If this principle could be accepted, you would establish the great desideratum of a relative rank between the powers. The next step might be to cut down the total expenditure *pro rata* to nothing if you like. Armaments must not include internal improvements, but all questions of detail would belong to commissions, as well as a general right of remonstrance or consultation. But there ought to be no thought of restraining governments from spending the agreed amounts in any way they like; land or sea; rifles or air-ships; explosives or railroads; in Asia or the moon; provided only that the money expended shall not exceed the amount appropriated by the agreement.

---

[1] The portrait is described and reproduced in John Boyd Thacher, *Christopher Columbus*, III. 48. It was given to the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts, New York, by J. Pierpont Morgan.

[2] Horace Porter (1837–1921).

[3] Paul César Helleu (1859–1927).

I consider that to be a practical, business-like proposition, especially as it would apparently put more restraint on us than on anyone else. We can risk it. Sooner or later, if Russia and America agreed to it in principle, Europe would accept it so far as to start from it, or something like it. Meanwhile the arbitration and other points hitherto presented seem to me beside the issue, which is whether political administration has sense enough to adopt economical experience. Our railroad wars, our trusts, combinations and devices to avoid waste have taught us economies on a big scale, and we know better than Europeans both the methods and the difficulties. You ought to have sent Frick [1] to the Hague instead of your bleating college shepherds.[2]

But what am I, that I suggest or criticise? Truly I know nothing, and care if possible, less. The only thing I wanted in life was to be made a cardinal, and in Rome I sounded delicately the pontifical ocean to ascertain the bearings of my hat. No doubt you get communications, directly or indirectly, from my colleagues of the consistory, and you know more than we outside. If so, you know that only very energetic action on your part can now procure me that hat. Failing your action, my hat will go to the creature of Germany, Italy, France or Spain. I do not know that our government feels sufficient interest in me to wish to build up the American church *super hanc petram*, or whether it views with indifference the intrusion of a hostile foreign political power into our affairs through the church door. On the whole, the church would suffer by it more than the state. But on that peg my hat would hang forever, and never on my head. A German-American cardinal would smash me — and the church too....

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS, June, 1899.

I wish I could find something new for your amusement in the French way, but I think the French grow dull, or are saving for next year. I find Paris more gay than ever; streets all pulled up, building all in curl-papers; swarms of English and Americans; heat like August; dust, dirt, noise and nudity; women with startling complexions in strong evidence; little or nothing to see in the *Salon* except Rodin's Eve and St. Gaudens's Sherman; almost nothing new or good at the theatres; no new literature that I can find; nothing to laugh at; prices of French bric-a-brac almost as preposterous as prices in London; in short, apparent display of money on a large surface in a cheap way, like paying frs. 300,000 for some Louis XV chairs, and 30,000 for Sebastiano del Piombo's portrait of Columbus. I happened to drop in at the Valençay sale, and witnessed a part of the curious exhibition of relative values in art. Logically, Greek art, in such a period, should be cheapest, and so it is. A Tanagra statuette or a tetradrachm of Lysimachus, perfect as perfection ever went, can be bought for a trifle — anything from £4 to £400; but a bit of Louis XVI upholstery cannot be got short of £1000. The curious thing is that vast masses of bric-a-brac seem to be absorbed and to disappear. There is no longer a dealer in oriental things here. Sichel and Bing have gone. I can't find a tolerable piece of Chinese porcelain in Paris. I see none of the books I care for, or did care for, once. There are a thousand bric-a-brac dealers, and all have hopeless rubbish, except three or four Jews who force up prices by cornering fashions. Anything these Jews touch is in some strange way vulgarised. One does not want it any more. It has become a trade, — the equivalent of a certificate for South African stock, — and one buys to sell again.

---

[1] Henry Clay Frick (1849-1919), iron magnate.

[2] The United States delegates were: Andrew Dickson White, Stanford Newel, William Crozier, Alfred Thayer Mahan and Seth Low.

On the whole, the show amuses me, in the absence of other interests. I shall probably pass the summer here. Just now, all my friends are here. Later I shall be alone. Public affairs have ceased to interest me, especially since France has frankly abandoned her own dignity, and subsided into an Anglo-German province. France was the only really amusing element in the modern world, and to lose her is to lose all but the stock-exchange. My own people do not amuse me, nor do the Germans. So, barring politics, there remains only the Church, which I found decidedly interesting at Rome, but not inspiring; literature and art, which do not go very far; and finally just day-to-day selfishness and indifference, with an occasional aside for economics. Truly a slight visit from the plague, which should sweep away a few millions of us, would be a positive good; but you, with your sewers and water-supplies keep us alive and germiculating.

Nevertheless, if your health or your pleasures lead you hitherward, here I am to show you the restaurants and the new Opéra Comique, which I call pretty good. I fear I shall not come your way.[1]

---

[1] 'I travelled up Mount Parnassus on Wednesday and laid my rude hands on St. Gaudens, whom I found scared, as usual, by grim monsters in the air of his perfectly infantile terrors. He is neurasthenic — which seems to be just old mild melancholia; the *néant*; the oppression of life and dread of death — and he complains of insomnia! I treated it with the usual flippancy; told him that I never felt any other way, and rather liked it; that Michael Angelo not only lived in it, but made his greatest work out of it, in the Penseroso and Medici tombs; that Albert Dürer made a picture of it; and that it was really very good fun when you got used to it, and knew what a good fellow it was. So I dragged him down to a stroll in the Bois under the trees, and gave him some dinner afterwards, and a chat on the balcony in the cool of the evening. He has had too much old Jew company, and is himself a fantastic coward, afraid of the slightest qualm afloat or ashore. But is it not humorously ironic, that I, of all people, should act as a tonic to *égayer* the depressed?' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 13 July, 1899. See *Education*, 385–388.

To Elizabeth Cameron

PARIS, Monday, 14 August, 1899.

. . . .

As I began by saying, I passed Sunday at the Walter Gays',[1] with the George Howlands and a young Anglo-American Barbizonian artist named, I believe, Fitzgerald. I fear I bored those simple people sadly, but I go so little into the world that I no longer know how to behave. They were very kind and nice, and the place looked very pretty though burned and dry and even hot this morning. The George Howlands are still in their honeymoon, and need no entertaining, and have little thought of the here or the hereafter except of their simple selves. Yesterday we drove through the forest to Barbizon, and at last I saw that painter's Mecca, which is now rather more touristic, bicyclist, and automobilist than Versailles or St. Germain. We took tea at the Gorges de Franchard further on. The Gays had very little to say, and were deeply absorbed in the Dreyfus business, which I have not the patience to read or discuss, as you know. What I am curious about is the thing that comes next. Dreyfus is to be set free — that has been foreseen for a year — but what is to become of France? They can't acquit Dreyfus without condemning France, and what happens after a moral *débâcle* worse than Sedan? That too is foreseen. France must subside into a dependency on central Europe. Then what is to become of us? And under amiable McKinley's or Napoleonic Bryans, how are we to deal with a united Europe bent on mastering Asia which means the world? Our people are not even at a point to begin asking questions. They can't even manage the Philippines. They don't want to think about it, and they're quite right. McKinley's right! Hoar's right! Everybody's right — except me, and perhaps I shall be right in fifty years.

So I don't talk Dreyfus and don't read it; but there is little else to talk about, and South Africa, which is the British Dreyfus, being a Jew interest, we are not allowed to talk of, for we all know that too much money is in it to permit of any result but one in any case. So I study my French prepositions and walk in the Bois....

---

[1] At Fortoiseaux. Walter Gay (1856–1937), married Matilda E. Travers of New York. The collection of paintings made by Mr. Gay, together with a number of his own, has been given by Mrs. Gay to the Louvre in Paris and forms the *Walter Gay Donation.*

To John Hay

PARIS, 20 August, 1899.

I should not have stood on the order of letters, or waited to receive one from you, had I had anything to say or to ask; but my life has been such as suits my years and my decrepitude. I have had neither news nor views to give, nor gossip to repeat, nor imagination to invent. I have met no one, read nothing, and stolen no ideas. Paris delights me, but not for its supposed delights. It is the calm of its seclusion that charms; the religious rest that it diffuses, and the cloister-like peace that it brings to the closing years of life. I reflect on the goodness of all things, and enjoy the peace of God....

Once in a while, St. Gaudens drops in to dinner, or I am asked to a lunch. Ralph Palmer has just passed the week with me, and we have excoursed to the environs. In a few weeks, people will be returning to get their winter clothes. You know the routine.

Public affairs have offered nothing to interest me. To be sure the Dreyfus business has proved to be even more grave than I feared, and has struck a blow at the republic and at France and at society itself, that seems to me fatal. I can see now nothing ahead but sooner or later the socialist experiment. Sedan was merely a military defeat like many; but the Dreyfus affair is a moral collapse that involves soldiers and civilians alike, and the capacity of the French to maintain a character of any sort in a world like Europe. The socialists alone profit by it, and what a socialist France would be, is a grave question for America. France could then be only an appendage to what Dewey so happily and indiscreetly called central Europe, and with central Europe, as he justly said, we must by the nature of things be at war. France is our oldest ally, and if her weight is to be thrown decidedly into the opposite scale, your successor some day will need help.

There has always been, for me, the real kernel of the Dreyfus, and there it is for Jaurès as well as for Drumont, for Déroulède as well as for Casimir-Périer.[1] They all see it, feel it and say it, and there I leave it, for the thing is done, and, I think, must stay done. The army, the navy and the civil government have all admitted and proclaimed their incapacity to maintain France as one of the great powers. In that case, a new world must come.

Meanwhile, as long as the gold product doubles up, and business flourishes, and the laboring class is employed, nothing is likely to happen, and ministries are tolerably safe. You can tell better than I whether this prosperity will last over the next election, but I see no reason to doubt it. I should even allow a whole generation of prosperity, barring momentary reactions. Of course, things go faster than I can ever get used to, but we can now see further ahead. As that seems the case, and as you will not probably be called upon for heroic statesmanship, why should you be bothered by the easy job of drifting along a placid current of expedients? Your business is to devise a set of arrangements by which you can run the machine along without settling anything. You want to invent a new *modus vivendi* for every dispute, which shall not need the approval of the Senate, and shall not leave any more record than is necessary. The process is now troublesome, but, with tact and good-nature, it does not seem necessarily less effective, than that of negotiating permanent treaties, usually unsatisfactory in the end. Your predecessor Clayton was an awful warning.

---

[1] Jean Paul Pierre Casimir-Périer (1847–1907).

In any case, why give it up? You will find life dull, in the reaction, and I cannot see that you will gain anything. You have stood it a year, and the first year is usually the hardest. You gain, all the time, in ease and habit. Length of service has much to do with future reputation, and if you did not take office for reputation, what the deuce did you take it for? I imagine that the Cabinet is greatly improved by its changes,[1] and that things will run the better, both for you and for the public. Last winter was probably the worst. Anyway, every day brings you nearer a necessary end.

I never like resignations. They always need excuse and defence. They imply doubtful reasoning. In ordinary conditions they proclaim a defect of some kind in the resigner. In extraordinary conditions they imply opposition or discontent. How can you explain that you're bored? or that you want to curse the Senate? We all want often to curse the Senate — and do it freely — and we sometimes throw the House and the Judiciary and the Executive — and Edward Atkinson on top; but we can't resign. At least, we can only resign ourselves; which is the proper course for you.

Then probably you will soon become imbecile, like me and some others; and then you'll be sorry to have lost position.

In short, you know it won't do! You've got to stay, and whether you wanted that *dye*plomatic position or not, you have no dignified choice. . . .

---

[1] Hitchcock for Bliss and Root for Alger.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS, 26 August, 1899.

. . . .

Just now Paris is as odious as possible. The principal streets are torn up, and the river is limed with ruin, and the open places are closed, and covered with iron skeletons painted red. Such a universe in process of destruction and construction,[1] I have never before seen. To be sure, I rarely see it. At this season I seldom go down town. When one leaves one's hole, one prefers country air.

I would gladly send you literature, but I hear of none. Dreyfus has swallowed it. Except a few plays, I've read nothing later than Philippe de Comines. I hope to get back to St. Simon again, but just now tend to the 12th century as more amusing and comprehensible. Who is Joe Chamberlain, anyway, and what relation is he to Dreyfus and President McKinley? I find it much easier to follow William the Norman and Harold the Dreyfusard and Cheulls the Bold. They are more amusing, too.

At the same time, I take note of change. The country here is shunting its rubbish rapidly. A few weeks or months more will see everything cleared away, I think, for the Fair. The French have their own feminine way of doing things, but sometimes they get it done, and I think it clear that they mean to sweep everything troublesome out of sight for next year. After that — we shall see. Or perhaps we shan't see!

As I've not got my statistics for last year, I resort to Wace for facts.

Paris is absolutely empty. For a week I've seen not a being except tourists and Parisians. Everybody else is somewhere else. People write from all sorts of places, and say nothing with all sorts of uniformity. A dozen letters boil down to a dozen words. The only facts I seem to glean are about our economies, and the extent of the activity in America. It is very great — astonishingly great — in all branches of transportation and in the industries that supply the machinery of production and transportation, and the profits, especially in the metals, are enormous. I cannot find that it has affected land or agriculture. Prices of food tend to fall; cotton is very low; coarse wool unsaleable. The only rise has been in metals.

I don't like this! that is, I like the rise in the metals well enough, but am uneasy till the rise affects agricultural lands. There is where my shoes pinch! If the rise comes to end in supplying the demand, and we start on a new fall, it's a poor outlook for landowners. So I watch eagerly for a sign that capital is turning to land either for investment or for speculation. Thus far, I can't learn that I am sensibly bettered by the boom.

---

[1] For the International Exposition of 1900.

To Elizabeth Cameron

PARIS, 5 September, 1899.

. . . .

You seem as agitated as I was, last winter, about the condition of Paris. Joe Chamberlain and Dreyfus convulse the world, but I still refuse to take either of them seriously. Both of them are Jew wars, and I don't believe in Jew wars. They don't fight. What strikes me as curious is the very bad appearance of the foreign element in the Dreyfus business. You know my opinion of the French — that I can calculate on their imbecility. To my surprise, the trial has shown the French to be relatively honest and serious. All the chief actors have appeared decent and dignified; even, to a degree, that chimpanzee Labori[1] with his weird bullet in his — back. Not that anyone ever knew that there was a bullet, but it certainly could not have been where he said it was. The strangers have appeared very ill. In the first place, Esterhazy,[2] a foreign adventurer, has run away and hid. Schneider, the Austrian military Attaché, has allowed himself to be given the lie, and admitted that he lied. Neither the German nor any other government has told any truth whatever, except to disculpate Dreyfus. Of course, if Esterhazy was the man, they could have freed Dreyfus in a moment, without hurting Esterhazy. My idiot friend, Gabriel Monod,[3] who is as near to being an ideal Harvard professor as I know, and as little a Frenchman, makes a fool of himself whenever he is given the smallest opportunity. All the most extravagant witnesses at Rennes have been outsiders. Dreyfus himself is a howling Jew as you see from his portraits. Henry,[4] the only Frenchman who was admittedly implicated in the rascality, had the decency to shoot himself, or cut his throat. To this moment, the Dreyfusards have put forward no theory to go upon. Sometimes they call it a mistake of judgment; sometimes a conspiracy of the staff. Both theories have been adopted or discarded in practice, and no one can tell us today whether the Dreyfusards hold that there was no treason at all, or whether Esterhazy was a real traitor, or whether the *bordereau* was or was not a serious communication. The army-theory is at least logical and holds together, but I am waiting still to know what the theory of the defence is. I grant the innocence of Dreyfus, if that is wanted, without question. The party who is on trial now is not Dreyfus but the army and the people of France; and all I want to know is whether they are more rotten than other armies and other peoples. Thus far in the trial, I have been rather impressed by the good appearance of the army, and the relatively bad appearance of everybody else. It is the only strong thing in the show.

---

[1] Fernand Labori.

[2] Marie Charles Ferdinand-Walsin Esterhazy.

[3] Gabriel Monod (1844–1912).

[4] Joseph Henry.

Thus far, all has gone to disappoint us anarchists. We sacked a church,[1] it's true, but Paris did not care. Paris seems indifferent to everything. Until the Exposition is over, nothing is likely to happen. Every workman is in full employ, and frankly says he is satisfied for the moment with the government. My impression is that, as winter comes on, all these Jew campaigns — of which that against the Transvaal is the more serious — will quiet down, and you will have a genial and blooming spring. We shall know now very shortly. If a storm comes, it will arrive by November, I think, at latest. Just now it looks as though everything must be decided within this month....

PARIS, 12 September, 1899.

. . . .

I had all sorts of invitations for Sunday; indeed a man of the world is going about Paris just now; it is I; — and on Saturday evening I dropped down to the [Ralph] Curtis's[2] about Sunday's dinner, when I was met by the excited announcement of the Dreyfus sentence. As it happened, I had read the arguments rather carefully, to see what the theories on each side were, and had been meditating on the weakness of both; for the army fails to connect the hand-writing with Dreyfus, and Maître Demange[3] expressly discards the idea of a conspiracy, and substitutes a theory which, in my judgment, is untenable. Either there was treason, or there was not. Demange seems to admit that there was a traitor, but he was a very little one, and that Henry, who was a most honorable man, committed forgery and suicide because he could not tell about the wicked Esterhazy who had led him astray. The position seemed to me so feeble that I understood at once why they had sat on that howling chimpanzee Labori, and also what Labori must have thought of it. Evidently Demange wanted only to save his client, whereas the real prisoner at the bar was the army. So I listened deferentially, I trust, to all the conversation, which was, in my opinion, more intelligent on the part of the lady than the men; and the next day I went to Versailles and found a tea-party in Lady Abinger's[1] new ball-room. All your friends were there, Van Vorsts,[2] LeRoys, Eliot Gregory,[3] Joe Hunt,[4] Hurstbrun girl, and I don't know how many more. Heaven pardon me! — but I wanted a bomb! Miss Marbury and Miss DeWolfe are the only men of the lot. The Dreyfus talk was wild, and considering that it was absolutely no business of theirs, it was as imbecile as the talk of the American colony always was and will be....

---

[1] St. Vincent de Paul, rue Chabrol. The outbreak occurred Sunday the 20th.

[2] Ralph Wormeley Curtis (1854-1922) married Lisetta de Wolfe (Colt) Rotch.

[3] Edgar Demange.

PARIS, 18 September, 1899.

. . . .

Then I dragged Cabot into the country two days running, to look at twelfth century churches, for I am now all eleventh and twelfth century, and you will find a gay library of twelfth century architecture whenever you get back to your ancestral property. I caught the disease from dear old Richardson[5] who was the only really big man I ever knew; and as I grow older the task becomes a habit, like *absinthe*, and I crave my eleventh-century Norman arch....

I would like to throw up my own little cap for Dewey, but at this distance I can't show. Since I grew up, say since the battle of Gettysburg and the capture of the Forts at New Orleans, I have had but one rule, which is to back the Army and Navy against everything everywhere on every occasion. That is why I am an anti-Dreyfusard. When the army makes a mistake and shoots the wrong man, I am sorry, and would do all I could to redress the injustice; but the Army and the Navy have saved and made me and mine so many times that I'm not going back on it, whatever it does; and I've not that respect or admiration for Presidents or Judges or Senators to care greatly whether they suffer or not. This is Treason, I am happy to say. As far as I know, the fortunes of my race were made by Treason — or by suppressing it — by War, in any case. So hurrah for old Dewey!

---

[1] Helen, daughter of Commodore George Allan Magruder, U.S.N., married William Frederick Scarlett, 3d Baron Abinger.

[2] John Van Vorst.

[3] Eliot Gregory (1854?–1913), painter.

[4] Joseph Howland Hunt (1870–1924).

[5] Henry Hobson Richardson (1838–1886).

Meanwhile the British Dreyfus has wholly thrown the French one into the shade. Joe Chamberlain has, apparently, got to make a war such as must make his radical hair stand on end. I don't see how it can be helped; but the morality of it is a million times worse than the Dreyfus sentence. In fact, I know nothing worse in history, except the Armenian massacres, to which also Europe was a consenting party. But our interests require that the Boers should be brought into our system, and so we must kill them till they come; because all England and all America and all the Transvaal are a Jew interest, — that is, a great capitalist machine, — and we must run it, no matter whom it hurts. So we try to run the French army, in Jew interests, and we shall ultimately break it down, no doubt, as well as we shall break down the Boers. The morality is awful, but at least I don't cant about suffrage, like Joe....

PARIS, 25 September, 1899.

. . . .

Let me see! News?... The Michael Herberts[1] asked me to dinner with the Lodges and I went. Lord Russell[2] and Sir Richard Webster[3] were the others. I was impressed by Lord Russell — an old-fashioned strong, dictatorial type, with a great head and keen eyes; much the most vigorous party I have met for many years. He is domineering as Lord Chatham or the old Eldon, but he sees all round a question of law, and was very interesting in his account of the trial at Rennes. In five minutes he gave us a sharper picture of the whole circus than I have got from all the reports. I was relieved to find that he had taken count of all the questions that puzzled me, and that they puzzled him too. Dreyfus himself the other day, after his release, in his first declaration, said that he had been condemned for a crime which another had committed. Then it was not a conspiracy. There was a traitor. Which abandons the whole case — except of a reasonable error — against the Staff. Demange expressly abandoned it; and now Dreyfus himself.

Hitherto I have thought that Labori and Zola and Jaurès were right; that conspiracy was the only theory that would hold water.

---

[1] Michael Henry Herbert (1857–1903), married Lelia Belle Wilson.

[2] Charles Russell, Baron Russell of Killowen (1832–1900), Lord Chief Justice of England.

[3] Richard Everard Webster (1842–1915).

Now, Dreyfus himself adopts the Esterhazy theory which was rejected on all sides before, as obviously feeble and insufficient.

Luckily all is now over, and the skies serene; but if it *was* Esterhazy, think of the German government deliberately prolonging the martyrdom of Dreyfus when it could have produced the papers — which could have had no value....

2 October, 1899.

. . . .

Yesterday (Sunday) they had a little professional reception at No. 21 across the way, and when I went there at six o'clock I found lights of the French stage — Jane Hading,[1] and Mme. Boyer[2] of the Comédie — with attendants occupying Mrs. Grant's somewhat too coquette or *cocotte* apartment. Still I was not shocked. *Ces dames* are certainly far from dazzling in their daily charms. They talked fast enough, especially the Boyer, but this stage-rapidity of words interferes greatly with my intellectual enjoyment, for I lose invariably the important phrase, and I caught about half of the Boyer's dramatic account of Le Bargy's[3] scandal at the Français. He proposed a beautifully corrupt bargain to Coquelin,[4] offering his vote to free Coquelin from his 100,000 franc penalty, in consideration for Coquelin's influence with Waldeck-Rousseau[5] to get him the Legion of Honor.

They all ended by flocking round the 'Marquise' Anglesey[6] and incensing her. What a power is a title! To be sure, the former Miss King of Georgia, cornered under Mrs. Grant's screen, looked the Marquise remarkably well, and acted it too, and I did not wonder. The actresses were by no means *grandes dames*. Boyer is fat and amusing and bourgeoise, but Jane Hading struck me as insufficient. I rather don't wonder that Réjane hates her, but they are all French *women* to the bone, and — according to our friends — avaricious beyond art....

---

[1] Jane Hading (Jeanne Alfrédine Tréfouret) (1859–).

[2] Rachel Boyer (–1935).

[3] Charles Gustave Auguste Le Bargy (1858–).

[4] Benoît Constant Coquelin (1841–1909).

[5] Pierre Marie René Ernest Waldeck-Rousseau (1846–1904).

[6] Mary Livingstone, daughter of J. P. King, of Sandhills, Georgia, and widow of Henry Wodehouse, married Henry Cyril Paget, 5th Marquess of Anglesey, and died 1931.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS, 9 October, 1899.

While you have been doing your Houses, I've not yet got lower than twelfth-century churches. It will take me a year or two more to get back to the last century. I am making a collection of twelfth-century spires. They are singularly amusing, and, for afternoon walks or drives in summer, are quite delightful. There are dozens within easy reach of Paris, all culminating in the Chartres spire. I find that I always get back to the twelfth century when left to myself. It is like the Greek in the Mediterranean. One finds nothing else in the long run that supplies mass with quality to make a long run. . . .

I don't like this Boer business. The cutting off a whole third of our gold supply for six months is sure to squeeze somebody very badly. Prices must feel it. I don't know yet who will get hurt in the jam, but I don't like it or see the use of it to anybody. I assume that nobody else likes it. Chamberlain least of all, for he is a shrewd politician and knows his risks; but that is the worst of putting a very shrewd modern man to deal with a very stupid, old-fashioned people. They can't understand each other. You will have to pray for luck to prevent your coming in.

Paris is crowded again, and working desperately to get ready for the spring-opening. Out of such a chaos, something worth seeing ought to come. The architecture strikes me so far as fair Beaux Arts work. The great architectural vista from the Champs Elysées to the Invalides is not yet open, and can only be guessed; but it will certainly want new things that to me are essential: water and scale in height.

Most of my summer friends have gone home, and I know few people in Paris. Of course, no French people. There is no French society to know. France no longer exists except for the *petite bourgeoisie* who rule it, and the laboring-class, or socialists, who want to rule it. I find little to choose between them. The socialists are just one peg cheaper than the *bourgeoisie*, on my brother Brooks's scale of social values. . . .

I've found no books for you. Everything is held over for next year. I suppose we shall see then the best there is that we can do. Rostand is to try and cap Cyrano.[1] Old Sardou is at work. The sculptors and painters have all got cards up their sleeves. It is certainly not twelfth-century, and it doesn't amuse me much, but it's as clever as our society admits, granting the situation. We want some more barbarians to change the *damnées*, as the French say.[1]

---

[1] Edmond Rostand (1869–1920). *L'Aiglon* was produced by Sarah Bernhardt, 15 March, 1900.

To Elizabeth Cameron

PARIS, 23 October, 1899.

. . . .

What you tell me of the Dewey movement troubles me a little. Setting aside the question of party, about which I am not violent, there remains the personal question which is rather serious to me at Washington. How the deuce I am to get on, with Hay and all my friends on one side, and you and Brooks and that dear John McLean and Emily,[2] on the other, I don't know. In fact, I can't do it. Inevitably I must lose something. Generally I have been able to keep clear of these passions, but this time all of you are too deep in the mud. Hay and Cabot, and such-like as Teddy, have too much to lose. Your temper, like mine, is becoming too bitter with age. It is likely to be a scrimmage wanting in the commonest decency of manners. I dread going home to it all the more because there is not a vestige of principle involved, and I can only sit on the very uncomfortable fence, indulging in the luxury, which is long ago a faded joy, of entertaining the deepest contempt for you all. Balanced by the loss of relations, the gain on my part is small. As a convinced, conservative, Christian anarchist, the turning out a set of cheap politicians in order to put in a cheaper, seems to me scavenger's work, necessary but low, at least as compared with the bomb, which has some humor in it, and explodes all round, making an effectual protest against the whole thing. Altogether I am not comfortable about it. As for mixing with the Gorman-McLean-Whitney-Croker crowd, they wouldn't let me in if I asked. I don't mind Bryan, who is just an ass, but these eastern democrats are intelligent and exclusive. They know an anarchist when they see him. They are not as bad as Cleveland was, but practically, for me, they would make Washington equally impossible.

---

[1] 'What a glimpse you gave me into the humanity of things! With politics and John McLean and Ohio politicians, I am sufficiently familiar not to be surprised, though I am amused at your picture. Ohio politics and politicians somehow or other always excite my vilest passions. I don't mind Pennsylvania or New York, but Ohio inherited a certain amount of New England cant which exasperates me wherever I meet it, perhaps because I understand it better than business. John McLean at least does not cant. He is *franche canaille*, which is, in a sense, more than can be said of the dear Major. But the whole thing, from top to bottom, is so rotten and hollow that I prefer the side which has something behind it, if it's only industry. Some day — some happy day — we will pull it all down, and resort to anarchy, but till then silence.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 16 October, 1899.

[2] Emily (Beale) McLean.

It brings me blue. Apparently I must abandon Washington altogether, and on the whole, while I am about it, the simpler and pleasanter solution seems to be to clear out of the planet once for all, as it is a question of brief importance anyway. Washington was the last tie. It is now a very weak one. Little will break it, but less will break me, who only keep going by a sort of constant tours-de-force, and prestidigitation. You are all drifting from me; I feel it and see it daily; and I know that the currents ahead are going to be violent for two winters to come. I can't choose a current, for that would at once throw me out. I can't drift with the current, for that is only possible in quiet waters. I can't even run away without cutting myself off from communion. So I linger in Paris, and bask in the warmth of the twelfth century, and write letters about nothing, as much as possible. You know my badge; not that of Valentine: '*Rien ne m'est plus; plus ne m'est rien*,' but 'Nothing matters much.' How would it be in Valentine's French: '*Beaucoup ne vaut Rien*.'

The twelfth century has been active this week. I went to Chartres last Tuesday and passed a long day studying it out so as to square it with the books. I passed Wednesday in running out to Chantilly and driving about three or four miles across to St. Leu d'Esserent, a very beautiful church, high on a terrace over the Oise, with a stone *flèche* of the most delightful originality and grace, and the ruins of the Abbey Farm about the church, most pleasing. . . .

One gain I got. The sixth of my party was St. Gaudens. By-the-bye, I hope to manage for him — and her — a medallion head, which Curtis seems to want. St. Gaudens was going down to Amiens[1] on Friday with two Frenchmen, and offered to take me. Naturally I went. The two Frenchmen were like all the Frenchmen I see, bourgeois of the timid type — one an architect, one a lawyer — afraid of everything, conventional as death, serious as a French *noces*, but very nice, courteous in the bourgeois style, and friendly. Of course I had for once to rattle French, which was hard on them; but we were met at Amiens by another bourgeois, the *archiviste*, who acted as guide, and we did the town under his direction. Of course Amiens is far from new; it is almost as old as I am. If I did not know the Cathedral intimately, I had at least a bowing-acquaintance with it, these many, many years. If it is as old as I am, it has the advantage of not showing its years. Nothing was ever younger or fresher, and I went all over it again, officially as it were, with more interest than ever. Curiously enough, it was new to St. Gaudens. As for the French lawyer, he had never even seen Saint Denis. I found it impossible to be *ingenu*; — not to patronize them. Is one odious! How can one help it? These *boutiquiers* — I except the architect and the *archiviste* — belong to a weird world of childish information about like Marco Polo. Anyway I learned much, and enjoyed it greatly. As for Saint Gaudens, it was a new life. It overpowered him.

---

[1] *Education*, 386.

My photographs too are an occupation, and by the way a fairly expensive one. The mere *clochers* and *flèches* number hundreds in the Monuments Historiques series alone. Your rooms are becoming a school of romanesque architecture. Volumes lie about the floor. Last evening Joe Stickney [1] and St. Gaudens dined here, and floundered in architecture on all the chairs. . . .

To Brooks Adams

PARIS, 31 October, 1899.

Thanks for Bernstein's book! [2] Also for your letter. The Marxian theory of history I take to be the foundation of yours: that is, when you assert an energy always concentrating, you assert economy as the guiding force, and the acceleration of mass and motion as consequence of accelerating economy — and reciprocally reacting. The assertion of the law of economy as the law of history is the only contribution that the socialists have made to my library of ideas, and I am curious to get their best statement.

They are a droll set of *plus que petits bourgeois*, these socialists, but they have all the truth there is; that is, belief in themselves.

Just now your friends the Germans seem to be simmering down wonderfully. Think of the Kaiser's change of heart and tone since 1894! I would like to understand what has sat on him, for I've a notion that we were concerned in it. Of course, however, the real clue to Germany is always to be found in Russia, and if Germany wants peace to the westwards, it is because she wants to exert pressure eastward. This Transvaal War is a point, but does it point to Persia or to China — or to the Bosphorus? Somewhere it has its little game. German diplomacy is the most grossly selfish now existing. I am curious to get back to Washington to learn what has been happening, for I can see that the swapping has been very active and secret.

---

[1] Joseph Trumbull Stickney (1874–1904).

[2] Edouard Bernstein (1850–1932). The book was probably *Die Voraussetzungen des Sozialismus und die Aufgaben der Sozialdemokratie*, published in 1899.

By-the-bye, the situation of things in America will be defined on the 8th. Of course my own line is to maintain the present set of rogues in office, partly because they are my friends, but mostly to save the cost of change. Your lines run necessarily with the other crowd. Probably your advices are more conclusive than mine, but apparently the democratic movement for making Dewey the candidate, is more serious and more imminent than one would imagine. They think they can elect him, which is a decisive argument. The nomination of Dewey would let you beautifully in. Even in Massachusetts you could stand up on Dewey, who means nothing but the flag. Therefore, unless you've already taken steps to square yourself with the Dewey line, I think it would be wise to make your inquiries, for the campaign will begin immediately. The McKinley machine, barring accident, has everything in its favor. If the British reopen the Transvaal mines within three or four months, we should have another great prosperity boom. Even now, we are standing the strain easily. — Though I don't understand the big jump in wheat yesterday.

I think, therefore, that the odds are largely on McKinley and that the other is a gamble, but it's a respectable gamble, and one Boston mugwump will have to swallow dirt. If it saves you from Bryan, it is worth the money.

You probably saw that the *N. Y. Herald* yesterday announced the death of Charles Kuhn,[1] aged 78. He died here in Paris, it seems, and I had never heard of his being here. John Ropes[2] too! There was Boston for you!

PARIS, 5 November, 1899

. . . .

The markets have learned much in fifty years. The old rules of Peel's time are now quite laid aside and abandoned. Altogether, I have every day to re-educate myself, and try to forget all I was ever taught. In that respect I am not alone. I have been pick-axeing into the socialist book you sent me, with the utmost interest. Bernstein is,

---

[1] He had married Louisa Catherine, sister of Henry Adams. *Education*, 85.

[2] John Codman Ropes (1836–1899).

I suppose, a Jew like the rest, and a German Jew at that, with a preposterous German jargon of philosophy and a style worse than impossible; but he seems to prove that he is very much in my intellectual condition. He throws up the sponge in the whole socialist fight. Absolutely nothing is left of Karl Marx except his economical theory of history in its crudest form. I have long noticed that the Socialists were dividing, but Bernstein proves that they're of rather small account even when united. Such an *éreintement* of one's own party is uncommon. Bernstein not only argues, but proves, that the Marxian theory of a social cataclysm has been abandoned, and that the Socialist has no choice but to make himself a *petit bourgeois*, with all the capitalistic machinery and methods. He preaches the bankruptcy of the only idea that our time has produced.

To have lived through that phase of thought is another soothing step to the grave. I can now, with fair confidence, formulate Marx's theory of history, as 'the survival of the cheapest, until it becomes too cheap to survive.' We are pretty cheap already, but the Trades Union is cheaper. Even an exceptionally intelligent socialist, like Bernstein, is only beginning to suspect how much cheaper socialism is than he and Marx and Engels and Lassalle were.

In short, anarchy is apparently very far off yet. I should say that the machine could run many centuries on that time-schedule.

So with the capitalists. They have abandoned their old teachers and principles, and have adopted socialist practices. There seems to be no reason why the capitalist should not become a socialist functionary. Solidarity is now law. Every day, I am more struck with the steadiness of the markets, in face of conditions which, sixty years ago, would have convulsed Europe with terror. The fact is, I am too old. I belong to the nineteenth century. The world is travelling in the twentieth, and doesn't know it.

All the same, I revert to my political platform of last year. The only possible political party must stand on a well-defined platform of State Socialism. Nothing else can reflect the social movement.

Bernstein has taught me, too, what Hegelianism is. I knew I was a Hegelian, but never knew what it was. Now I see that a Hegelian is one who agrees that everybody is right, and who acts as if everybody but himself were wrong. What a delightful idea — so German — that Karl Marx thought himself a Hegelian! It is equal to Wagner's philosophy. . . .

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

ELYSÉE PALACE HÔTEL, AVENUE DES CHAMPS ELYSÉES,
PARIS, 22 November, 1899.

The return of my *propriétaire* [Mrs. Cameron] has sent me back to hotels, but I linger along, waiting for one person or another, and not particularly eager to be at home. Not that I am doing anything here, either good or bad. Perhaps my noblest effort is to go to the auctions at the Hotel Drouot. Yesterday I sat through three hours sale of Sarcey's books, and saw not one that I wanted. What I do want is to write a five-act drama, of the twelfth century, to beat Macbeth. The more I study, the more I begin to understand that there was literary merit in Shakespeare. Macbeth and Othello are about all that is worth having done since the Greeks. The curious thing is that the literature of the twelfth century itself, and of the thirteenth, should be rose-water, with a childlike horror for tragedy.

What you say of the liberal party is not only true but a universal truth. There is but one party now, as your Transvaal War, and my Philippine War have shown. The old formulas are dead. Even the *Sociale*, as the French call it, is defunct. The Socialists have sold themselves, like the rest of us, and are now simply *petits bourgeois* with capitalist methods. I doubt whether they can get any further, and am sure they are losing their self-confidence and self-respect. The whole Dreyfus business turned on that point, and settled it. Jaurès and his Socialist organisation sold out to the *bourgeoisie*, expecting to swallow the government in the end, and without calculating the chance that the government might swallow them. We are now one great economic machine with no opposition but the anarchists.[1]

To John Hay

PARIS, 15 December, 1899.

Time passes — time has even passed. I have lingered here uncomfortably waiting for this and for that, and dreading the voyage; and everyone goes back on me. Spencer Eddy deserts me. La Farge is too infirm to know with certainty what he can do. Why the deuce couldn't you detail a diplomate or a senator to take me home? The best I can find is a representative's wife; so I have taken passage with Mrs. Wadsworth on the *St. Paul*, three weeks hence. I should be in Washington by January 15.

---

[1] 'Your position, too, strikes me as difficult, — indeed, impossible. The Salisbury government — no matter what the cause — has made a gross miscalculation amounting to criminality. What led them into it is not to the purpose. If parliamentary tradition is binding, Salisbury should go out, and you come in. But Roseberry is worse than Salisbury for you. He would betray the straightest equilateral triangle. You can't come in with him — or without him. What do you propose? Are you to abdicate, and give up the British Constitution by abandoning its law at such a crisis? I am curious to see.' — To Gaskell, 31 December, 1899.

At the same time, I doubt whether I am not more interested here than I shall be there. As usual, things get squeezed into the small end of the funnel in these last months of the year, and I am curious to see how small the funnel shall be. When I wrote you last, I saw no troubles ahead. Not till they had actually come, could I, or would I, believe in them. The financial dangers involved in shutting off one third of the European gold-supply — or, rather, more than one half of the *European* gold-supply, — seemed so serious that I could not believe the British government free to do it. I thought that the Bank and the whole City interest would prevent it. My faith in the Jew was implicit. But the Jew went back on me. He always does! He allowed the war to happen. We are now all in the hottest kind of soup and a presidential election ahead!

Of course the war may still end in time to save both Salisbury and you, but already the English are resigning themselves to a year of it, and a year of it is more than our interests permit. The contraction and pressure on credit, caused by the sudden withdrawal of the world's largest gold-supply is more violent than the silver contraction after 1873, or any other contraction with which I am acquainted in modern history. If it lasts six months, it must squeeze the life out of somebody. Naturally we ought to suffer least, but we still ought to suffer, by reaction; and, after all, Europe still holds one or two thousand millions of dollars invested with us, which can be withdrawn. The worst sufferer should be Russia, as the most indebted nation; but the nations most in danger of permanent injury, are these nations of western Europe, whom we are slowly crushing between us; England, France, Holland, Spain, and so on.

By the time I get home, England may have got to Pretoria, and in that case, Salisbury and Chamberlain may escape with only a very serious loss of prestige and dignity. If, by that time, the mines are in a fair way to be reopened, we shall have fair weather again, by midsummer. If not, prices have got to fall. All the exchange-juggling in the world cannot prevent it. If prices fall, it means that the economical war has broken out again, and that politics will feel it.

I am coming home for three months to see how it goes. I have watched your doings with great interest, and, as far as I can see them, with great approval. To conciliate everybody is our obvious interest; but, all the same, the whole of western Europe hates us most cordially, and with such cause as declining nations always have for hating the nations that grow on their decay. France and Germany and all western Europe are losing ground steadily with reference to us. They feel it. Economically speaking, they have not a ghost of a chance against us. I am every day astounded at the helpless incapacity of these people in administration of economic interests, and at their want of energy. Naturally they hate us. Handicapped as they are, the race for them is lost. They can only recover it by a new consolidation which would unify all western Europe as far as the Russian border, and, even then, they could not permanently compete either with Russia or with us. They have not the natural resources, and must conquer them by force. They cannot consolidate; they cannot compete; and it is your business to prevent them from conquering, or from fighting. Sooner or later they will turn east in mass, and then, perhaps, they will clean us out; but not in your time.

So your job is laid out. If we can get the Philippine business settled, or apparently settled, and can keep our Transvaalian Canada contented, my only anxiety will be the Spanish Americans, with whom Europe is sure to intrigue. Perhaps it matters little in Chili or Argentina, but I dread quarrels in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean. There we are vulnerable. Cling tight to Mexico! That is the reason why I dislike so much our double-faced attitude about Cuba. Mexico must be horribly afraid of us there; and with entire reason....

To Brooks Adams

PARIS, 19 December, 1899.

I am sorry to hear of your anxieties. Whether they are harder to bear in one place than another I do not know. One always hopes that home is best in trouble; but I never found it to make much difference. What one really wants is youth, and what one really loses is years. Life becomes at last a mere piece of acting. One goes on by habit, playing more or less clumsily that one is still alive. It is ludicrous and at times humiliating, but there is a certain style in it which youth has not. We become all, more or less, gentlemen; we are *ancien régime;* we learn to smile while gout racks us. We make clever speeches which rhyme with *paresis*, — or do not, for paresis has a short ĕ. We get out of bed in the morning all broken up, without nerves, color or temper, and by noon we are joking with young women about the play. One lives in constant company with diseased hearts, livers, kidneys and lungs; one shakes hands with certain death at closer embrace every day; one sees paralysis in every feature and feels it in every muscle; all one's functions relax their action day by day; and, what is worse, one's grasp on the interests of life relaxes with the physical relaxation; and, through it all, we improve; our manners acquire refinement; our sympathies grow wider; our youthful self-consciousness disappears; very ordinary men and women are found to have charm; our appreciations have weight; we should almost get to respect ourselves if we knew of anything human to respect; so we affect to respect the conventions, and we ask only to be classed as a style....

To Moreton Frewen

ELYSÉE PALACE HÔTEL, PARIS, January 5th, 1900.

We sail from Cherbourg; therefore we may not accept your hospitality. It is sad, but I have less poignant regret than usual because your character is now hopelessly gone.

As long as you were only a crank even I might from time to time allow myself to be seen with you, but now that it is painfully clear that the other fellow was the crank and you the sane one, your case is hopeless. No one will ever pardon you.

The war is unfortunately the affair of all of us, as much as the silver-question was — of which it is merely a chapter. As long as any outcome of it is within reasonable sight, or is claimed as probable we can perhaps get on with the help of American gold. But if the mines in South Africa are to remain closed indefinitely you had better emigrate. Should the squeeze once revive the silver-question the gold-bugs will hang you first. I shall have the pleasure of saying to them 'That's he! He stole the gold! Hang him.'

If Bryan should be elected after all, on the silver issue owing to this war, I should like to know how you can ever look an honest gold-bug in the face again. That is why I sail from Cherbourg.

XII

WASHINGTON

1900

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, 22 January, 1900.

. . . .

If you were here, the machine would be all right. I find it running easily and rather more gaily than usual of late years. The free sort of liberal way it picks one up, is refreshing after Europe. I like the devil-may-care self-confidence of our swagger now-a-days; it is so unlike the America of my Boston child-hood. Washington is the cheerfullest place in the world in spite of its tragedies and disappointments. Nothing can make it serious very long; not slavery; not civil war; not even Chauncey Depew. . . .

Of course the superficial look of things is all I've had to consider so far. The old acquaintances had to be picked up, and the new ones marked down. Still, there is no mistaking the sense of being in the stream. John Hay at once resumed his old habits, and went over all his year's diplomacy. I think I know what there is to know, and am surprised to find how little it is. Certainly diplomates are among the least intelligent and efficient of instruments. As I guessed, Hay has all his own way with foreign governments, and all his real energies are given to the Senate. Even the Senate is comparatively docile. The Major's gentle hand has soothed lots of porcupines even there. I can hardly believe that Hay will get his treaties through, but the Senate thinks he will. In the dark, behind all the shuffling of English and German and Russian cards, France is to me the most doubtful and mysterious element. France is greatly helping England, and us. It is curious. I want to understand it, but the secret lies with M. de Witte at Petersburg, and the Jews at Berlin and Paris. Never shall I be allowed to understand their little game.

Even the Transvaal hangs lightly on this optimistic and opulent world. No one is scared, and even I am ashamed to croak. . . . I have even tried to make some calls.

To Sir Robert Cunliffe

1603 H STREET, WASHINGTON, D.C., 25 January, 1900.

Your letter of January 9th followed me across the Atlantic and finds me once more in my own house, rather to my surprise, and a little to my confusion; for, now that I have made the effort, and have languished a week in misery on the winter-ocean, I am asking myself what I came back to do. May Jupiter strike me with a baseball-bat if I know! but here I am, and, as far as is visible, here I am likely to remain till spring. You know the situation, at least as it was a dozen years ago; and it has not changed much, as far as concerns me. Presidents and Cabinets come and go; great men rise and vanish; even empires dissolve; but I am as permanent as an under-secretary. Just now, I am pretty well satisfied. All my friends are in office; all my enemies have been rolled in the mud; all my objects have been gained; all my theories have been upset, and all my opinions have been changed, punctually to the New Year, as per contract schedule. What more does one want? One had best hold one's tongue, whether one wants more or not, for one gets nothing by fault-finding.

Truly, my empire is uncommonly big — a very astonishing increase on what it was five-and-thirty years ago when you and I first met in the inn at Pisa — or was it Sienna? I have annexed a lot of outlying country containing worlds of statesmen unknown then, who flourish daily before my window and fill the world's orbit with their fame. I hope you read Mr. Dooley. He is the only literature now-a-days, and expresses wonderfully the average opinion of my people. I prefer him to the Kaiser Willy, his chief rival humorist, for, if he is not so funny, he is at least more serious. Mr. Dooley draws tears when he jokes, while the Kaiser's pathos is something too much akin to Offenbach's. '*Le sabre de mon père*' is an old story. In Paris I went again to see the *Belle Hélène*, which I thought vulgar and stupid thirty years ago, and thought so still last Christmas; but certainly it is rather German. The Kaiser, perhaps, will improve on it in his new play.

Since returning I have picked up such of my old friends as are still pickable. John Hay flourishes, and spawns treaties by the dozen which the Senate is to reject. Office agrees with him, and with Mrs. Hay even more, and Helen is very much alive. I caught Clarence King here on my arrival, though he flitted instantly. Washington is full of family and friends; nieces flock like sparrows, and Edward Hooper with one of his girls is now with me. I find America so cheerful, and so full of swagger and self-satisfaction, that I hardly know it. The change since 1893 is startling, and the change from the atmosphere of France is even more so. A war or two seems a matter of entire indifference. Grumblers have to scold in private, for they get nothing but chaff in reply. As for money, it seems to lie about loose, for no one confesses to want of it. Even I, who own infinity, open my eyes at the way we sling things about, and the calm acceptance of the new scale. Luckily for me, everyone is good-natured, or at least no one cares a straw what I do or say or think, and there is no longer the smallest sense of responsibility for consequences. Fifty years ago, we all expected to break necks at half the speed, but now we look forward to doubling it without a qualm.

It is you over in Europe who keep up the good traditions and think your necks are broken. You have had a *mauvais quart d'heure*, to be sure. As an outsider, I feel incompetent to criticise, and, if I felt competent, I have experience enough to know that criticism would be impertinent. Your war has cost you more than our little Spanish misunderstanding cost us, and you can get little good out of it except the satisfaction of extracting a thorn; but weight ought to count, in time, and the waste will be rapidly repaired. The chief result is going to be to make us more shy of war than ever. It was curious to see how suddenly the Germans and French sobered down, and began to ponder, when they read the accounts of the first fighting, and asked themselves what it meant to them. The best soldiers find their appetite satisfied by one experience of attacking quick-firing, long-range guns with smokeless powder. We woke up to that very suddenly at Santiago, and our bravest men were the gladdest when the Spaniards kindly ran away. In future, I think we shall prefer to fight with great moderation someone who can be depended on to run away beforehand. No one really likes being potted by machine-guns a mile off and invisible. All my friends in the battle were entirely agreed on that point. There was no pleasurable excitement in it.

What kind of an india-rubber entrail has Chamberlain anyway, as you picture him? Apparently even his colleagues think that there has been miscalculation somewhere. I suppose he is one of the very few who could have made it. The situation seems to warrant a wrinkle or two, even if the mistake was not his. We should not think the worse of him. I wonder whether he is the unique hero, and would not mind being potted by a Mauser at two thousand yards.

Keep me posted, if you will, about Carlo and Molly. I did not like the tone of his last letter; it sounded despondent which is a tone I reserve for myself. My copyright is not to be infringed. You and he are mere boys still, and cannot be allowed out of bounds. Sir John [Clark] is the youngest of you all. Really he ought to be sent to school. As for Mary Chamberlain, Mary Curzon and Mary Charlton[1] — my three Queen Maries — all three know I love them. It's all right.

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, 29 January, 1900.

. . . .

You'll not care much for my list of breakfasters and dinnerers, old or young; but they dribble along without my interference, and their names are writ in the book of life, or of weekly accounts, in items of game and terrapin. Perhaps my next-door neighbor gives a better idea of life's vanities. After sitting an hour or two yesterday (Sunday) afternoon, before my fire, while the wet snow was falling on a dark sky, which was visibly despondent about the Transvaal, Hay and I, having discussed the situation to bankruptcy, went back to get our cup of tea from Mrs. Hay; and I sat there an hour. . . .

Vanity it is, sure enough, but what is not vanity is the British empire whose tail-feathers this week have had all the vanity taken out of them. You, who know what a coward I have been, will have felt what a week I must have passed, and Hay is worse than I. Terror is hardly the word. Nightmare alone expresses it. You must have seen how we saw it coming. All the long week, the crash hung over us. Redvers Buller[2] beaten! Ladysmith to fall! Kimberly to fall! Salisbury to fall! the British empire to fall! Russia at Herat! Russia *coup d'etating* the Chinese empire! Russia repudiating the open door! Germany lost to Russia! India in danger! McKinley in danger! Heaven only knows what not in danger, now that England as a military power has fallen, like France and Spain!

What a miserable coward I am! yet you know best how much I was scared, and how much less I was scared than it is clear now that I should have been. I never dreamed that England's collapse could be so sudden. Here we are, on the verge of what, in my calculation, was fifty years off! The thing is on us today! And the worst is to come, if my fear is realised, for I have held throughout that England is more rotten financially and economically than in her army or society or politics. The financial collapse has still to come! Oh, Lord; Oh, Lord! We silver-martyrs of 1893 are still at the bottom of the heap. *Vox clamantis!* The voice of the gold-bug is dumb, but he must still run our world, though he has broken his confounded head.

---

[1] Mary Grant, daughter of Archibald Campbell, U.S.A., married William Oswald Charlton, Secretary of the British Legation at Washington in 1884.

[2] Sir Redvers Henry Buller (1839–1908).

What can I do? I can but cackle and run around the coop, as usual! All I could think of was to get Willy Chanler to bring Montague White, the Boer agent at London,[1] who dined with me last night. The amiable Chanler was loquacious and uncertain of speech, but I managed to go over the whole ground with Montague White, who is intelligent, and I judge has enough Hebrew blood to be useful. After some hours of very free talk, I could see less light than ever. There is no way out. England must either wipe out the Boers, or be wiped out. No peace seems now possible by compromise, except one which would leave England a wreck like Spain and France.

Bad as it would be, so scared am I that I would make peace instantly, if I could do it, without restriction or condition, except that the Boers should take everything, if they would only be friends. From that disgrace England could recover, as she did after doing the same thing with us in 1783; but from persistence in her present line, she may never recover. Of course, this is impossible. The war must go on. The Boers must be crushed. But what sort of a price must we pay? And what sort of a world will it be, when the accounts are settled? What will Russia want? What will Germany want? And what is to become of the Major? Just incidentally, as an interesting conundrum, I might also ask who is to do the crushing. Thus far, the Boers have danced over the prostrate Britisher. . . .

Tuesday, 30th. Today's news reads grim. Indeed, if I were wise, I ought to run away from here, for my natural pessimism works now on Hay's natural pessimism, and his on mine, until we are both half out of our minds with anxiety. Of course it is an open secret that Russia, for months, has been representing to every cabinet the inevitable necessity of joint intervention. Germany can at any moment bring about the crisis. France must probably act with Russia and Germany. You can see all the consequences without my lecturing. The happiest would be the peaceful subsidence of England to the rank of France. The worst would be a violent convulsion which must end in her total dismemberment. Any solution is loss to us, and gain to Russia.

---

[1] He was the Transvaal Consul in London.

I've lived to see lots of things in sixty years, but this caps all, and fixes me up with a complete outfit for the next world. For seven years I have been preaching, like John the Baptist, the downfall of the Jews, and have figured it up in parallel columns which are proverbially deadly, but, as we are going, all western Europe will die and howl in Sheol before I can get into my comfortable grave to think it over.

And yet I've not heard from Brooks at St. Petersburg. He must be glorified in terrors!

To Cecil Spring Rice

WASHINGTON, 1 February, 1900.[1]

Your letter of November 30[2] reached me last night. Yours of the same date to Mrs. Hay arrived January 13. Apparently it takes three weeks to register a letter in the wilds of Ahriman. Evidently my friend Alexander the Great is needed again, and, from what one sees and guesses, I rather judge that he has come since you wrote. I would I could have an hour's talk with you today, 'a flask of wine, a book of verse, and Thou'; for, in truth, my son, I am weary and oppressed by the stupidity of your class, and am desperate at finding in this waste of imbeciles not one poor wretch who can tell me why I consent to talk with him. The entire diplomatic class has, in my forty years of acquaintance with them, supplied me with just two interesting specimens; and you are one. I pay you that compliment free of charge. Don't grow fat on it! For it is wrung from me in bitterness of soul.

I have thought much of you and your position of late, and I doubt whether you have yourself been so anxious as I about your welfare. Truly I have had much nightmare, these three months past, as you, who know my previous incarnations, can easily imagine. Many times in my life I have seen the earth shake under me, and the empires fall and rise like bubbles, but I thought all that was over for me, and that I could do my Hafiz, or champagne-fiz, our modern equivalent, in peace, with a happy Heaven secure. Suddenly, out of the clear sky, comes the devil on a broomstick in the shape of a mob of howling Jews who upset my world, send all my friends to Heaven before me, and bedevil man and beast beyond recognition. And the worst of it is that my poor world can't help itself. Stupid it is, and was, and will be, — stupidity[3] is dear to the Gods and their best gift to man — and if the diplomate were not stupid, how could he serve? Nature did not make you stupid, and consequently my sympathies are acute for you, until habit shall have accomplished what nature denied.

---

[1] Printed in part in Gwynn, *Letters and Friendships of Sir Cecil Spring Rice*, I. 316.

[2] *Ib.*, I. 296.

[3] *Gegen die Dummheit*, etc. Against stupidity the gods fight in vain. — Gwynn, *Letters and Friendships of Sir Cecil Spring Rice*, I. 247.

Mrs. Hay and Mrs. Cameron will have told you the gossip, such as there is; and I have little to add except that, on my return here a fortnight ago, I found the Washington world thinking about new people and new things, more or less, and, in comparison with Europe, also thinking very well of themselves. After nearly a year of Paris, the contrast seemed a trifle sharp. Europe seemed anything but satisfied with itself. New York was just humming with self-content. I left Mrs. Cameron and Martha in their perch over the Bois de Boulogne, surrounded by the Paris colony, just as my uncles and aunts used to live forty years ago, and I tumbled back into an America which my uncles and aunts would not recognise, full of occupations and ideas that hardly existed here yesterday. To you, in Persia, Russia looms over the whole horizon. To us, in America, ourselves are the centre of the Milky Way. My time is wholly taken up in running as hard as I can to catch the procession before it gets out of sight round the next corner. Paris makes on me the impression of Chartres, as something pertaining to the twelfth century. Yet the Boulevards were never so crowded, the streets are dangerous with furious automobiles and fiery trams, and the Exposition is a huge architectural Inferno of unfinished domes, minarets, Greek temples, and iron frames. All the same, France cannot do the pace. She is really out of the running.

My breakfast table resumed its habits without an effort on my part. Nieces run in and out like pigeons in a dovecote. As fast as I marry one off, two more come on. Statesmen are less plenty. Having made my great success on Cuba, I have dismissed my Cuban conspirators to their various functions in fortune-making, and content myself, like the Pope, with giving everybody my blessing. John Hay negotiates a treaty a day, or thereabouts, and sends it to the Senate to sleep forever. By some incomprehensible oversight, the Senate has accidentally approved one of his treaties, which happens to be the most important, and naturally in my view the most likely to be opposed. The arrangement about Samoa has got through. I hardly dare express my astonishment for fear some Senator should see the point. The elections are coming on; the opposition is at its wits' end for a grievance; the administration is in terror for fear of giving them one; the Philippines are groaning under our cruel despotism; Bryan is orating; McKinley is smiling; and Moreton Frewen has arrived, — for once not quite hilarious.

At your embassy there is a wedding on hand. At the Lodges' there is not. Probably some of your gossips have told you the love-secrets of Polichinel Lodge, which are no secrets at all. If you could only be trusted not to repeat, I would repeat too, but Persia is a whispering gallery, that would return my confidences to confound me after both the Lodge boys had married other women and forgotten their many early heart-breaks, and were swearing at the love-scrapes of their own sons. My sister Anne is absolutely rose-colored. My brother Brooks and his wife are in St. Petersburg, and you can imagine whether that philosopher is interested or not. Knowing him slightly, I incline to suspect that he has, by this time, acquired views which may extend even as far as Teheran. I wish he could go there. You might have so comfortable a fight among the primitive roses, and you could knock down his concentric theories with all sorts of Persian history!

As for myself, after passing the summer in the twelfth century, thinking only of Norman *clochers* and *flèches* and of choirs and glass; after scouring the country round Paris for twelfth-century churches, and after attending service at Chartres most of the Sundays, I was rudely disturbed by the return of winter and of Mrs. Cameron who ejected me from my summer-quarters and drove me across the winter-ocean. I am now trying to compel Hay to go down to South Carolina with me, and pass a week with the lord of Coffin's Point. Mr. Cameron is anxious to have us come down, but Hay pleads his beautiful treaties.

Of treaties and wars I will say as little as possible, partly because a letter is indiscreet, and partly because Moreton Frewen tires me. I am not an exaggerated hog. I do not want to require too much from human nature, for I never know much good of it, and, as the new century advances (on that point I follow humbly the Kaiser), the little good I ever knew of my own century quite disappears and is lost to my eyes in the dazzle of having, since the first year of my era — according to Christians, 1838, — won all my stakes, triumphed in all my interests, betrayed all my principles, lost all my self-respect, and been mistaken in every opinion I ever held. The consequence is that I am respected, sought, and, if I live to be wholly, instead of partially, imbecile, shall be admired. Under these favorable circumstances I try not to be impatient of — other people's — cant or hypocrisy or lies. Yet temper, to men past eighty, is not an easy servant, and at times, — not infrequent, — I swear.

Chiefly I swear at blunders which are worse than crimes, and at stupidity which is infinitely more wicked than the murder which I am impelled to commit in order to satisfy my artistic instincts which require revenge on the stupid. Twelfth-centurian that I am, I detest a university under all circumstances, and loathe science more than knowledge. Let us abolish Congress!

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, 5 February, 1900.

. . . .

Luckily, my battles are over, and I have no longer to make reports or speeches, or to encourage conspirators, or stiffen up scared Bostonians, or combat brothers, or swear at Olneys and Clevelands, — those nightmare hags of my dreams even now. Without you, I could not do that. Without your husband I could not stay here in a fight. Thank Spain, our battles are won, or at least our enemies have run away, and the full tide of luck — preposterous and stupid and bull-headed beyond belief — is running with us to a sea, like Kaiser Willy on the Samoan Islands. It is positively ridiculous. McKinley's luck is a record. He stands on it like Buddha on a lotus.

At this instant, 11 A. M., while I write, Hay is probably signing with Pauncefote an abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty! Hay himself actually trembles for fear that he should wake up and find that he dreamt it. He has given nothing for what a dozen Presidents have broken their necks to get. No doubt he is lucky to have a Transvaal round the adjacent corner; but he got his *modus vivendi* without, or before, the war, which was a still greater relief, for Canada really threatened to be our Transvaal; and now, by the purest chance, which Omniscience itself could not have prophesied, he has got a greater advantage still. Within a year, merely to please the Major, God has created Nome Beach. We are all agog about Nome. Economists, geologists, explorers, miners, statesmen, and even Bostonians, are staggered at hearing of a sand-beach, forty miles long and two or three miles wide, where the sand is gold, and every shovel-full is worth a dollar. On Saturday evening, at dinner, there came various desperadoes — Hartwell of Hawaii, Procter of Kentucky,[1] Rockhill of Thibet, and Pritchett[2] of the Coast Survey — all dead-bent on starting for

---

[1] John Robert Procter (1844–1903).

[2] Henry Smith Pritchett (1857–   ).

Nome in April. Every vessel on the Pacific Slope is chartered for Nome. Pritchett says there is every reason to suppose that the same geological conditions cross Behring's Straits, — only sixty miles, — and run indefinitely west and east. Klondike is nowhere. The miners are all rushing out of it, and hurrying to Nome. Hay beams with relief. He has euchred the canny-dians. He has gone one better on the *modus vivendi*. He has even perhaps beggared the Transvaal. For the moment, no one knows. The new gold is a gamble, but $2,500,000 were taken out of Nome Beach last summer, at the first whack; and the Transvaal produces not more than $80,000,000 after twenty years of expenditure, and now a $500,000,000 war. It would be funny if the British marched into Johannesburg a year hence, to receive nothing but worthless ore-beds.

Talking of the British, poor dear Moreton Frewen has turned up, trying hard to be cheerful, and wanting desperately to be a successful gold-bug. I lose my temper with him a little, and almost beat him when he sneezes. The Englishman has become grotesque in his attitude. He freezes close to the Spaniard. His stupidity is divine — portentous — volcanic. Frewen is an American to all outward appearance, — more so than I, — and yet, as we were innocently talking of his democratic friends, and their best candidate, he said, seriously, solemnly, with sublime good-faith, that they ought to unite the best elements of both parties, and nominate — guess! I'll give you twenty guesses! fifty! a hundred! He would be, according to Frewen, sure of election. He would command the confidence and support of Wall Street, State Street, South Dakota, and Jones of Arkansas-Nevada! He would unite my brother Charles, my brother Brooks and me; with William Everett,[1] George Fred Williams[2] and J. Donald Cameron thrown in. All right! Try again!

The curious part of it was that I enthusiastically approved the selection, and assured Frewen that, in my opinion, the President, his Cabinet without exception, the State of Massachusetts, and two-thirds of the Republican Convention, would approve it even more enthusiastically than I. The most enthusiastic of all would be Senator H. Cabot Lodge.

For Frewen's candidate was the senior senator, Cabot's colleague, your own adored cousin, George Frisbie Hoar. I promised to subscribe a thousand dollars at once towards his nomination, if he would be a candidate. I would vote for him! I would in person go to him and say:

[1] William Everett (1839–1910).

[2] George Fred Williams (1852–1932).

'Father, I have sinned against heaven and against thee,' and all the rest.

The Major's luck is great, but, after all, not so colossal as that. He can't get rid of his Jeremiahs in New England as easily as out west. But nothing disturbs him, and we all march before his Roman triumph, whether we like it or not....

I've not seen your sister or Miles, though I left cards at once; and I know nothing about Miles's present relations with the Department. The MacVeaghs, I presume, have gone south. Of course my relations with Hay make me suspected, and shut me out from the confidence of all the anti-administration elements; which is unfortunate but inevitable. As yet, no one has thought me worth attacking, but I can't stay here long.

Sister Anne flourishes. Cabot is more important than ever. Langley came on to dinner last night. No one seems to care what becomes of Europe, and our stock-exchange has decided to cut loose from all European influence. Frewen came to dinner and his talk sounded like the twelfth-century and perpendicular Gothic. He switched off onto electric tramways as the only chance of recovering relations. He abandons silver and is sad about Bryan, and deplores the infatuation of his democrats about the wicked Boers. He finds altogether too much Boer sympathy here. They are to be wiped out — the Boers — at a cost of a hundred million pounds which the mine-owners are to pay, every six-pence, — and England is more glorious than ever. I have given up thinking about it, till the next South African news, and the next fever-chill. All the same, I seem to hear of no new Phoenix. No candidate for the breakfast-table appears, except Margaret Chanler....[1]

Tuesday, 6th. Hay scored on his treaty, as you will have seen.[2] He beams with content, and says he is now ready to go. In his own self, he feels more and more fear that his going will make life too dull for living. As he says, it will be the end. These statesmen cling to life like fish-glue. None die gracefully.

So Joe Chamberlain has at last played his suit, and Harcourt has let him run. The exhibition on both sides is curious, and what Brooks calls rotten, and Redvers Buller has not squeaked since his beating! And England will triumph next week as usual.

---

[1] Margaret Livingston Chanler, later Mrs. Richard Aldrich.

[2] The treaty had been sent to the Senate February 5th, and by amendments was so changed that the British government would not sign it.

To Brooks Adams

WASHINGTON, 7 February, 1900.

. . . .

It is not easy, after a year of lying in bed, to get up, and jump onto a railway train going at full speed. The sensation of arriving in this country becomes stronger after every absence I make. A year of France and Italy has somehow dulled my sense. From the moment of landing in New York, I was conscious of a change of scale. Our people seemed to sling at least twice the weight, twice as rapidly, and with only half the display of effort. There is now almost no sense of effort, for instance, about our great railways; but the sense of energy is overpowering.

I was instantly struck, too, by the equivalent of this changed scale, when I came to Washington. Only three years ago, I was quite alone here, except for Rockhill, in the atmosphere of foreign affairs. The Cleveland régime suffocated us. Today the whole menagerie knows, or thinks it knows, all about foreign affairs, and Hay negotiates a treaty a day to keep the Senate's appetite supplied. The octopus is stretching its tentacles everywhere, quite blindly, like octopuses or octopodes elsewhere, but with an accurate sense of touch. As for traditions, constitution, principles, past professions, and all that, the devil has put them back into his pocket for another thousand years. By common agreement, we all admit that the old slate must be washed off clean. We all admit that we can't help it if the world does tip over. We are only glad we are on top.

This sense of being on top is what strikes me most sharply after the sense of being left behind which I felt so much in western Europe. I find myself actually slow. I, who was alone here three years ago in trying to get the country to assert itself and its strength, am now alone in trying to persuade stray passengers that, after all, America needn't load up with what won't sell. Every day I am discouraging some new scheme. Wall Street has fairly cut loose from Europe, or thinks it has, and no longer attends to European sales. The financial articles say that Europe has sold all she has, and that the balance is in our favor now. They don't care a damn whether England is ruined or not. France and Germany are more scared about it than we are. Our people seem willing to shoulder the whole British empire.

Of course I don't share this gaiety altogether, nor does Hay, nor the President, nor cautious men in general, but there it is, and I see no reason why it should not stay. . . .

Your Democratic friends seem to me to be quite desperate. They want to get rid of Bryan, but would do no better with anyone else. They flounder pitiably. Nothing but the unexpected can help them. Practically they are all for sale — and a fair share are bought. I have ceased even to be shocked at the corruption of money. It will at any rate carry over my time, and it has the exceptional trait of apparently including everybody down to day-laborers. When the rot comes, all will be in it....

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, 12 February, 1900.

. . . .

As usual in the spring before a general election, all is confusion. The ranks of the parties are quite broken up. Half the leaders are howling to go forward; half are yelling to go back. Congress is as imbecile as it always is — and as it was described in nine volumes of a historical work which you never heard of, but which Martha should some day own, as the last dying will and testament of her old tutor David Dobbitt,[1] D.D. Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippines, and the country in general need instant legislation, but Congress is helpless. Everything is foul of everything else, like Buller at Colenso and into this mass of helplessness, where everybody was shy of everything explosive, Hay neatly dropped his Nicaragua Treaty. The effect was that of a 13-inch shell. The explosion smashed, tore and rent the ranks in every direction. The dodgers could not escape, this time. All the factions and all the timid flopped in every direction, as the ranks broke; the Irish jumped; the Germans jumped; and the fun began.

The wit of man is, in my opinion, a sheer encumbrance, given him to show his idiocy. At least once a week, I lie down and roll in the dirt, to expiate my sins of reason. I had looked with terror at the Samoan Treaty, to which nothing could have reconciled me in principle, and which violated every profession of both our parties and all our administrations; but that arrangement, being agreeable to the Germans, passed without an opposing vote. I supposed the Nicaraguan arrangement to be absolutely unobjectionable, and a clear gain to everybody; but it seems that it brings us close to England, and therefore it rouses every German and Irishman in the country. *Tant mieux!* I am delighted. Nothing is more amusing than to see the gold-bugs fluttered. My contempt for all parties has long been so acrid that I enjoy every fresh opportunity to renew its strength. But is it droll! Poor old England is being licked as no mortal nation ever got licked before; she is fairly broken; an object of pity; the Boers astride of her in Africa, and hacking at one artery; the Russians astride of her, on the Persian Gulf, sawing away at her jugular; just a question whether the whole fabric of her empire won't suddenly tumble on our heads like the Spanish! and our wise Senators profess to be so afraid of her that they can't approve a treaty in which she gives up her rights for nothing but to keep us quiet. And I, who am the Anglophobe *type* — even I, for once, laugh!

---

[1] A name, sometimes contracted into Dordy, applied to Adams by his intimates.

Of course, all the old stage-play repeats itself. All the Major's enemies try to put the knife into him; all his friends cackle with terror; Cabot repeats the old, old quacks of frightened quackery; Bill Chandler gets out his little stiletto, and Hale becomes a terror. As for me, I am not in the fight. No one has paid me to run the party. The fight in the Transvaal is as much as I can manage. Last night I had Montague White to dinner again, and discussed the whole subject afresh, and got more muddled than ever. White figures up a total Boer force of 75,000 men. After April, the Veldt becomes too dry for campaigning. Unless the British can break the 75,000 down, by that time, the campaign must go over; and they have less than 200,000 men and only unacclimated animals. The failure will be fatal, no matter what success may follow. As a conscientious conservative anarchist, I must rejoice, but as a vulgar Christian economist, I stand aghast before one of the most dangerous cataclysms the world has ever seen. I believe England to be rotten and bankrupt throughout; I have said it for five years or more; I have bored you all, with my fears; and now I see the circus beginning. Do you wonder that my nerves are morbidly sensitive?...

Hay is about as furious as you can imagine, and threatens to resign if they defeat more of his treaties. I shall have hard work to prevent it in that case. He regards the Nicaragua matter as personal, and loathes the Senate with a healthy anarchical energy for a gold-bug. Of course, this is absolutely private. Not that it is secret, or will long be so, but it must not be breathed through me. Willy Chanler and his sister Margaret dined here last night, and I sent a message through him to Bryan promising him my vote and my subscription on the single condition that he should take his stand on the sole plank of Abolition of the Senate. I am not sure he could win on it; but I am sure he would carry the sympathy of four fifths of both parties; all the executive, and the whole House. This is the only strong issue, economical, political or social; it is also solidly anarchical. I'm not sure but I'll run on it myself if Bryan won't.

February 13th. At Hay's, last evening, I found your beloved Smalley, looking nearly as old, senile and degenerate as I. Of course he was here about the Treaty, to tell Hay that Teddy had come out against it.[1] You can imagine to what an extent the fat is in the fire! Poor Cabot! What can he do? If Teddy, to save his Germans, stabs Hay in the back, he has got to [go] on and tilt with the Major in face. If Hay is beaten on his Treaty, he will resign; if he does not resign, he will certainly hamstring Teddy. Won't it be fun, and aren't your chickens hurrying home to roost? You will be able to come back to Washington with a heart at peace with Hanna. As for me, you can imagine my high-and-mighty philosophising over it all; or read a chapter in the *History*, etc., etc., which will apply anywhere. My real interest centres on the Transvaal and in Persia with poor Spring Rice. My breath comes short as I listen for news from there. I tell you, the church bells are tolling. The greatest empire the world ever saw is tottering to its grave. I can wait another month, perhaps, at the utmost, for British victory. Already I've waited a month longer than I should have thought fatal a year ago. If the Boers still hold out on April 1, England is done. The only question will then be whether her fall is to be a catastrophe or a slow decline....

19 February, 1900.

. . . .

But Washington is just at the full tide of nervous ill-temper which always comes with the fatigue of the season. Unluckily I am rather perplexed to find out whether I ought to be more amused or annoyed. As usual, the Senate makes the trouble; and you know that to me the Senate means practically Cabot; and you know Cabot; and you don't know that Cabot is ten times more *cabotin*[2] than ever. The word was made to describe him, and it fits as though it were a Sargent portrait. The new Nicaragua Treaty makes the pretence; Teddy Roosevelt is, I imagine, the cause. Teddy appears disposed to paddle his own canoe and upset the machine. Cabot is in deadly terror. So he has thrown

---

[1] The day before the date of this note, Roosevelt, then Governor of New York, came out against the treaty.

[2] A strolling or, by extension, an indifferent actor.

Hay over; declared against his Treaty; alienated the Major, and destroyed all the credit with the administration which he has labored so hard to create; and probably, within a twelve-month he will go back on Teddy, and help cut his throat as he is helping to cut Hay's. Everyone sees now that Hay must go out very soon. Cabot himself told me, on Saturday, that the Treaty would not be approved by the Senate, and that the German vote was the reason; — he disavowed the Irish, but it counts too. So every day I receive Hay's comments on Cabot, and once a week I receive Cabot's comments on Hay; and, what is much worse, I know that the brunt of it falls on Sister Anne, and that she is, as usual, at her wits' end. You have seen this show so often, and you know it so thoroughly by heart, that you will understand all my embarrassments as well as hers. That Hay should resign and go out, is to me indifferent. If I were he, I would stay in, just to pay back my little debts, and take out the change; but, if he does not choose to stand kicking, it is his affair, not mine; and it is not my administration that Cabot is kicking, or my treaty or my canal. Nor was I ever pledged to any of these objects of endearment. So I care as little as possible what the Senate does, or what happens to the Treaty; but it is quite useless for me to play pretend about Cabot. He knows it by instinct; and Sister Anne and Hay know it still better; in fact, our little family knew each other pretty well from the start. Is it not a pretty mess? You remember our Cuban pepper-pot; you know what we thought and said; you remember how we were on our nerves then! This time I am not in the game, but my position is almost more difficult. Generally I take refuge in silence; but this time, silence is rather more expressive than words. I shall have to run or fight, unless a miracle happens; and I can't run yet, and I can't fight, on account of sister Anne; and Lord! Lord! how often have I said that, in the course of a life, at times accidented, I never knew a woman to go back on me, and I never knew a man who didn't.

Tuesday, 20th. At last the British seem to be getting ahead in the Transvaal. It was time! But what a comment on their previous transactions, and what a danger barely escaped! if it really is escaped yet! The loss of prestige is appalling.

Everything here creaks and groans like a heavy old Dutch man-of-war in bad weather. Congress is floundering over necessary business, and inventing all kinds of excuses for steering nowhere. I've not seen Willy Chanler very lately; Moreton Frewen has gone west; no democratic gossip reaches me; but I can imagine its inanity from the newspapers. The single great and controlling political fact is our national prosperity which is stupendous, and covers all waste of force.

Hay will probably pitch another thirteen-inch shell into the Senate soon, in the shape of a treaty to purchase the Danish Islands. I am curious to see the explosion. Judging from the Nicaragua Treaty, the Porto Rican and Hawaiian difficulties, and the Philippine matter, another big dispute will end in general senile idiocy. . . .

So I am reading Robert Louis Stevenson's *Letters* which make me crawl with creepy horror, as he did alive. I've found you an Abigail Adams.[1] Shall I send it by post? She is funnier and seriouser than I thought.

MONDAY, 26 February, 1900.

. . . .

Hay comes every afternoon for our walk, and we survey the universe with a daily observation. His Nicaragua Treaty appears to be beaten, but I don't know. All depends on the Germans, and their true interest is to me so obviously on the side of the Treaty that I am quite ready to see a revulsion in its favor. Montague White came to breakfast, much cast down; but anyway the war has done its work, and has already shaken England fatally. Russia has established herself in Persia. Germany has also got control of her private road to the Persian Gulf and France is probably to have compensation out of the British sphere in China. The great revolution is marked out, and England seems to have accepted it. The Transvaal has cost her the empire of the east, and now it matters little that she gets her mines and Lorenzo Marques to boot. The new game is already begun; the cards are dealt; and the trumps are all in the hands of Russia and America. Already the century has started in with a huge revolution that makes me feel as old as Richard Cœur de Lion and St. Louis. Every day opens a new horizon, and the rate we are going gets faster and faster till my twelfth-century head spins, and I hang on to the straps and shut my poor old eyes. As for having views or ideas as to what one should do, or what is going to happen, I no longer pretend to do it. The machine is beyond all control. Three months ago I was in a panic for fear that England should break her neck; and to-day, as far as I can see, her neck is broken; but apparently no one cares.

Tuesday. The circus wobbles more than ever. No letter from you;

---

[1] *Familiar Letters of J. Adams and his Wife during the Revolution*, originally published before 1840 and republished in 1876.

winter sprung on us at last with a vicious sort of bite, just as it ought to have gone to bed; markets and stocks beginning to fall off, and turning bad at the very moment when the possible end of the Transvaal War seems near enough to warrant a big rise and a howling optimism; politics disgruntled, and the administration, victorious and beaming, kicked all over the place by its own friends; — well! I know I'm a fool, but the more I get folly, the more I wonder at the obstinacy with which the human being clings to the belief in reason. Who is right? Who isn't wrong? Jeff Coolidge regards the situation as most dangerous — a new catastrophe imminent. To my simple foolishness, the country has absolutely nothing to fear — not even its own greed and vanity. What strikes me most in man, especially American man, is his singular archaic combination of greed and fear, which ought to please my brother Brooks. All the more because Brooks and his wife have just been presented at court, if you please, and the ferocious anarchist has bowed his neck to the Czar. He returns here in March. I hope he will like it. He will find his friend Bryan proudly careering over the democratic ocean, and running magnificently for the Presidency on the war-horse of opposition to everything, supported by Andy Carnegie and Olly Belmont....

Poor Hay is under a cloud, but the curious thing is that Olney also has fallen a victim to the Dagon of British stupidity. Olney has published a paper,[1] saying practically that American foreign policy is not a matter of choice but of necessity; that we must expand; that we must have a friend; and that England alone can help or harm us. I don't know that he is right, but that is a detail. My preference has always been for the alliance with France and the Latin races, because I have found that the stupidity and unintelligent greed of England had made all our difficulties, and would probably lead to ultimate catastrophe. Still I admit that we have never succeeded in carrying on the French alliance. We drift inevitably back to the British. Economical and social interests are too strong. Our administration, whether Olney or Hay run it, must be British; Bayard or Frelinghuysen or Fish or Seward, — it is all the same. Even I who hate England and love everything un-English, should have to do the same, and it is one of the reasons which have held me aloof from government service. On the other hand, the British are fatal to their friends; John Bull is like Grover Cleveland; his embrace is sheer ruin. England drags us by the hair into every swamp in the mad universe. She has dragged us into this hideous Boer business as she dragged us into the gold-standard. She swamped Grover Cleveland, though Olney was then anti-English, and Bayard, before, paraded hostility to England. It is just a chance if she does not swamp the Major. This Boer affair has exploded the world, and the effects are just beginning to show. How queerly the money-market is acting! and what a precipice they now tell us we have stood upon! and what does Rosebery mean! and what does Salisbury think! and what will Chamberlain say or do next, to embarrass and explode us all! the Pauncefotes go unwillingly, but they go. I suspect Salisbury goes too, and soon....[1]

---

[1] 'Growth of our Foreign Policy.' *Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1900.

MONDAY, 5 March, 1900.

. . . .

I've just seen Edward Hooper depart, and have telegraphed to Philadelphia, at Looly's pathetic supplication, for tickets tomorrow night to Tristan and Isolde Ternina.[2] That is all my news. That is as much as should satisfy a twelfth-century monk like me; yet I seem, like the elephant, to feel only more acutely the emptiness of life, and I tumble into black holes suddenly in a way which suggests iron and quinine. I've been trying to read my brother Charles's Life of our father. Now I understand why I refused so obstinately to do it myself. These biographies are murder, and in this case, to me, would be both patricide and suicide. They belittle the victim and the assassin equally. They are like bad photographs and distorted perspectives. Luckily no one knows the difference, and the modern public is as dead to the feeling of historical atmosphere as it is to the color of the Chartres windows. I have sinned myself, and deeply, and am no more worthy to be called anything, but, thank my diseased and dyspeptic nervous wreck, I did not assassinate my father. I have also read Robert Louis Stevenson's *Letters*[3] with the same effect on my mind. Cabot Lodge thinks them the best letters ever written. To me they rouse again the mystery of the hippopotamus and the dinner; they never leave enough for us. They exaggerate all one's bigness, brutality and coarseness; they perpetuate all one's mistakes, blunders and carelessnesses. No one can talk or write letters all the time without the effect of egotism and error. They are like a portrait by Sargent; they betray one's besetting vices in youth, and one's worst selfishness in middle-life, and one's senility in Joe Choate.

---

[1] 'As to your request about your book, I have nothing to suggest. I should try to eliminate from it everything that shows prejudice for or against any state of society. As it implies for its thesis the general law that mankind is irresponsible — a sort of vegetable growth — there is no reason for approving or disapproving his action. If the imagination is too costly and wasteful for a true economic society, it is not the fault of the society. To me, the new economical law brings or ought to bring us back to the same state of mind as resulted from the old religious law, — that of profound helplessness and dependence on an infinite force that is to us incomprehensible and omnipotent.' — To Brooks Adams, 4 March, 1900.

[2] Milka Ternina (1864-).

[3] *Letters to his Family and Friends*, published 1899.

The town is dull. Every one has gone away. Reginald de Koven's play closed the season.[1] I did not see it, but my girls went, and seemed to think Edith Wetmore a success. Helen was less praised. She is looking badly, her head-aches have returned, and she is now at the Hot Springs. . . .

If I find myself on edge here, you can imagine what Hay feels. Ever since the winter of 1860–61 — forty years ago, — I have noticed a general law that our entire political system breaks down in the winter before a general election. This winter the collapse is very interesting. The President has a majority in both Houses; the democratic party is utterly disorganised; the republican policy is perfectly well-marked and no apparent obstacle stands in the way; yet Congress is quite impotent, and the Senate absolutely Polish. The Major exhausts himself in trying to give his supposed followers courage or sense. They can do nothing. The moment a course is adopted, the terrors begin, and the votes fall off. Such cowardice exceeds all my recollections. The politicians are fleas; they jump just because they are made that way. Any settlement for Porto Rico or Hawaii or the Philippines would be good enough, provided it enables the machine to act; but Congress cannot agree to its acting. So with the Senate, which is worse than the House. Between the cowardice of Cabot Lodge and the weakness of Cush Davis, hopeless chaos has broken in. They have stuffed into the Nicaragua Treaty an amendment which positively makes me blush with shame; not so much because it is inconceivably absurd in form, or preposterous in spirit, or disgraceful in the record, but because neither Cabot nor Davis nor anyone but old Morgan has courage or decency or honesty or self-respect enough to see what it is. But that is not quite so bad as the Senate's treatment of the French Treaty. The only measures which the Senate has adopted — without opposition — have been the Samoan Treaties, which to me are painfully disgraceful, — measures to which I could reconcile myself only with the greatest repugnance, and which were successful only because they were concessions to Germany.

---

[1] Henry Louis Reginald de Koven (1859–1920). It was a performance of amateurs.

You can imagine if Hay is mad.... On such a matter, my opinion of the Senate is still more pronounced, and is inherited from a hundred years back. I have quite seriously announced that I would join any party which would make its stand on the total abolition of the Senate, even, if necessary, by force. My theory is that our political system must be made economical and effective to compete with other political systems; that a single legislature may blunder but must act, and the sense of responsibility would give its acts a character; and that our present system, within another half-century, will be as fatal as the constitution of Poland. If we must break our necks, I prefer to do it by speed rather than by balk....

Tuesday. You will have seen how your friend Burke Cockran[1] is trying to get back into Tammany. I understand that the *Sun* is in a very bad way, plunging wildly, and clutching at every chance of a fee. Apparently Hanna gave it no more than a fee last year, for it is almost a black-mailer now. The politicians are rather more contemptible than usual this winter. The Democrats are clutching frantically for an issue. The Republicans are crawling on all fours for votes. The Germans rule the Republicans; the Irish rule the Democrats; and money is the ruler of us all. I see no public measure to care about. There is no real difference of opinion. Everybody knows that Bryan or McKinley would be the same except for the men. But they have to talk....

If it weren't for Hay I should be more alone than in Paris at midsummer. Curiously enough, Hay was never in better health or spirits, and takes pounding with positive improvement of health — like massage.

[MONDAY], 12 March, 1900.

. . . .

Sister Anne is still away. Mrs. Hay is a tower of strength as a support, but she is not active in motion. No one else has come in to the ring. The effect is to make me feel more and more indifferent to the world. The indifference is rapidly becoming difference. Positive antipathy lurks round the corner. The want of illusion in this happy and ideal society is painful to the eye and ear. French society is like a Watteau that has been cleaned and scraped down to the canvas. American society is a kind of Whistler that never had any atmosphere to scrape, but shows the paint crude. The women especially get on my nerves. The Daughters! oh, Lord, the Daughters!

---

[1] William Burke Cockran (1854–1923), of New York.

The nieces took me to Philadelphia to hear Ternina as Ysolde, and Looly taught me what to say about it. To you, the formula doesn't matter. To me, the singular part of it was that the music of Ysolde should be interpreted to me by two young and perfectly pure girls. Another Americanism! I could not even hint to them what it meant, and they couldn't have hinted it to me if they had known. The twelfth century had the audacity of its passions, and Wagner at times talks almost plain twelfth century language. Ternina put into it all she dared. I wish she had sung in Paris....

MONDAY, 19 March, 1900.

. . . .

By way of checking enthusiasm, the winter has come this last week, and we have had snow and cold and everything unamiable. The square under my windows is still covered with snow, and the White House is dark against the ground.

Of course the Pauncefotes are delighted to stay. There are, however, two sides to the matter, and I'm not sure but that he would have been wiser to retire now with his credit. After this Transvaal War, British diplomacy may have to take a twist. There are several points of collision possible, and our Senate is only too glad to meddle. Until our election, nothing can be done; and afterwards everything is uncertain. We are very dictatorial, and our manners are getting to be as bad as our morals. That is to say, I take it we are without either, except on an economical basis.

Talking of economy, I cast up a little sum the other day. You know my results on the cost of my cuisine at Paris: — frs. 10.40 per head on the average day for four months. I have taken now my nine most expensive months since 1896, and treated them exactly in the same way, counting seven persons in the kitchen and only myself in the dining-room; adding wages for cook and scullery maid, and twenty dollars a month for range coal. The per capita average figures out just about nine francs; that is $1.81.

I call that rather curious considering that, in every respect, the calculation is made to favor Paris. I was quite astonished. The true average must be fully twenty-five per cent. in favor of Washington. The robber-theory does not account for it, in my judgement, because the waste here ought to be equivalent to the robbery there. My belief is that Paris is really one-quarter more expensive than Washington; and my suspicion is that the difference is still greater. No doubt you get better cooking in Paris, but the table is nothing like so good in quality. Anyway, you know my table and scale, and can judge for yourself.

Tuesday, ... You will see in the newspapers all the public news, which is only a continuation of the old story. Congress has become a scandal. The republican majority has shown incapacity that a congress of monkeys would not easily beat. Everybody talks and grumbles about it, but the monkey is far too strong to be suppressed. Among other flattering things they say of themselves, I understand that one refers to Senator Hoar as mentally failing, or failed. At his age no one has a right to claim a mind. Last year I thought his must be gone, because he was in a state of uncontrollable excitement, — he and Carnegie, on whom Frick seems to be exercising a gentle pressure. The person who astonishes me is McKinley, on whom all these monkeys tumble, and who struggles all day to get them to be decent. . . .

Hay seems to me very tired — Considering everything, I wonder only that he does not break down, but Mrs. Hay is a tower of strength. His treaties are all hung up. The next three months will practically end it, I suspect. He means to slip Joe Choate into his place, and quit. Cabot, on the other hand, has got to stay and deal with Teddy. You may well believe that Teddy's presidential aspirations are not altogether to Cabot's taste, and that the chapter, now opening there, may have its dark adjectives.

All this is very dull, for really I have no news. The world is settling back to daily labor and beer.

26 March, 1900.

. . . .

But anyway I am solitary beyond tears. There is no comparison with Paris where solitude is quiet, but here one is a hermit in a crowd. You would not be the gayer for hearing the names of the people one sees, but you can have them; the Jack Chapmans,[1] imprimis, who have shown a certain disposition to be friendly, and whom I find to be the most ordinary conventional, simple-minded of cranks, about as near our time as they are to the twelfth century. Edward Hooper sized him up, in a word, as just his grandmother and no more. Maria Chapman[2] and all the anti-slavery women of the thirties! Moral reform! Babies crawling into the fire! Then the Lewis Stackpoles,[3] and all about the dear children in Paris! Frank Higginson![1] My brother Charles and his wife! Hay comes usually for his walk, and yesterday in a raw, dull east wind, we got back early, and an avalanche of people tumbled in, headed by Moreton Frewen and Lady Minto,[2] and supported by Larz Anderson. Mrs. Hay was serene but I escaped as soon as an opening showed. Moreton is now, I suppose, at peace with the gold-bugs, and one of them. The English have anyway become parochial about this war, and are drawing into their shell like the French. Moreton actually had the face to ask me why Chamberlain was so disliked. That sort of thing makes me want to murder an Englishman. I told him that he ought to know best, for in ten years I had never heard an Englishman speak of Chamberlain without loathing, until he began to bully the Boers. Chamberlain is now Brummageming England, and proposes to make an imperial parliament with Canadians and Australians. All to bolster trade! All to spread the blessings of British freedom! The worst is that they drag us all after them. I laugh to see our Senate hitting and kicking at England whenever it can, scratching and biting, and all the same, dragged along, just like France and Germany, because we are all in the stream together. The Transvaal War has cost England her control of the east, and reduced her to the level of an ordinary power. Germany is now the centre, and holds the central lines. Russia has taken Persia, and England has acquiesced in a conquest that is much as though Germany should annex France, and which throws western Europe all out of the circle. And England has not even got South Africa, and will be very little better off when she does get it.

---

[1] John Jay Chapman (1862–1933), married Elizabeth Chanler.

[2] Maria (Weston) Chapman (1806–1885).

[3] Joseph Lewis Stackpole (1838–1904).

Meanwhile we agree that we are going to have the biggest boom here, this summer, that ever was seen yet. As for gold, it's going to be too easy. We are to have a deluge. It's our iron and coal and copper and cotton that rake in the wealth. Our people are rolling it up in the most enormous masses. From the centre, somewhere in the Ohio valley, they are stretching out everywhere: Porto Rico, Philippines, Cape Nome, — and by autumn Heaven knows where! And what will they do with it?...

Tuesday, 27. Lucky boy I am! How I hug myself with satisfaction that, when all my friends went into office, nobody asked me to go. They are paying for their vanities. Even Teddy Roosevelt finds chaos reigns under his eye-glasses. Mrs. Hay has struck. She says she is going round the world with me on the 4th of March, and John may go there or elsewhere. John has got mad — real mad, and is kicking like a mule at the abuse he gets. I tell him it's all true enough; it's flattering; what did he come for anyway; he ain't got no friends. Nobody has got no friends. Not a man in public life can command a follower. The President is no better off. The Senate is worse. The republican Congress has turned into spring frogs in a swamp, afraid of their shadows. The democrats are worse off still. What do I care?...

---

[1] Francis Lee Higginson (1841–1925).

[2] Mary Caroline Grey, wife of Gilbert John Murray Kynynmond Elliot, 4th Earl of Minto (1854–1914), governor-general of Canada.

Tuesday. A long letter this morning from Slidell on the *Wheeling* at Hong Kong. He has much to say about his military operations; about Otis, and the army. On the whole, he seems fairly satisfied with the management. In fact, it is true, Cuba and the Philippines immortalise McKinley, whatever else may happen. They are stupendous revolutions. If I were McKinley, I should prefer to go out, on the strength of what is done; and Hay tells me privately that McKinley seems to care much less about reëlection than he had expected. I imagine that the terrors of rabbit-Congressmen make those of hare-Presidents seem courage.

Dewey has politically vanished, and, as usual, the idol having received its incense, the temple is now deserted. To the desertion, I must admit that Mrs. Dewey has most contributed.[1] She behaves like a heroine by marriage, and has thrown Lady Jane Grey's social exigencies into shadow. But American society is beautifully ridiculous. It does not seem worth my usual bomb-cure. By the way, Miss Kane, — Bessy, to wit, — delighted me yesterday. She is the serious American woman, you know, of the Florence Bayard Lockwood La Farge[2] type. She asked me whether I agreed with Flossy La Farge that Stevenson's *Letters* were 'a boon to mankind.'

Mrs. Hay has pronounced. Whether it is private or not, I cannot say, but she says to me with conviction that she does not stay in office beyond this term under any circumstances. So let's make Cabot Secretary of State!

I assume the Transvaal War to be over, and that we shall soon begin to see what it has cost. The Persian Gulf becomes hence-forward, I suppose, the centre of the world, as of old. Good Haroun al Rashid! Good-bye to England!

---

[1] George Dewey (1837–1917) married Mrs. Mildred (McLean) Hazen, daughter of Washington McLean and widow of William Babcock Hazen (1830–1887).

[2] Wife of Christopher Grant La Farge (1862–).

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 29 March, 1900.

For weeks I have been on the point of writing, but held back in order to be precise; and now your letter arrives of the 17th and I have still nothing precise to say.

The devil has raged very terribly since I returned here, and has by no means let me loose yet. He strikes, one after another, all my special weak spots. He has struck Clarence King and driven him south in a critical condition. He struck John Hay, whom I found very down, and who looks to me still far from fresh, though I do not know how serious his staleness is, nor he. Suddenly, last week, the fiend jumped on my brother-in-law Edward Hooper, and laid him low, probably for life; and as Hooper's life was extremely important to all his family, this blow greatly embarrasses me. Finally, when all my plans had been laid to sail on May 1 with the Cabot Lodges, the President suddenly announces that he is going to stay with the Lodges on July 1, in Massachusetts, and so sits on my party.

What I am now to do, I cannot decide, but it may end in my coming to London in May. My apartment in Paris has got me into an exasperating situation with an 83-year old landlord, which makes me sick with white fury, as is always the case in dealing with the French, who cannot help doing things in the style of the civil and religious wars, and must massacre the Huguenots or rob the Church, when they don't worry the foreigner. On the other hand, much as I would like to see you and the other old friends, I am dreadfully afraid of making myself disagreeable, quite without intention; for though I believe my ideas do not at all differ from theirs, and as far as they are concerned I should not probably be more offensive than God pleased to make me, I could hardly go into administration circles without betraying criticisms that would raise blisters; and you can imagine me talking with Joe Chamberlain in the shades of night, over cigars in his own conservatory at Birmingham. Silence would be worse than dispute. We should end by throwing flower-pots at each other. I don't mean that we should quarrel about South Africa. That is not my business but his; and if he chooses to wreck himself and the empire in order to assert a nominal and futile supremacy over a wilderness in the remote interior of the planet Uranus, I've no right to find fault, although apparently the principle he asserts requires him to recover by force his authority over Massachusetts, and to hang in chains the bones of all my defunct ancestors. Still, he is welcome to hang up the old gentlemen, if he can, and me too, if he will do it efficiently and intelligently. We should not quarrel about a trifle like that. Where we should infallibly quarrel would be on the larger field of reciprocal blundering; — China, Canada, Nicaragua, and so on; questions of empire, where his schemes of imperialism come across ours. There, as far as I can see, neither agreement nor silence would be possible. I know him well enough to know that he has no idea of getting out of our way. On the contrary, he will exhaust every means of maintaining his empire where it happens to be in our way. On the other hand, our Senate is just dancing for a fight with him. To keep peace is to get cuffed on one side, and kicked on the other. Chamberlain has now got Lansdowne[1] into the Foreign Office, and they are a pair. Lansdowne is as bad-tempered as Chamberlain, and hopelessly stupid, which Chamberlain is not. I suppose the Cecils have some intelligible idea of politics which leads them to take a hopeless failure in one great branch of administration, and put him at the head of precisely that other in which his defects would be still more mischievous; but I have quite enough to do in fretting over the blunders of my own government to spare me a loss of temper over yours.

So I rather dread going to London, where I should infallibly have to talk. I dread it chiefly because I have nothing to say. We here have just now no thought in life except to keep up with the caravan. Our rate of speed is terrific. The mere money-making has little to do with it; the fun has far more. We like to go fast. We like to run things on a great scale. In New York I seriously think that they manage business as they would sail a yacht, and crack on everything for the fun of seeing how much she will bear. God only knows what will break first; but we can't now take in sail, or wear, or get into port. I think it possible we may run somebody down, but that will hardly be in my time. For the next fifty years we are compelled to go on with a momentum and a speed, which, if suddenly checked, will break more necks than any of the old-fashioned convulsions, on the small scale of Europe, ever did.

Certainly, when I return here after six months in Europe, my poor old senile brain whirls and whizzes for weeks. I do not any longer keep up a pretence of knowing where I am. My country in 1900 is something totally different from my own country of 1860. I am wholly a stranger in it. Neither I, nor anyone else, understands it. The turning of a nebula into a star may somewhat resemble the change. All I can see is that it is one of compression, concentration, and consequent development of terrific energy, represented not by souls, but by coal and iron and steam. What I cannot see is the last term of the equation. As I figure it: — 1830 : 1860 :: 1890 : x, and x always comes out, not 1920, but infinity. Or infinity minus x.

---

[1] Henry Charles Keith Petty-Fitzmaurice, 5th Marquess of Lansdowne (1845–1927).

All this is just to explain nothing at all — why I am so vague and strange. It is not my fault. Half the year burrowing in twelfth-century art and religion; the other half, seated here in the very centre of the web, with every whisper of the world coming instantly to my ear, and all my friends in trust of power so great that the poor old Mandarin, whose button was the problem of the eighteenth century, has to be stated now in terms of hundred millions, really I become dazed and at times almost hysterical. I cannot understand how the other fellows carry the responsibility, and I stick my head, every summer, deeper in the sand.

Nevertheless I want once more to hear Ternina sing Brynhilde, and I may come to London to risk it in May. If so, I shall come down to see you, wherever you are.

To Elizabeth Cameron

2 April, 1900.

. . . .

As for the rest of the world, it is simply flat. My Hawaiian friends are still hanging about, waiting for Congress to do something. The newspapers tell you how Congress lay down and bawled like a baby, and gave up even a show of self-respect. I avoid both Senators and Representatives now, not because they are more contemptible than they used to be, but because I cannot be five minutes with one of them without insulting him. To express contempt for a man in a collective capacity is difficult without implying it personally. Speaker Henderson[1] has said the only serious truth yet uttered this winter when he wrote that there were many cowards in the Senate. That is what I cannot help saying to them all, and it is more disagreeable to me than to them. The Porto Rican business has worn out my little patience. The political imbecility of intelligent people was a subject on which I wrote some volumes of history, and could write some volumes more.

Hay has had some sunshine to make up for the failure of his Canal

---

[1] David Bremner Henderson (1840–1906), of Iowa.

Treaty. So perverse and ignorant I am as to have thought his Nicaragua Treaty the most complete success of our State Department for many years; but the newspapers chose to think otherwise, and the Senate now proposes to annex Central America and conquer Mexico, for all I can see, as a part of their treaty-making power. On the other hand, they seem loud in praise of the Open-Door agreement, which I took little concern in. Hay has succeeded in embarrassing Russia very much; but the agreement binds no one to anything, and perhaps that is the reason why everybody assents. The real interest in it to me has been the secret history of its progress, and the curious and quite unexpected betrayal of Russia's isolation. Cassini, Mouravieff, Tower, and Delcassé,[1] have all had a share in skinning the bear's coat till one could see him. Cassini is almost too easy to read. Mouravieff blundered and boggled. Of course no one believes a Russian under any circumstances, but I am always interested in speculating why an oriental tells one lie rather than another....

Tuesday. I don't want to go to London. As long as this stupid Boer War lasts, I feel awkward with Englishmen, even though I know they feel as I do about it. But what a bill they are running up! I suppose it must be the most expensive war ever fought, in proportion to the force engaged. It has now lasted six months, and if it ended today I believe they would have spent at least a hundred million pounds, to say nothing of the lives. If they get off ultimately with a hundred and fifty millions they will be lucky, and if, after all that expense, the Boers destroy the mines, I think that probably the war will have cost the whole value of the country. Meanwhile Russia, Germany and France are gorging plunder in Asia. And the war may very possibly elect Bryan here. And then Moreton Frewen wonders why we detest Chamberlain!

Well! the great 'Bobs'[2] got a terrible smack in the face last Saturday, and must be quick in crushing his enemies, or he will have to go back to Kimberley. His line is some two hundred miles long, and can't be defended. Unless he moves constantly forward, he must have trouble. As I understand it, he can't move forward till he has opened the railway in his rear, and no one breathes a word about that railway. No doubt they are working desperately, but they keep a deathly silence about it. Every fresh movement uses up all the animals, and the bill for mules must be gay for Kentucky. Roberts must make a quick jump, and bag the Boer army, if the war is to be ended soon. Let's see if he does it!...

---

[1] Théophile Delcassé (1852–1924).

[2] Frederick Sleigh Roberts (1832–1914).

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 3 April, 1900.

Your letter of March 22 reaches me just as I was meditating a letter to you, and wondering what I had to say. While you were doing your Cornice, I have been doing Washington; which means that I have been running a hotel for my family, and trying to pretend I enjoy it. As a matter of fact, I neither enjoy nor *de*joy it very much, for there is very little I care much about; but if they get some fun out of it, we get all we want. As John Hay is deep in public affairs, and I see him every day, this adds a certain interest to what would otherwise have none, for I care not a straw about the parties or the politics of the time; but I admit to a certain amusement in foreign affairs. Russia is a perpetual joy to me. The Russian is an entrancing study. I know my American, Englishman, Frenchman and German pretty well, and never was much amused by their various forms of stupidity or brutality, about which I once wrote some ten volumes of history; but the Russian is a joy.

Foreign affairs affect us now a good deal, but we are far too much absorbed in our own prosperity to care much for anything else. Even I, who am tired and indifferent, wake up at times, and wonder at the way we are slinging things about. The world has never seen anything approaching it. Our railroads and iron-products, our cotton, copper, wheat, gold, and corn, are on a scale that makes me blink; and every year brings a new stride. If you are curious in such matters, watch what is going to happen this summer at Cape Nome, on the edge of the Arctic Circle, in Alaska. I wish I profited by all this prosperity, but it makes little difference to my income, while swarms of unknown strangers are piling up millions in heaps. I cannot imagine where the money goes. No one seems to spend very much. Society shows no great change in habits. Everybody gives dull dinners in great frequency, but they can't eat up so many millions, and eating is rather cheap here anyway. The other day, the Standard Oil divided four million pounds at one stroke; and last year a copper company that I have a few shares in, — Calumet & Hecla, — divided two million pounds. We don't spend more than usual abroad, and have bought back from Europe at least two hundred millions sterling of our securities. We don't import very much, and our exports increase enormously. Somebody ought to be rich, but I've ceased to be alarmed on that point since Hicks Beach[1] made his last speech. You remember how he gloated over the death-duties, and Smith's £900,000. He took eight per cent. of Smith's property; New York took five per cent; and our national treasury took fifteen per cent. In all, his heir says, the estate paid thirty per cent. to the various governments. As a conservative — or even as an advanced — anarchist I regard that as a fair piece of confiscation, considering that the governments are all owned and run by capital. Regularly, now, we take twenty per cent. out of every estate above £200,000 except where it passes to children, when it is somewhat reduced. You had better hurry up, and hand over their shares of your property to Evelyn and Molly; but the curious thing is that the rich seem to prefer to let the government rob them.

I am trying to calculate what your war will cost. Our little Spanish war cost us £400,000 a day. Yours, in proportion to the force engaged, must be the most expensive war in history. It has now lasted six months. I think it must have cost £100,000,000 already. If you get off with £150,000,000, you will be lucky. Besides that it is playing the devil with us and our politics, and giving the world over to Russia.

To Elizabeth Cameron

9 April, 1900.

. . . .

The British public must be learning its alphabet now rather fast. The American public seems not to care for alphabets at all. The Hero has offered himself as a victim on the political altar, and we have all been laughing in fits over his newspaper pronouncements. Apart from the detail that one is not permitted to be such a fool, the humor is really brilliant, and his naïf remark that he had learned that any fool could be a president, ought to go into the books of classical quotations. Of course everybody said that Dewey had some one behind him. We took John McLean for granted; the press lighted on Grover Cleveland and Bill Whitney; Gorman was too obvious; and failing all else, we said — Mrs. Dewey. All have denied it. Wayne currycombed the town on arriving here, to find out what he was convinced of, and what would perhaps give him a chance to get in, but not a trace could he find of anybody behind the Admiral's coat-tails. Though all the eastern democrats would give a quarter's salary to put Dewey up, they are in Bryan's hands so helplessly that they are afraid to stir. Slowly and unwillingly they are obliged to admit that poor Dewey is a fool beyond the dreams of politics, and that he too is knocked out.

---

[1] Sir Michael Edward Hicks Beach (1837–1916).

Dewey's head has been turned till it has twisted off. Bryan's has not yet got to that point, but I think the impression is general that the eastern democrats mean to nominate him in order to get rid of him....

But I see no men. There is no man worth seeing, unless it is Wolcott. This last year has cost everybody more or less position. Not one man in public life stands as well as he did a year ago. I have a nervous disgust for them all, especially for senators and judges. With Hay, it is always just the old relation, and I never can take his public career seriously. We never treat it seriously in talk. Our relations are closer than ever, but further from politics....

16 April, 1900.

. . . .

Brooks stayed with the Lodges. His visit was marked by lurid visions. He dined with John McLean to meet Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont and Admiral and Mrs. Dewey. His astonishment was great at the conversation, which ran on presidential prospects and newspaper notices of the Admiral's candidacy, when Brooks wanted to talk about Mrs. Perry's divorce. He was impressed by that lady's want of beauty or charm, and by the Admiral's want of sense. As a Jeffersonian Jacksonian Bryonian democrat, Brooks, like the cow on the railroad, is not hurt much but some discouraged by the shock of the engine. He found his party gone up. The whole menagerie is loose. They are all stupider than ever, and further from the track. Even as Socialists or Populists they are no good. The Republicans at last are picking up. The chief reason was that the municipal elections in Ohio went their way, but anyhow the season for insubordination has passed. All must fall into line now. This has not prevented the Senate from putting a round dozen of Hay's treaties on the shelf for a year. Hay retaliates — or rather, the President retaliates, for Hay has no fight in him — by blocking the Nicaragua Canal Bill.[1] Teddy Roosevelt howls and yells that he won't be Vice-President; but I can't find out how successful he has been as Governor. As a rule, everybody has lost reputation this last year, though I almost think McKinley has gained. There is not a shadow of opposition to him, and none to Bryan that dares do anything. . . .

---

[1] For Hay's opinion of the Senate, see his letter to John J. McCook, 22 April, 1900, in Hay, *Letters and Diaries*, III. 175.

Yesterday morning I went out to Rock Creek Church to give a look at the work I have had done there, replanting the shrubs, and repointing the stone; and I actually got half an hour there, undisturbed. The previous Sunday I was harried like a rat. Among others, a Soldiers' Home pensioner came in, or looked in, and seeing me, a victim ready to hand, came up and said: 'Do you know what this cost?' I disclaimed knowledge. 'I can tell you exactly what it cost. It cost exactly sixty-two thousand dollars.' As I made no remark, he went off grumbling: 'I think it had better been given to the poor,' and so on till I lost him. Those old soldiers are the worst grumblers I ever knew, but why that monument should produce such a sense of cost as it seems to do, I don't quite understand; still less why the sum of sixty-two thousand dollars should be fixed on, rather than six thousand or six hundred thousand. I've forgotten what the cost was, but, every expense included, even to the lots, it did not exceed twenty-five thousand dollars, I am quite sure; and there must be a number there that cost as much, and make more display. Yet almost invariably, if I overhear a remark, it has something to do with the great cost of the stone-work. No one seems impressed by the cost of the bronze.

We are certainly an economic and industrial people, and we measure our infirmities by the dollar. St. George Mivart[1] died quarrelling with the Church for believing in Hell. In my view, Hell is all there was to make life worth living. Since it was abolished, there is no standard of value. Hell is the foundation of Heaven, and now costs nothing and measures nothing.

Our British friends must be glad of it, for they would shake with terror if there were a Hell or even a Purgatory; but I think they are now nearly at Pretoria which should serve fairly well. I assume that Roberts has got up his railroad and his animals, and will move today or this week. The Boers have thrown away the whole month, and done nothing. Roberts ought now to march straight to Pretoria without a fight. If then he has to lay regular siege to Pretoria, the war may last six months more, but it has already proved to be a calamitous and ruinous blunder, second only to the war of our Revolution, and no result can now change that. Still I hope it is going to end soon. The risk of financial trouble is becoming serious again. England must have spent well on to fifty million dollars here; perhaps a hundred millions; and I don't know how she is to pay, without gold. I can't. . . .

---

[1] St. George Jackson Mivart (1827–1900). His essay on 'Happiness in Hell' (1892) was placed on the Index Librorum Prohibitorum.

XIII

PARIS

1900–1901

To John Hay

Elysée Palace Hôtel, Paris, 8 May, 1900.

J'y suis! Nothing is changed. There is only one American more in France. There were already too many.

Last night, dining in solitude at Paillard's before going to the Vaudeville to see Réjane in the *Robe Rouge*,[1] I found the enclosed leader in my *Temps* and soup. It reminded me of you, and I cut it out. But it is singular how much more important it is that I should get into an apartment than that you should get into Lake Nicaragua, or the British in Pretoria....

Paris seems semi-full, not too full. I get seats in every theatre an hour before the performance. By the way, there is no special *clou* to this Exposition, inside or out. If it weren't Exposition year I shouldn't know there was anything to see. As it is, I prefer Jeanne Granier[2] in *Education de Prince*.[3]

As I've been here only three days, I've seen next to no one. I've been too busy hunting apartments. There are plenty, but I like the best. At last I've taken a *rez-de-chaussée* 20 Rue de Longchamps, at the door of the Trocadéro, of an English lady. It is very coquet, soft green and pink, and would suit your complexion, as it does mine. I've a bed-room for you when you come — next month, is it not?...

To Sir Robert Cunliffe

Hôtel Beau Site,
Place de l'Etoile,
4, rue de Presbourg, Paris,
le 31 May.[4]

True it is, oh my tender cousin, that my sins are dark and my offences deep, and there is no help for me except in the bosom of the Church, and an occasional kick from the State! I've not a word of defence to make. Year by year I become more steeped in ingratitude and shamelessness. The fault is mine. *Mea culpa*, and all the rest. It is true! I dread London. I hate to see my friends there. I fly from it with joy, and return to it with humiliation. While I was young, and member of a poor and oppressed nationality, it was all right. I could say what I thought and no one cared except to damn me for a Yankee. Today I feel the paving stones, if there are any left, will rise to throw themselves at the Yankees who are swaggering with the Jews up and down Hyde Park, patronising the whole House of Commons, not to speak of Lords, and trampling on the very Baronetcy. The Yankee in England today can't help being offensive. Every time I meet an Englishman in England — and there are few Englishmen left there now — I want to apologise to him for having come. Honestly I came on business, to attend to a few matters — which I could not attend to, owing to the holidays — and to see a few people — who were all out of town. I didn't come — oh, noble Britisher, says I — to find fault with your omnibuses or to criticise your beer and bykes! I don't want to express opinions on 'Arry and 'Arriet, or the Boer War, or the future of America. Please, my dear Sir, I've been here before, and haven't come back to do it again. But it's no use! You might forgive me, but I never can escape the feeling that, after all I am an American and an American in England is like a Jew, trying to exploit the land, and an object of loathing to all judicious minds. That you don't feel it so, is nothing to the purpose. You ought! It's not creditable to your intelligence that you should tolerate us. I wouldn't, if I were you, for I do feel it. The wretched island is clean owned by Jews and Americans. I can't escape them. Not that I want to escape them, but that I don't want to figure as one of them. I'll go back to America, and stay there, and leave Europe and its poor old machine to run itself if it can. So I am offensive, like all my compatriots, at home, and have not the sensation that I should be kicked if I got my deserts here. I have not to walk down Bond Street in terror of meeting all Chicago buying the family heirlooms, and having to apologise for not buying a few myself. Holy Virgin! I did, the other day. — God forgive me — help to buy the best Castle Howard Velasquez in New York, and I could not meet Carlyle now without apologising for that eighteen thousand pounds. And I was driven over to Cliveden the other day, and squirmed all over, and ran away to avoid Willy Astor.[1] Here in Paris I don't mind. Come here, and I'm not afraid of you! You can't say I did it, anyhow! I'm as good as you, on the boulevards, and not as good as a good Jew. No one is. So come over! Paris is very fairly possible.

---

[1] By Eugène Brieux (1858–   ).

[2] Jeanne Granier (1852–   ).

[3] *L'Education d'un Prince*, by Pierre Carlet de Chamblain de Marivaux (1688–1763).

[4] This letter is out of place, unless Adams used a stray hotel sheet of note paper. The mention of the Boer war and that of the Velasquez picture in February, 1901, have placed it provisionally in this year.

---

[1] William Waldorf Astor (1848–1919), who had been naturalized in the United Kingdom the previous year.

To John Hay

PARIS, 26 June, 1900.

You are getting on my nerves. I thought that here, buried in the twelfth century, I should escape the jimjams of your politics. Last winter we saw enough. We diagnosed the whole menagerie. We killed and buried, in advance, half the world and the neighboring solar systems. You laid down for me the profound political fact that the Boer War was the greatest blunder England ever made, and I humbly bowed. What am I that I should question? Apparently you are the sacrificial Isaac; not I. You ought to know best what hurts you. Three months ago you said that, and today I am squirming under it worse than ever. While England has broken her teeth on a perfectly inessential European difficulty in South Africa, instead of concentrating herself on the one great difficulty in Asia, the Chinese have imitated the Boers; they have taken the offensive and have knocked you silly, first of all.[1] How the deuce are you to get out?

For a fortnight I have been utterly aghast about it. First, the unequalled horror of those wretched people shut up in Pekin to be skinned and burned, half of them our personal acquaintances (lucky Bax-Ironside[2] to be so offensive as to be sent away before skinning); then, the question what you are going to do about it.

I note, day by day, your frantic cry in the newspapers that you are going to do nothing about it. Of course! One never does anything! The other fellow does it. When the sky falls, one stands on one leg in the water and makes another. Nobody cares! It's nobody's business. Make an arrangement with You or Me or Him to let our citizens loose, and we'll promise never to go there again. We won't ask damages even for the last skins.

I hope you may do it, but we all know you can't. What *can* you do, then? That's where I begin to turn green. You've got literally the world on your shoulders.

It is all very well for us — we, us, America, England, perhaps

---

[1] The Boxer uprising had by the middle of June set siege to Pekin where the foreigners had taken refuge.

[2] Henry Outram Bax-Ironside, Secretary of the British Legation, 1894–1897.

France too, and even Germany — to be afraid of Russia; but just now I am beginning to shiver *for* Russia. If Russia breaks down now, I'm not dead certain but that the whole flowery menagerie might break loose. Apparently Russia herself has nightmares too. What killed Mouravieff?[1]

Russia, or Japan, or both, have got to go to Pekin, and I hope they may get there soon. What then? Had the military genius of your great conquering administration told you yet what military value Pekin has? Who is to do the rest? Two hundred thousand Europeans were not enough to hold Cuba or the Transvaal. England's war-bill for her fun in South Africa cannot much fall short of a thousand million dollars. How many men are needed to garrison the valley of the Yellow River?

My preliminary chill is the fear that the Chinese rising may react on Persia and Central Asia, and start off a general Mahometan outbreak; but this is only a side-show in my World's Chaos. What may happen is infinite, but what must happen is finite and very intim*i*te, seeing that you have got to do it. Granting that Russia and England are able to stand the strain, even then I don't see how to get in or out.

Your open door is already off its hinges, not six months old. What kind of a door can you rig up?

Oh, but I don't want to go into it! Not I! The twelfth century is good enough for me. But, after all, politics is a matter of the conflict of forces. Forces are chiefly mathematics. What's the mathematical formula for the world now?

Leaving out unknown quantities, like the Asiatic peoples, what is the mathematical value of Japan, and is it plus or minus Russia?

Assuming Japan to be plus, or in other words, assuming that Japan and Russia will unite to take care of northern China, what forces remain to take care of the Yangtse and Hoang-ho?

England is already there, and has got to stay. How many men must she put there to keep order? She is already quite aware that she has not the strength. She must ask for help. She must ask you.

There you are! Joint occupation of southern China, with England, and, if possible, with France; for you need to drag France in, rather than keep her out. Germany will have enough to do in the centre.

You're a nice hand for such a job! Shade of George Washington! And Congress! And that giddy old Constitution! And the Senate! and the Supreme Court!

---

[1] He died of apoplexy, 21 June, 1900.

Suppose you refuse! England must then go over to Germany and capitulate. She sinks anyway, but, that way, she disappears, and we too. Then it becomes a world of all Europe and Asia, with America a fake-show in the Midway Plaisance.

The fun of it is that it should be just you who have got to decide the thing, supposing that it comes to a decision anyhow, and we are not all wrecked first. As one who belongs wholly to the past, and whose traditional sympathies are with all the forces that resist concentration, and love what used to be called liberty but has now become anarchy, or resistance to civilisation; I who am a worm — and trodden upon, at that — am quite Chinese, Asiatic, Boer, and anarchist; but, if I ran the present machine, and saw that anyway I had got to run into the gutter, would I shut down, or put on steam?

I am a coward and should shut down, but the next man would put on all the more, and the result would depend on the forces, as before; so we come back to study the forces, and there we stick. Yu don't know, and I don't know more than Yu or than Li, for that matter; perhaps not so much.

It's droll, but no one seems to mind. Since we turned grey last winter, foreshadowing the consequences of the Boer War, all those consequences have been realised, and no one seems to know it, or to care. No one seems to care for our friends who are suffering the terrors and torments of the damned in Pekin and Tien-tsin. We go to the Exposition and look at the *Danse du Ventre* and the *fantoches.* I suppose it is the best we can do, and the worst would be to get scared. All the same, it doesn't seem to help you much, and it's not original in Paris or in the twentieth century. And the stock-market does not seem satisfied.

God bless you, my son! I will go back to my cloister and pray to the Virgin for you. That is rather more intelligible than to go and represent you at the *Danse du Ventre;* but it may not solve your problem. You need pure mathematics for that, and, above all, you need to know the values of at least two fixed elements. I wish you may find 'em.

All Americans are in Paris. I pass my life in hiding from them. Yet the women are pretty, intelligent, and young. The men are chiefly at races. I see Mrs. Cameron and Martha, but no one else; and read only St. Thomas Aquinas. Thus far, the summer has suited my complaints.

I take note of what you say about office. In that, as in other respects, you have got to accept the law of the sum of forces. Perhaps you will be able to get out. Perhaps, like Teddy, you will not. If the present shower passes over, so! if not, so! and again! and you may not find the door open! though you set it so! Best pray to the Virgin, after all, for you'll probably lose your breath anyway. Don't kick and don't swear and don't say: Fountain, I will drink of thy waters on a given date per schedule of the P. & O. Steamers. On the whole, you had better stay where you are. It amuses *me*.

From John Hay

DEPARTMENT of STATE, WASHINGTON, 8 July, 1900.

To me, on the hottest day of the year, sweltering in weather, work and worry, Kansas City clamoring for my head, all Central and South America asking for entangling alliances, and the distant thunder of the *Völkerschlacht* growling from Asia, entered Mr. [Pendleton] King of the Index Bureau, *et loquitur:* 'We generally put these things in the "crank box" — but I thought I would ask if you know the handwriting. It's anonymous, and very abusive.'

And, by Hercules, it was your letter of the 26th of June! Heaven is good — in spots — and once in a while vouchsafes me a joke.

Of course, all you say is true. But what's the use of being so horribly clairvoyant. Did it do us any good, last winter, to know what was toward? And now, is it of any avail to me to see — jumping at my eyes — the only sane course to take, when I know it will not and cannot be taken? The only comfort after all is in your cheerless scheme of the correlation of forces. A certain result will produce itself in spite of me and Root and Grandpa Hoar — and not to speak profanely — of you and Cabot and Teddy.

Sufficient unto the day is the blunder thereof. I have been far more lucky than I dreamed I could be thus far. The ideal policy is, as you justly observe, to do nothing, and yet be around when the watermillion is cut. Not that we want any watermillion, but it is always pleasant to be seen in smart colored circles on occasions of festivity. The thing to do — the only thing, was to localize the storm if possible, and this we seem to have done. All the powers have fallen in with my *modus vivendi* in the Centre and South. If any arrangement can be made at all, it can only be by isolating Tuan and Tung fut Siang — and this seems, now, not impossible.

I need not tell you the lunatic difficulties under which we labor. The opposition press call for impeachment because we are violating the

Constitution and the pulpit gives us anathema because we are not doing it enough. McArthur[1] wired Root that taking one regiment from Phil[ippine]s would lose us the archipelago. But we go on. We shall have our quota at Taku in a few days. All the powers treat us as a central Hello office, and we strive to please the public.

If I looked at things as you do in the light of reason, history and mathematics, I should go off after lunch and die, like Mouravieff. But I take refuge in a craven opportunism. I do what seems possible every day — not caring a hoot for consistency or the Absolute — and, so far, I sleep o' nights, in spite of universal war and a temperature of 99° steady. How long I can stand it is another question. Always doing the thing I know is wrong must be in time ruinous to the Immortal Soul — but that I can charge to the American people whose fault it is.

[No signature]

Do, please, show Mrs. Cameron this page [*the first*]. It is really quite funny — whether you think so or not.

To John Hay

PARIS, 25 July, 1900.

Why did you tell me that there wasn't a single really great man in the Department? Your Mr. King is the most intelligent person I've yet struck. No one else has ever understood and appreciated me. He ought to have been one of my scholars at Harvard. I would have classed him for honors with Perry Belmont and Cabot Lodge. He ought to be promoted. Unfortunately I have no influence with this administration, but if you see a chance to raise Mr. King's salary, I should take it as a very great compliment if you avail yourself of it. You cannot flatter me more. Truly, I remember I had a proofreader once, on my so-called *History*, who — but that is another story.

I am very serious in these days. After sending off your ribald letter, to Pougues-les-Eaux where Martha is now taking the waters, and her mother is taking her, I solemnly walked to the book-case, took out Bret Harte, and read over again the Heathen Chinee. I am going to reprint it with a gloss, after the manner of the scholiasts. *Lingua Franca ex parte Jacobi Veridici. Per Henricum Dordonem Dobbittensem, editus expositus dicatus ad gratiam studiosae Juventutis diplomaticae.* Never — never — no! hardly ever since the days of Job and Jonah has anything so prophetic been written. The sixth stanza[1] passes the doctrine of Chances; not once in a million times has a prophet struck oil like that. No, but it is quite too utter. It gets the better of me every time I read it. 'When I did hear the motley fool thus moral on the time,' like the melancholy Jaques I laughed all by myself, silently, alone, in the solitude of my ancestral *château* in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, until my venerable cheeks were channeled with tears.

---

[1] Arthur McArthur (1845–1912).

Nothing, I remember, seemed to strike you more, in your somewhat intelligent reflections on politics in France, than the want of a sense of humor which marks the animal man. Lucky it is that man is an animal that can, but don't, laugh. No government could stand if man had a sense of humor. For all the penalties of the custom-house, I can't help recognising Truthful James as our Chief Magistrate, and am pleased to say that, as Secretary of State, Bill Nye offers a model impossible to surpass. He went for that Heathen Chinee!

Having already given you a variety of views on that subject, I am done. I never could see that my opinions were of importance enough to be worth changing; but I see conspicuously that other people's opinions are of no importance at all. Their acts will be guided by their interests, and they are welcome to their so-called opinions as a decoration, like the funeral urns which decorate the roof-line of the Art Palace here in the Exposition. Your functions as an immortal soul are to figure out your true interests, like Joe Chamberlain.

Some day I mean to ask somebody really wise like Cabot or Teddy, to figure me out the balance-sheet for the last nine months, since Joe pranced into the Boers....

To Charles Francis Adams

PARIS, 25 July, 1900.

Thanks for your note with its extract. Cockburn[2] was a very loose talker. I think I got all the instructions issued by the British government to its military and naval officers on that campaign, and have quoted them.[1] They left much discretion, and Cockburn might have understood them as sustaining him in his course of destroying private property, but Ross[2] and the army officers interpreted them differently. They destroyed only public property, which was already more than any European practice warranted. I have made divers comments on that subject.

---

[1] 'But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see, —
Till at last he put down a right bower,
The same Nye had dealt unto me.'

[2] Sir George Cockburn (1772–1853).

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

50 AVE. DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE, 27 July, 1900.

. . . .

All day long I read metaphysics, and study St. Thomas Aquinas. It is as amusing as *Punch*, and about as sensible. St. Thomas is frankly droll, but I think I like his ideas better than those of Descartes or Leibnitz or Kant or the Scotchmen, just as I like better a child of ten that tells lies, to a young man of twenty who not only lies but cheats knowingly. St. Thomas was afraid of being whipped. Descartes and the rest lied for pay. You remember Pascal's famous avowal of it in the simile of the wager.[3]

What is more curious, not to say startling, is that all these gentlemen seem to me to be talking of something serious. This is a new and eccentric idea. I thought we were all agreed that metaphysics were a mediaeval absurdity.

All this is a side-play to my interest in twelfth-century spires and Chartres Cathedral.

It also serves to distract my mind from the barometer, thermometer, and China. Especially the latter, which touches one closely in many ways, as it does you, and which seems to me a mere labyrinth of necessary blunders. I can see no means of taking a correct course; the best is hopelessly blundering. My own government and poor Hay are already floundering in imbecile helplessness; and that deliberately, seeing nothing but worse ahead of any direct course.[4]

---

[1] *History of the United States during the first Administration of James Madison.* N.Y., 1890.

[2] Robert Ross (1766–1814).

[3] 'Disons: Dieu est, ou il n'est pas. Mais de quel côté pencherons-nous? La raison n'y peut rien déterminer ... Il se joue un jeu ... Que gagerez-vous? ... Mais il faut parier ... Gagez donc qu'il est, sans hésiter.... Oui, il faut gager; mais je gage peut-être trop.' *Pensées*, Pari, § 3. Blaise Pascal (1623–1662).

[4] 'O'Beirne dined with us last night. He had nothing new to say; of course, very down about China and the Transvaal. He doesn't approve Hay's mediation note. I don't even understand it. Hay thinks it well to be civil until he gets Conger out, but the Chinaman

To John Hay

PARIS, 13 September, 1900.

I was grateful for your letter, and for Mrs. Hay's, because the newspapers were beginning to bother me, and although I am tolerably free from the newspaper habit, I could not altogether disregard their clack. Luckily I see no one, so I was not called upon for information. Out of pure mercy to the inflicted, I have not written. Also, I had nothing to say. As you justly observe, you've silenced more than your enemies, and have cascaded my brother Brooks. Joe Quincy and Geo. Fred Williams will sing Hosannas before you yet.

If I had anything to say, I would hide it, out of shame for my brother mortals who are dumb. Paris has produced nothing, since I arrived in May, except the chewed material of the past. The solitary thing in the Exhibition that stands out as a gem is the Spanish building with its tapestries and its grand air of receiving you like a gentleman, while the German and English alongside receive you like the hogs that you or they are. Apparently Pierpont Morgan owns the British building. At least, he is credited with most of the pictures. I've not yet entered the German building but have frequently had the honor of being refused admittance. The Japanese building is charming, quite a Chinese dignity about it. I would you were here to see these gay scenes with me; but they are nought when told.

From all victims I hear that the losses have been very serious. The small people shut up shop and bolted. The big ones are trying to get out with as little loss as time allows. No one who has any money has been seen there since July. None but Cook's tourists and day-laborers seem to attend. The restaurants have been empty, and the penny-lunches full.

On the whole, my beloved rotten old senile wreck of Europe seems this year more decrepit than ever. Apparently everyone has now caught on to the state of England. How many more fatal blunders she

can give him ages in that game. Our only chance seems to be brutality — *et encore!* The beggars have cleaned us all out, and have got our hostages. To recover our hostages, we must agree to stay out. I'm willing. But I guess Hay had better think. He is blundering. He knows he is blundering. He has the utmost contempt for what he has to do. I'm uneasy. Every one is uneasy. Truly for ways that are dark!' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 27 July, 1900.

'Hay drivels. The English, and especially Balfour, are hopeless. But the little Kaiser has gone off in acute dementia. If anyone was alive in Pekin yesterday at the Legations, I imagine that today, after the Kaiser's speech, his last chance is gone. How Hay must swear! That speech seems to make our military joint occupation and partition of all China inevitable. What doesn't it make inevitable?' — To the same, 29 [July, 1900].

can heap on her own grave, I don't know; but I am deadly terrorised for fear this coal and iron business will fetch her up all standing, and right on me. I have variously remarked such things to you before. I repeat the same, also about Russia where Mr. de Witte seems to be now at last treed. I suppose he can't break down any more before going out entirely. As I am not in any way of knowing anything, I leave the business of calculating horoscopes to you....

One of my Tahiti sisters is here,[1] by way of variety, and I am finishing my Tahiti volume for her. On the whole, I am rather busy in a small way, but I have many corner-thoughts about your conundrums, which I hope you see the word for better than I do. As I know nothing, I can't disapprove, more's the pity.

PARIS, 5 October, 1900.

I write vaguely and incidentally to remark that one's friends sometimes take away the little breath that years have left. I do not, by this, intend to refer to you, although it is true that, in watching you herd your drove of pigs, I am at times astonished to see how, by hitting one on the snout and by coaxing another with a rotten turnip, you manage to get ahead, or at least not much backward; but this is not the kind of astonishment I mean. True, your success has been surprising. You have been so right when everybody else was wrong, that I half believe you are too good to drive hogs; if anybody can be too good for a useful purpose. Not that I can even yet see how you mean to herd your swine, or how you can get to any other point than where you don't want them to go; but I have sublime confidence in time, and perhaps you can get yourself out, even if you leave them in the mire they are so happy to roll in. Another half year in Europe leaves me more than ever puzzled to say what the real balance is. They are, to my small mathematics, running with accelerated speed backward. They are now almost abjectly dependent on us, and we are very rapidly cleaning them out. But they have lots of money, and are growing mean and economical every day, and they may last till they rot off the ground....

Your officials here, I do not see; they have enough to do without my advice; nor do I see anyone who tells me anything. Who knows anything to tell? The longer I stay here, the more I feel that we are moved by some one, and the less I see him. My diplomatic hobby has been, as you know, to detach France from Eastern Europe, and bring her into an Atlantic system where she has certainly at least an equal interest to be; but there is here a regular conspiracy which seems to have its roots in the *haute banque*, to excite and keep up an acute hostility to England in order to divert France from her revenge on Germany. This scheme has been pursued with such success that France seems almost on the verge of a cordial *entente* with Germany. At one time I thought that Russia was doing it. Now I am inclined to think it is Berlin, and that the Jew bankers are helping the Kaiser to bring it about. Anyway, it seems likely to succeed, and France is falling into the wake of Germany.

---

[1] Moetie (Salmon) Atwater. See *Letters of Henry Adams*, I. 487.

This is your affair, not mine. I can see but dimly what goes on, and am not betting. Anyway I trust we shall get over the next two months somehow, and I shall in time see you flourishing in Washington.

To Elizabeth Cameron

PARIS, FRIDAY, 19 October, 1900.

. . . .

I wish I hadn't lost my taste for champagne and tobacco. That is worse than your going away. Thank God, I appreciated my vices while they lasted, and never regretted indulgence in them; but that is only another matter of regret now. Some people can even go the theatres still, and see *Aiglon* and *Sans Gêne* and *Cyrano* and all the old old shows.[1] I call that real unredeemed vice, but they do it, and make me sad. What a weird life it is! And to think that your uncle John was probably never bored! I wonder whether God the Creator was bored, that he made such a world.

My twelfth century is my single resource, and chiefly, I think, because it never knew ennui. When it was bored, somebody got killed. Now they get killed all the same. The Transvaal business grows worse and worse. There is no saying what it will end in, for it has already ended in the worst terrors that gave me fits last year. If much more happens, and that fool Kaiser is let indefinitely loose, there will be a universal smash soon. But England has put herself out of the game, and we haven't the machine. Poor old Russia is the victim now, and the pace is breaking her all up.

---

[1] Rostand's *L'Aiglon* had been first produced, 15 March, 1900, with Sarah Bernhardt in the title rôle; his *Cyrano de Bergerac* dated from 1897. Sardou's *Madame Sans-Gêne* was presented in 1893.

To John Hay

PARIS, 7 November, 1900.

Now that the circus is over and the beasts put to bed, I take for granted that congratulations are in order.[1] Accept mine! I have no more to give. My little all is at your service. You have had an excessively complicated job, and have, I imagine, very much contributed to the happiness of the excellent Major. You have shown infinite patience, uncommonly correct judgment, and an amount of ability which no one about knows enough to understand, and no one here is intelligent enough to appreciate. You have made no mistakes that I know of. And you have held your tongue.

To a twelfth-century monk in a nineteenth-century attic, in Paris, the whole menagerie seems a queer struggle for reality, and impossible to judge or censure; so my congratulations have only the value of a Latin epitaph on a marble slab at the base of your bronze equestrian statue in Roman armor and a laurel wreath. Let it pass for that:

> *Hic jacet* J. H.; *vir nobilis*, etc., etc., *insignis*, etc., etc.,
> *præcipue felix*, etc., etc., *amicus Adamus*, etc., etc., etc., d. d. d.

Even to discuss it all must be a bore; yet I find it occupies more of my thoughts than anything else except the color-theory of the Chartres glass and Ming vases. You don't expect to be taken as seriously as a Ming jar, of course, so I won't flatter you. Still the Ming dynasty is in it, much more than the Manchus. From the first, I have been absorbed by the conviction that the worst possible solution in China was that of a joint military occupation, which is the solution now inevitable. Joint military partition was to me much safer and more advantageous, and in my belief easier, as it required for the moment only a division of seaports. England would have got a bigger slice this year than she is likely ever to get again, and we could stand outside supporting her.

The whole question is in that last proposition about England. I own up that England has got on my nerves. Every week I see a big drop in her scale, till I get to think she will drop on my head tomorrow. Hicks Beach seems to me to grow in colossal dimensions of incompetence, and when I see that old rat Goschen[2] scuttling out of the ship, and all the intelligent ones, even up to Salisbury, trying to escape, and a young lot coming in, about of the style of George Curzon, leaving Joe Chamberlain and Hicks Beach, and every sort of difficulty close ahead, I turn greener than ever with terror.

---

[1] McKinley was reelected.

[2] George Joachim Goschen (1831–1907), who resigned from the Admiralty, 12 October, 1900.

The management of the Treasury and the Bank has been such that at last public confidence is affected. The Continent shows distinct tendencies not to trust England with its balances. The exchanges are set dead against her, on all sides. If Gage can let her have a hundred millions of gold now, he can carry her and Russia over, till the gold mines are reopened. Otherwise I see no chance that England can maintain her credit, and for at least five years she has kept her head above water only by credit. She has been insolvent since 1895. Almost invariably I have found the public catch an idea in five years; first, a few theorists; then the most far-sighted Jews; and at last the crowd of speculators for the settlement. The shock of last November very nearly upset England. This November her situation is very much worse, and the hatred of her is intensified to a degree at which an explosion becomes almost inevitable. Financially and politically the current seems to run even stronger against her than it does economically; and I don't wonder; for to me, who look on her as our only ally and our outpost in our future struggle with Europe, her stupidity, brutality, ignorance and senility, have been unendurable since the bimetallic contest in '93, when she so nearly cut our throats.

So I regard the Anglo-German agreement[1] as in effect a capitulation to draw Germany away from Russia; a scheme I have believed to be hopeless. To me, the only correct card is France; but I am only a theorist, without the smallest knowledge of the hands. If we could draw France into a combination which should secure the Philippines and all southern Asia up to the Hoang-ho, it would be all we could hope. Failing that, we lose the game when England falls.

You too want to scuttle. Everybody wants to scuttle, apparently, who sees the mess before him; except perhaps the Major who has a genius for just such situations. Never impatient and never discouraged, he is sure to win because he has the cards. There is to be a new deal after December, and no one can tell how the next hands will fall, but he seems safe for two years. Anyway, to the diseased mind of a Dominican monk like me, seven hundred years old, the lead is no longer his. In this game, Germany leads trumps.

I would give a sixpence, or a string of pice, to know what trumps Germany holds. I can't believe in Germany. She is not big enough to swing the club. If she could unite herself either to eastern or western

---

[1] Dennett, *John Hay*, 319.

Europe, she could do it. As it is, I see nothing but a repetition of my own thirteenth century.

This by way of compliment to your success.[1] Of personal matters I have very little to say. The Exposition is closing. To me it has been an education which I have failed to acquire for want of tutors, but it has been an immense amusement and only needed you to be a constant joy. It has brought me so near the end that I hardly care to wait for the last scenes. There are things in it which run close to the day of judgment. It is a new century, and what we used to call electricity is its God. I can already see that the scientific theories and laws of our generation will, to the next, appear as antiquated as the Ptolemaic system, and that the fellow who gets to 1930 will wish he hadn't. The curious mustiness of decay is already over our youth, and all the period from 1840 to 1870. The period from 1870 to 1900 is closed. I see that much in the machine-gallery of the Champ de Mars. The period from 1900 to 1930 is in full swing, and, gee-whacky! how it is going! It will break its damned neck long before it gets through, if it tries to keep up the speed. You are free to deride my sentimentality if you like, but I assure you that I, — a monk of St. Dominic, absorbed in the Beatitudes of the Virgin Mother — go down to the Champ de Mars and sit by the hour over the great dynamos, watching them run as noiselessly and as smoothly as the planets, and asking them — with infinite courtesy — where in Hell they are going. They are marvelous. The Gods are not in it.[2] Chiefly the Germans! Steam no longer appears, although still behind the scenes; but one feels no certainty that another ten years may not abolish steam too. The charm of the show, to me, is that no one pretends to understand even in a remote degree, what these weird things are that they call electricity, Roentgen rays, and what not. The exhibitors are dead dumped into infinity on a fork.

So my solitude prepares itself for heaven, with a constant eye to the London exchanges. With an humble and contrite heart, I prostrate myself before the Major and the dynamos, and wait for the day of judgment much as I did in the reign of St. Louis. St. Thomas Aquinas and you are my only friends. . . .

---

[1] 'So John Hay has won another great stake, and at last Germany has been dragged into line. How Russia must curse the Kaiser; not for this treaty, which ought to suit Russia, but for jumping first one way and then the other, without the least attention to consequences. The Kaiser is like the fool who rocks the boat to scare the women. He has jumped now so far on the gunnel that France is already screaming with fear of being upset, though it's her own policy.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 22 October, 1900.

[2] *Education*, 379.

To John Hay

PARIS, 4 December, 1900.

Private, most privately private.

. . . .

You excite my wildest admiration! Whenever I think of you, I glow. How do you carry that load? Look you! Friend! I am but a waif on the waters of eternity, and I care not one French sour grape how soon or how late this damned humanity breaks its neck, for I know mighty little good of it, yet I assure you I lie awake of nights merely at thinking of the risks we are now running, and the rate of our speed. You say you are a bore about the Senate. You know I am two double-barreled bores about England. I can do nothing but think and talk about it. The Senate is a good, brutal, conspicuous ball to kick. England is one of the weird mysteries of God's afterthought. Spain in the sixteenth century was nothing to it. China today is a trifling problem beside it. And both Spain and China were simple old mediaeval military problems, while England is the last word of divine wisdom. I tell you, divine wisdom has said some pretty rotten words!

Soul of my body! I can make nothing of it! That England has stood through the last year upsets all my facts and figures. I have been wholly wrong. I have got to figure out a balance-sheet totally new, and to me totally incredible. I look on now in superlative bewilderment. I cannot conceive what holds England up. With broken prestige, admitted failure, and no money, how do Hicks Beach and the Bank go on! With the entire world, every solitary human being between the Ural Mountains and the Bay of San Francisco longing to hit her and plunder her, how does she keep her purse in her pocket? And now Mr. nephew Kaiser William has taken charge of her precious welfare! A lunatic, just barely outside of a mad-house, protects his venerable grandmamma from other wicked robbers. The twelfth century never saw anything more grotesque!

Believe me, my angel son and sovereign, I am not fretting much for the sake of England. If her venerated interests alone were at stake, it is not I who would lie awake for anxiety about them. My alarm is strictly and grossly selfish. What I fear is that, if English credit really gets that shock which is now common expectation in half the newspapers of the world, you would see the fair fabric of your popularity vanish in a single telegram. If England can no longer borrow or buy, she can no longer pay. Your produce might be thrown back on you by the wholesale. Values would vanish in the call of a stock-board, and all of you at Washington would be sprawling on your backs in an instant, and the worst of it would be that though I get no profit out of your success, I should get just about as much of the kicks in your reverse. I can't win, but I stand to lose about as much as you. At bottom it's only the income that counts; the honor is now cheap. You see why I am a double-quick-firing-machine-gun of a bore about England.

For, to anyone who has all his life studied history, it is obvious that the fall of England would be paralleled by only two great convulsions in human record; the fall of the Roman Empire in the fourth century, and the fall of the Roman Church in the sixteenth. Big as the catastrophe was when Spain went down, and France, neither was anything like England; they were small in comparison. Spain has taken at least two hundred years and a score of wars to founder completely. France has convulsed our century in doing it. For God's mercy, what will England do!

As necessary residuary legatees, you and Russia have got to administer the estate, with the Kaiser claiming the whole. He has always wanted to be king of England. By the sword of the Archangel Michael, I almost think he'll succeed! England seems to me to have no longer the strength to stand alone. The feeling there, I am told, is now one of universal depression and self-distrust. Furious with Salisbury for his last batch of family jobs, no one seems now to see future salvation in Joe Chamberlain. The opposition is scared to death at the thought of being offered power, and would support Salisbury against his own party to prevent it. There might be stranger solutions than grandson William. A bigger bid for it than yesterday's refusal to see Kruger, would be hard to make. In international law I take it, his yesterday's telegram to Kruger is an abandonment of neutrality. I suppose England would regard a similar telegram to Queen Victoria as a declaration of war.

In short, my venerable friend, I respect and admire you beyond measure, and in another month I expect to be hurrying back to swing incense and flattery under your precious nose. I hold on tight to you as my last tie to the nineteenth century. You keep my brain, on one side, a little less wobbly than usual. Otherwise I have to read the letters of Symmachus to steady me. Do you know the letters of Symmachus? If not, ask my brother Brooks for Gaston Boissier's[1] charming volume on him. Symmachus is Salisbury or you, or Kaiser Willy, or somebody, after whom the deluge. Symmachus is mighty good reading. So is Saint Simon!

---

[1] Marie Louis Antoine Gaston Boissier (1823–1908).

Réjane has got a new part; I've not seen it, but they say she has little acting to do. Also a new play at the Gymnase; another at the Variétés; what know I? Lots more! Paris is waking up. No new books, I think. For me, I buy a Greek coin every week; or, as I said in my last, a Ming jar, by alternation, or a big book on twelfth-century glass; but what I yearn to buy are illuminated manuscripts, and I would, too, but no one now knows enough to enjoy them, and all alone I can't worship indefinitely without rheumatism in my joints. A dynamo is what I need.

Hasta luego, amico. I am pleased to see how kindly the Message speaks of Spain and France.

To Charles Francis Adams

PARIS, 18 December, 1900.

Your letter of the 29th and Gordy's book have just arrived, and I write by the first post to thank you, not so much for the book as for the attention. It is kind to remember that I have, or had, an interest in the matter, and to keep me posted. Gordy[1] has written to me once or twice, and has sent me his books, which I have had to acknowledge as well as one can when one has chronic nausea at the sight of a history, and cannot without misery read ten lines about that of America. I fear I can't tackle Gordy, though I suspect he is elementary enough to be harmless; but at sixty-three years old, I do not think myself obliged to take emetics for the sake of college professors. There is this to be said for Gordy, however, that, unlike most of his kind, he does not think it necessary to blackguard the people he steals from. In this he deserves recognition. As a rule, thieves are foul-mouthed.

As far as I can see, history, as we boys understood it, in the days of Macaulay, Mommsen, Michelet and Grote, is either quite dead or temporarily abandoned. I notice that you, in your Wisconsin Address[2] dealt with this question from the side of the reader. I have looked at it only from the side of the writer. As far as I know, or can learn by inquiry, no historical work of consequence has been produced in Europe for a dozen years at least. I imagine that Sorel[1] is the last. We can do without them. The history and development of mechanical energy is now more exciting and important.

---

[1] John Pancoast Gordy, *History of Political Parties in the United States*, Athens, Ohio, 1895–98.

[2] *The Sifted Grain and the Grain Sifters. Address at the Dedication of the Building of the State Historical Society of Madison, Wisconsin*, Madison, October 19, 1900. [Cambridge, 1900.]

To Anna Cabot Mills Lodge

3 RUE DE TRAKTIR, 10 December, 1900.

. . . .

Paris is very dark, damp and dusky, but seems to be still Parisian in spite of itself. All the odds and ends of the world are squirming about the streets, and doing the strangest things, but it doesn't seem to matter. After all, it is almost sane and respectable, compared with London.

For that matter, as a conservative christian anarchist I cannot doubt that God will very soon bust up the whole circus, and proceed to judgment; and then you know best what will happen to the U.S. Senate.

Personally I am not interested, having made my arrangement for paradise through the Virgin Mary and the twelfth-century church, but I'm sorry for you. As far as I know, you've not a saint to your back, and I shall have to find you some. But it will need the whole Trinity to dead-head a senator....

The only thing that is absent is news or gossip. Of that I can give you not a shred. How can there be any? As far as I can hear, the world has given up caring enough about anything to make conversation. The English, to be sure, are said to have struck rich Rand resources of scandal and abuse of each other, both abroad and at home, but that is only because they are losing money, and because Lord Salisbury gobbles all the offices. Naturally they are a virtuous, unselfish race, and when the mines begin to make dividends again, they will appreciate once more their own elevated morality....

To John Hay

PARIS, 16 December, 1900.

As I am not on the spot, I can only convey by writing what seems sayable to me about your personal interests and conduct in face of the Senate's action, or want of action. One has a right, in such cases, to know what one's friends think. I never advise; I only diagnose, but it comes to the same thing.

---

[1] Albert Sorel (1842–1906), *L'Europe et la Révolution Française*, Paris, 1884–1904.

As for the Treaty, it is only the immediate local symptom of trouble. As for the Senate, it is merely the vent. Set aside both the Treaty and the Senate, the situation remains equally difficult, and the Executive's responsibility equally serious. You are merely a part of the Executive, a little more than I or any other tramp; a little less than the President; but we are all permanent, and we don't escape by bucking. We can none of us get out.

Any man, even as unintelligent as a British statesman, must see that, sooner or later, the struggle of races has got to centre on the two isthmuses. Suez was a compromise between Europeans. Panama is serious in another sense. Western Europe and Eastern America have got to unite or fight over that.

You offer the only apparent scheme of union, and the Senate rejects it.

As far as your scheme concerns only England, I see no decisive reason why you should greatly care. You have done your best, and can continue to do it. I don't see that anyone else can do otherwise, in your place. In short, I don't feel that you are a vital element in the issue at all. The Senate may be wrong. The situation is above us all, wrong or right; and we've got to worry it through. You are there and had better stay, since the situation stays, and we are all in it.

But England, as I see it, is the simplest card in the pack. The game stands thus. Western Europe is playing for the trick against Russia and America. Germany now plays the hand for France and wants to play for England. If all western Europe can be united to play against America, she can euchre us with mathematical certainty. Her weight is four or five times ours, and her military organisation twenty times ours. Five minutes negotiation between Germany and France could give a guaranty under which the Panama Canal could be immediately finished before our Canal is begun, and inevitably the Panama Canal under a European guaranty must smash the Monroe Doctrine in the head; must secure South America to Europe, and shut us up in the north. We must either submit or fight, and either horn gores us to death. We shall have lost the game.

Our cards ought to be played against Germany, to prevent her from taking the hegemony of western Europe. Your Treaty was so played. The trouble is that England is not enough for us. We need France too. Suppose you neutralise your canal! What is to prevent

Germany from completing Panama! The Treaty stipulations are of course mere words. In the struggle of interest or force, it is weight that wins, and we must have the weight. How are we to get it? Granting that England can't help herself, and must follow us, — which is the theory that totally ruined my poor friend President Jefferson, — still we shall have the whole continent of Europe, which must contain our chief markets, to struggle with. Still Panama must be theirs, if they choose, and we must fight — which is fatal, — or yield, which is final. Still the ultimate world stands and must stand forever on those same two legs.

In short, neutralisation is a *modus vivendi* and no more. The Senate rejects it, and thinks it prefers to fight all Europe in the end. Of course it knows better, and no men on earth are individually and collectively such cowards as senators, but that is a mere incident. What we want is to run the machine without wrecking it. I am not sure but that the game may come out best as the Senate plays it. We ignore the Treaty and build a private canal. England at once tells Germany and France, Holland, Belgium, Austria, Switzerland, Spain and Italy to go ahead. They are — God knows — one and all, only too anxious to hit us. They hurry Panama to completion with a guaranty of neutrality against the world. England then must be admitted by us as partner, or accedes to the European combination. That is, instead of playing the cards, we let Germany play them, and Germany is, as everyone here knows, wholly master of France, and nearly in control of England, bidding her last shred of decency for England's help. This done, we stand face to face with the ultimate issue which our people can then clearly understand. They must then accept a *modus vivendi.* They may, of course, fight if they like, but to fight is to own the loss of the game. In our day, a fight is stupid, as the English know. We cannot win by fighting, unless we can win equally by economical weight and skill without fighting.

So I do not see that the situation is greatly changed by adopting or by rejecting the Treaty, unless you, or the Senate, by either policy, can bar Panama. Your Treaty tries to do that, but obviously does not do it. The Senate challenges the issue at once. England really is out of it. Germany and France are outside of the Treaty in any case, and England is free to act with them in any case. The Senate's action is likely to hurry theirs, and the issue may then be made in twenty-four hours instead of waiting a generation. First or last, it has got to come. Why not let it come now!

Should the President take that view, it seems to me that you are obviously in the best position to carry it out. No one charges subservience to Germany on you. Sooner or later, the country will be driven by Germany to court England, unless all our necks get broken first. You can fix your policy, then, once for all; and if the Senate wants desperately to fight Germany and Europe, the country can vote war, if it chooses.

Anyway the only issue at present seems to me to be whether we had better make our issue now, or defer it.

If the Treaty settled anything, you might make a stand on it, but in truth its rejection will settle more than the Treaty will do; for it will force upon us, perhaps immediately, the whole question of maintaining the Monroe Doctrine, and will settle it forever. I foresee that we shall have to abandon — or, what is the same, compromise — the Monroe Doctrine, if the issue takes the shape that Germany and the Senate want. In other words, you want to pool; the Senate wants to divide and compete; the result of the first would be to postpone; that of the last, to precipitate. God only knows which would turn out best for us.

We have always the chance that western Europe cannot pool its interests against us. Here I am slowly getting to think that it can. Things move very fast indeed. The slow subsidence of England is making itself felt in many ways and places besides South Africa, China and Panama. One cannot tell what way the struck whale will plunge. The Kaiser wants the blubber, and is sacrificing all other interests to get it. France is for sale. Their economical interests are a unit as against us. If prices fall, — that is, if England has to shut down on imports, — they can all unite in antagonising us.

So I say: — *Paciencia y barajar!*

PARIS, 10 January, 1901.

. . . .

I am quite ready to get back to Washington,[1] barring grippe and *pompes funèbres*. My circus turned up as required. The Christmas pantomime did not fail. I was heartily sorry poor old Dufferin should have to appear in the melancholy part of clown, but, after all, one is a Sheridan or one is not.[2] Roberts and Kitchener[3] have played the clown better than Dufferin, who is too *larmoyant*, but the humor of their antics is too fine for general appreciation. Then, too, the British public is painfully serious just now.

---

[1] He sailed for New York, 19 January, 1901, on the *St. Louis*.

[2] Frederick Temple Hamilton Temple Blackwood, Marquis of Dufferin and Ava (1826–1902). His father, Price Blackwood, married Helen Selina, daughter of Thomas Sheridan, son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

[3] Horatio Herbert Kitchener, Earl Kitchener (1850–1916).

I judge from the Board of Trade Returns and the War Expenditure that the old shop is close on a change. The foreign balance of payments against it in 1900 cannot have been less than eighty millions sterling, — and I put it very low. It has borrowed the money from France and America, but the market is saturated with its notes. The Bank practically suspended the Bank Act at New Year's, and nobody lisped. How long this play is going to last, I don't know, and don't much care. I was curious to see the thing actually happen, for it is the greatest climax in history; but the more or less of melodrama in the performance matters little. For years past I have watched the big ship lurch over, and at every roll she has gone more near the point of danger, but this time I think the equilibrium lost for good.

As far as I can see, on this side there is nothing but breakers ahead. From all sides I get the most threatening accounts of Russia. Germany has had a bad chill. England is done. Of course the cause is not far off. In Paris one sees it every day and hour. Western Europe has nearly exhausted her coal and iron, and has nothing to hope except from desperate plunging in South Africa and China. France has actually retreated into the middle ages, — which is why it amuses me, — and since Mr. Meline's[1] protectionist policy, it takes some new step backward every day. France is quite outside of our world, but she has made a world of her own very complete and perfectly satisfactory to her. I never knew her so rich, or so contented in all appearance, as she is today. She is piling up the sous in every cottage. She must take in, at the very least, four hundred million dollars a year from abroad. She no longer competes, but she does not buy. She has become oriental, and plays. She has dropped off from Russia, and I suppose your ministers have written to you the rumors floating about in regard to the stormy interview of De Witte with the government here. The Ural-Volga business seems to have hurt all round.

These things interest me more than our Senate does, although the Senate has interest too, of a sort. In a couple of weeks I shall shift back to it. To us here the New York Stock Exchange is more important. Here I am a bear on everything. Sooner or later, European markets must break down, unless they strike some perfectly unforeseen resource. They cannot go on paying us indefinitely for all the staples of life. They have got to root or die. Then we must root too.

---

[1] Felix Jules Méline (1838–1925).

Things move so fast that they get always ahead of me. England may give in to the Boers tomorrow and reopen the mines. She may strike an equivalent in the jungle. But on the down track, everything commonly tends down.

I have no gossip. We are all more or less *grippé's*. Most of us are dead or ought to be. The rest are mighty little good. Paddy O'Beirne is the only active human in Paris, and he is an Irishman and can't help it. I know nobody, and go nowhere, and see nothing. . . .

XIV

WASHINGTON

1901

To Elizabeth Cameron

Knickerbocker Club, Monday, 28 January, 1901.

Here I am again, not much the worse! I telegraphed you on landing Sunday morning early. We had a summer voyage, all but the last two days when we caught a baby blizzard and rolled for two nights; but the company was not my only ideal of social joy.

At once here I plunge into more world than I had seen for a year. While Sturgis ran off to Ternina, I went to see the Marbury[1] *salon*, and found myself in a mad cyclone of people. Miss Marbury and Miss [Elsie] DeWolfe received me with tender embraces, but I was struck blind by the brilliancy of their world. They are grand and universal. I found Mrs. Nat Goodwin[2] and Mrs. Lawrence Hopkins[3] that was, embracing Harper Pennington with gout, and Marion Crawford,[4] and our old friend Batey (do you spell him so) and Yarmouth and Trix Jones and her mother,[5] and I know not how many more. I had to chatter as one of the wicked, and got barely a whisper of business. Miss Marbury is doing well. Miss DeWolfe is, as she has written you, in a state of anti-Semite rebellion, which is the mark of all intelligent Jews. She begged me to repeat to you her earnest desire to meet you in Italy in March, or April. Apparently they will sail a month too early for me, but we shall see. Marion Crawford is bringing out a play,[6] and his wife is unable to bear American existence. I am going to try to call on Kate Brice[7] this afternoon.

I dined at Mabel's with John La Farge, who was in excellent form, going to die, and depressed by John Bancroft's[8] hopeless decline, but very talkative and inquisitive. Naturally he was pleased with his promotion to Officer in the Legion, and I told him as gaily as I could, of our struggles to help Humphries Johnston[1] about the Luxembourg picture. Perhaps the information will hatch in his mind. Anyway he is very busy, and on big work, and likely to remain so, for, in this happy country, all is fat and greasy with wealth, and New York is unconscious that an outside exists, or that Edward VII reigns. Even I, who, for some years, belonged to Victoria's Court in what was supposed to be its best time, and who never could see anything but selfishness and *bourgeoisie* to admire in the old woman, and who never received from her or any of her family so much as a sign of recognition, am a very little touched to see her disappear so tragically, broken-hearted at the wretched end of such a self-satisfied reign, and nobody care. The stock market itself is hoarse with croaking the entrance of Edward VII, but we are busy smiling at our investments. We are grand. The new rich are impayable here, and Stanford White[2] is their Moses and Aaron and Mahomet. He has got now to life-size crucifixions in the grand stair-case hall.

---

[1] Elizabeth Marbury (1857?–1933).

[2] Maxine Elliott (1871–).

[3] Amos Lawrence Hopkins (–1912) married Theresa B. Dodge.

[4] Francis Marion Crawford (1854–1909), novelist, married Elizabeth Berdan.

[5] Mary Cadwalader Rawle, wife of Frederick Jones.

[6] *Francesca da Rimini*, which Sarah Bernhardt produced in Paris, 1902.

[7] Daughter of Senator Calvin Stewart Brice (1845–1898).

[8] John Chandler Bancroft (1835–1901).

Really New York is amusing. I am dying to write another satire.

Tomorrow to Washington! Willy Chanler tells me there is fun there too. I tumbled yesterday over Cass Canfield[3] down stairs, but he had nothing much to say. Clarence King is not here. Sturgis Bigelow is giving his jools to Ternina who is always begging him to stop. She does not sing this week, so I've no excuse for staying on.

WASHINGTON, 3 February, 1901.

The semi-annual miracle is once more complete. The operation of coming to life again in an old incarnation is more or less weird. The archangels may know where they are at, but a mere individual gets mixed up. My secret conviction is that I'm buried out at Rock Creek, but my double certainly seems to be swearing as usual at 1603.

Nothing seems to have felt special need of change. My neighbors are intact. Hay looks well and seems to have deteriorated as little as a statesman must. Mrs. Hay says that he has grown irritable, and I guess it is true; but so have I; it is the deterioration of tissues, not of politics. The old fight with the Senate and the weary bickerings with Europe keep on, with less outlook than ever for an understanding, but no special outlook for more misunderstanding than usual. All I notice is that the habit of authority is more marked, and nothing is heard of retreat or desire for repose. One grows more impatient of criticism or discussion, and more indifferent to everything except rather small politics....

---

[1] John Humphreys Johnston.

[2] Stanford White (1853–1906), architect, son of Richard Grant White (1821–1885).

[3] Augustus Cass Canfield (1852–1904).

Hay and I have walked up to inspect the outside of the new Townsend[1] and Wadsworth[2] houses which look huge to our modest old eyes. The old Stewart Castle has the air of a dilapidated cottage. The last century is already dwarfed. The way we are slinging huge rocks is a terror. Our people have forgotten that any world exists outside America and their heads are excessively swelled. To me, fresh from Europe, the atmosphere gives vertigo. It is no use to preach caution. One might as well talk about Babylon and Nineveh as about England and France....

Hay's chief concern now seems to be to provide offices for Bay and Willy Eustis, which is of course so solemn a duty that Cabot, who is a pure patriot, will have nothing to do with it, and devolves it on Mrs. Johnny. Bay refuses diplomacy, and requires a consulate, but I don't know what victim he wishes to sacrifice to make room for him. Willy Eustis[3] will go to London in young Choate's[4] place if he chooses, but old Morton thinks that Vignaud[5] is dying or dead, and wants his son-in-law[3] to run Paris. Porter will be delighted....

Wayne made a noration yesterday on John Marshall, which I did not hear. Luckily no one thought to invite me, so that I am safe from reproach. I see that Wayne preached his usual high morality, which requires Philadelphia cheek in these days. As a moral spectacle, the world, including America, presents a panorama for Wayne's grandchildren to enjoy as a specimen of their grandfather's humor; but it is a profitable doctrine to preach, and Wayne knows where to get his clientele. My own misfortune through life has been the incapacity to cant as though I meant it. But then I wanted so little! Poor Brooks is the real sacrifice, for he was ambitious. Wolcott is another and a singular variety for he actually believes in the social structure, which Wayne proclaims skepticism about. Meanwhile the true type of successful cant, which rests on no belief at all, is Cabot, who grabs everything and talks pure rot to order....

---

[1] R. H. Townsend.

[2] James Wolcott Wadsworth, Jr.

[3] William Corcoran Eustis.

[4] Joseph Hodges Choate, Jr., third Secretary of Embassy.

[5] Henry Vignaud (1830–1922).

To Cecil Spring Rice

WASHINGTON, 8 February, [19]01.

Are you not a singularly eccentric statesman? At the very moment when, as I was assured in Europe, you were to be established at Cairo, you write me from Teheran without an allusion to change; and you reproach me for not writing when for nine months I have waited a reply to my last.

I am senile — I am rococo — I am twelfth century — I am long ripe for the sickle, and dried on the stalk, but by Saint Lazarus, I am not to that degree oriental, nor yet so long buried.

Truly I cannot permit it. I am the original Conservative Christian Anarchist. If you are to come into the party — to take Bay's place who has left it to marry a female woman [1] — you must confess and obtain absolution. What road to Damascus can you have travelled, since it has not led you to Cairo? What Avatar?

How can a C.C.A. go to Boston to live? Obviously not! I forbid it! Washington or Paris, I permit, because I am there. Especially Paris, because it is nice and nasty and rotten and free from cant, humbug and hypocrisy. Even Washington is very trying to a serious C.C.A. You must put up with an amount of atrophied cerebral grey matter, accompanied by an amount of nervous cerebral restlessness and physical energy, which is very repulsive. As for good society, it is altogether beyond toleration. The British gangrene runs all through it. Within ten years I expect to see every Duke in England and the Transvaal *échelonné* along Fifth Avenue with a door-plate bearing his crest and motto, and an invitation to step inside and inspect the ducal coronet and family heirlooms. Only last week, on landing in New York, I was led directly to look at a Velasquez which came straight from Castle Howard, and was one of the most superb pictures in England.[2] Our aristocracy is revolting. Whether it is more revolting than yours I will not decide, for Dr. Johnson expressly said there was no precedence between lice and fleas; but when I was young George Howard was a nice fellow with refined tastes. He ought to have sold his wife, not his Velasquez.

I returned here last week, and find myself very far away. All my friends are in office. Naturally it makes them idiotic. Most of them are sick. Naturally it makes them foolish. I say nothing of age and infirmities, for these are benefits. I passed nine months in Paris where I saw no one, and lived a religious and austere life. Every afternoon I went to the Exposition, and prayed to the dynamos. There was nothing else to respect. They alone abode in an attitude and atmosphere of thought.

---

[1] George Cabot Lodge married, 18 August, 1900, Matilda Elizabeth Frelinghuysen Davis.

[2] Portrait of Don Baltasar Carlos and his Dwarf, now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

I wanted greatly to visit you, but never do what I want. So I came back here, since this was the last thing I wanted; and now I am here, I want it less than before. You ask about Hay! I can't tell how he is. I should say that he had lost strength very perceptibly, but I don't like to say so, for I don't know whether it is so. Mrs. Hay has not yet told me what she thinks; but I am sure that she wants to get him out of the Department more than he wants to go. Your other friends have changed but little. But the country, which was struggling with bankruptcy five years ago, is now reeking with new wealth and superfluous energy. Its contrast with Europe is melodramatic as a Greek play; for Europe was gloomy and despondent. As for England, I dare not go there at all. I don't know what to say or where to look. As far as I know, there is no difference of opinion; my old friends see things very much as I do; but none of us want to talk about it.

Russia is my worst problem. That colossal dwarf has got to show its real capacity soon, and if it breaks down, as I think it must — for its contract is superhuman — I cannot see anything but chaos ahead. So I read Abdurrahman and put my trust in the Prophet — and the dynamos. Anyway, it is your business chiefly. Of course I should like to see everything go to pieces, so as to finish the play in my own time, but I shall not be much disappointed if the wretched drama drags on. It's only a Chinese play anyhow. Now that it has fairly confessed its failure, and gone back to Tamerlane processes, with utterly stupid unconsciousness of plagiarism, I feel little interest in the last Act. What a glorious genius there was in the First Crusade! Then the West appreciated bric-a-brac. I don't believe that now a single American in China knew the difference between Ming and Kien-lung. I am told that the Germans smashed all indiscriminately. Why couldn't they have smashed their own!

What has happened? Why are you not at Cairo? Why do you talk about £500 a year? We thought you were rolling in gold sovereigns; a kind of Cambyses. Papa Leiter and Daisy or Nanny went out to find you dancing on the top of the pyramid of Cheops. Where are you at? . . .[1]

---

[1] Rice's reply, dated from Cairo, 14 March, 1901, is in Gwynn, *Letters and Friendships of Sir Cecil Spring Rice*, I. 337.

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, 11 February, 1901.

. . . .

This reminds me that I have a letter from Spring Rice, — did I mention it? — written January 10, from Teheran,[1] without a word suggesting change. Quite mad, he talks of living, or dying, at Boston on 500 Pounds a year.

Our people here are madder than he, as you must see in the newspapers. Since my return, comparing the fantastic activity here with the funereal depression in Europe, I see that the time is imminent when necks must be broken. It cannot be far off. A sudden pull-up seems inevitable where one horse is running away and the other is dragging along on its nose and knees. McKinley is being borne darkly, fearfully and unwillingly afar, and already everyone is here trying to fill his pockets before the expected overthrow three years hence. The Republican Party is riding for a fall.

Already I have become an anti-imperialist, and am preparing for the worst. This régime is for me at an end, and the next one will outlast me. You know how little I care for one or t'other or myself, but, all the same, the waiting for the shock at full speed rather makes my hair turn green with horror. That fallen horse scares me even more than the run-away. . . .

WASHINGTON, Monday, 18 February, 1901.

. . . .

After watching Hay's condition for three weeks, I am regretfully compelled to admit that he must go out or die. His strength is exhausted, and his temper too. Whether he will recover must depend, I suppose, on rest and constitution; but for the present he is done. So much of Hay's valetudinarianism has always been nervous that I fully admit he may live to be ninety; but he is no longer fit to be Secretary. *Enfin*, he is writing his resignation.

Naturally this situation is not meant to *égayer* me greatly. For the last week I have seen him every day for an hour in bed, where he is living on strychnia and quinine, quite happy when he can escape thinking of the Senate, who are his Frenchmen, and glad to read any rubbish off his mind. In short, I recognise my own nerves in his at last. Poor old Gage, who is — well! just what most of us are; that is, what makes some of us so curl up under a hopeless weight of weary virtues, — has now loaded him up with a totally unnecessary Russian quarrel, in addition to Nicaragua quarrels and China quarrels and Cuba quarrels and a general diplomatic *impasse*. The Russian quarrel is the more serious because it is a mere pretext, and involves no actual value whatever. We take next to no sugar from Russia. If Russia forces quarrel on such a point — which is not even definitive on our part, — so abruptly and in such apparently violent contrast to her interests, she must have some extreme occasion for it. You can guess, perhaps, as well as I. Frankly, I am satisfied to hold my tongue and look on. Behind that oriental curtain of Russo-Germanism, I can divine nothing. It needs a woman to see or understand. Whether it covers an assassin or a corpse I don't in the least know....

---

[1] This letter is not in Gwynn.

Then there is the question of the next Secretary of State. The President, with the curious Ohio weakness for a name, hankers to bring Choate here. Hay intrigues mildly for Whitelaw. The general conviction is that no one but Root should be considered. Mildly, timidly and hopelessly, I urge Hitt.[1] Wolcott's domestic doings rule him out. I know of no other possible candidates. He should be a western man, who stands well with Congress, and has no New York or English ties. There is no such man.

There you are, then! If you want to take charge of the dynamo you can. It all makes me look with yearning eyes to my happy home at Rock Creek where I can take off my flesh and sit on my stone bench in the sun, to eternity, and see my friends in quiet intervals of thousand-year naps. By way of relief from boredom, I have returned to verse, and have written a long prayer to the Virgin of Chartres,[2] which I will send you presently, to put in your fire. It is not poetry, and it is not very like verse, and it will not amuse you to read; but it occupies me to write; which is something — at sixty-three....

WASHINGTON, 25 February, 1901.

. . . .

I am rather surprised to find that my decision, not to return to Paris, is a relief. I feel not the smallest wish or desire to go there any more;... Yet the being here is not a passionate joy either. One is an oyster, or a coral polyp everywhere; only here I feel that the water above me is swashing over my head like the surf on a Tahiti coral-reef, while elsewhere the water is dead and rather dirty as though I were inside a lagoon. Paris is at best a lagoon for artistic polyps. All the same, Washington is rather an eddy too; one goes round and round, biting one's own tail-fin. It makes me sick to watch it, and to think, and do nothing but think, and listen, and occasionally swear. When I stop swearing, some other fellow comes in, and begins. As you know, just at the close of the short session, everybody is cross. All are anxious about their share of the plunder. I am one of the dozen men in Washington who have nothing, and expect nothing, and serve for a life-time no purpose but that of doormat to people entering or quitting power; but my utility in that respect seems to be greater than ever. Positively I shall soon be worn out, and the polyps will have to go with muddy feet.

---

[1] Robert Roberts Hitt (1834–1906), chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

[2] Printed in Mabel La Farge, *Letters to a Niece*. Boston, 1920.

Hay is about again, after a fashion. His case is particularly complicated. He does not know whether his *angina pectoris* or his *angina senatus* is the more serious. Whether he has organic trouble with the heart, I do not know, nor as yet does he, but he certainly has organic trouble with the Senate. It is the old story of cutting cheese with a rasor. Hay was made to be a first-rate ambassador abroad; he loathes being a third-rate politician at home. He thinks that the proper man for the cabinet is some one like Platt or Quay or McKinley; some one with whom the senators can play poker and drink whiskey and hatch jobs in a corner, and so get things done. He feels that he can't do it, and it takes the life out of him. Then comes Cabot, whose methods exceed the endurance of a coral reef. No known form of polyp, fossil or living, equals Cabot for robbing the elements to secrete his store of gain. Hay frets and rages internally, and suffers the more because he keeps, or tries to keep, an external impassivity. You saw your husband driven out of politics, although he had a perfectly strong position. You can imagine how similar vexations affect a temperament like Hay's.

The foreign relations do not worry him at all, although he has to deal with very difficult material. Lansdowne is a vexation, — a blunder almost as serious as the Boer War, — and Germany is another Cabot, and Russia is a whole Senate committee rolled into Muscovy bears, but all that is the regular business. The trouble is, and always has been, and always will be, with the greed and selfishness and jealousy and ambition of senators. On that subject you can read a now forgotten work written by one of your acquaintances long since dead, one Dordy d'Ullivier d'Angoulême, tedious enough but elaborately supported by historical evidence, in nine volumes.

Socially, I find repose chiefly in the young, who bore me but do not irritate. These come and go like minnows, and one is like another, so that even their names say nothing. The older crowd is unchanged....

The newspapers are now guying Teddy, whose mountain lions are dangerously humorous. The heroic ages recede, and war is less and less popular. Even Ruddy Kipling has gone back to his early field. China and the Philippines and the Transvaal have given us dyspepsia....

Here is my Prayer! No one but you has seen it. No one but you would care to see it.

Washington, 3 March, 1901.

Really it is hard for a defunct and fossil survival of the twelfth century to keep up the forms of life in this foolish community. Tomorrow is a change of administration which changes nothing, and you would suppose that mankind were trembling on the verge of a great event. The town swarms with strangers; the railways are congested; the private houses are packed, and the hotels overwhelmed. Even I can't escape, and have to see people whom I would rather see hung or drowned or sent to Europe. To be sure, I am further out of it than anyone else can get, but I am in it. They have actually put up what they call a Court of Honor across the square, and I look over to the White House wondering what my old friend Thomas Jefferson would say. It is just a hundred years since he turned my harmless ancestor into the street at midnight, and I think he must wish he hadn't, for there is mighty little left of him; whereas my venerable ancestor has at least me.

If it is all a joke, it is getting to be a big one; but the individuals have not grown much. I wonder whether the name of one will be remembered a hundred years hence. At any rate, there is not one whom I care to cross the street to meet now; not even our immortal Teddy. Hay is better again, and we actually walked — very slowly — as far as the Boundary yesterday. He is still speculating as to when and how he is to get out, and rumors are flying about that Root is to take his place at once, but, unless the President decides it, the event will as usual depend on Mrs. Hay, who is in no hurry. All Hay's work for two years[1] goes into the waste-basket tonight; but he has still one bomb-shell to throw, in the shape of a treaty for the purchase of St. Thomas, which should be very soon announced unless Denmark makes new demands. The Nicaragua Treaty has been killed by Lansdowne. Apparently our English friends are stuffy. Lansdowne refuses to talk with Choate, and Pauncefote says he has heard nothing from him. Curious! One would think that Lord Salisbury's family had something better to do than to lose their tempers; but even Arthur Balfour seems to have reached that nervous collapse. They are like me; — they don't want to be agitated.

---

[1] The Hay-Pauncefote Treaty on the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

I wonder whether the hand is played out there. Montague White came in to dinner Friday, and said he had been summoned to Europe by Leyds,[1] and sails at once. He thinks — or says he thinks — it is to discuss the advisability of Kruger's coming here. I hinted at peace negotiations. He said he thought not. Still! England is in the awkwardest kind of place, and the bill is growing ghastly. She can't enjoy being indefinitely kicked, and Lansdowne's conduct seems to suggest that he wants to wait for something....

March 4. I meant to have passed the day in the country, but the morning was threatening, and now the procession is — or is not — marching in a very heavy primeval deluge of rain. Bad luck for the Major at the start! I am sorry, for I remember the evil omen of Cleveland's second inauguration in '93 which was so thoroughly realised. Perhaps the rain is too heavy to last....

WASHINGTON, 11 March, 1901.

. . . .

The excitement of last week is quite over now, and the town has dropped back into its old village repose, though more village to me than it was five-and-twenty years ago, because I know fewer people and make no new friends. I protest that it is not my fault. I keep my runners out night and day, to bring me game; but there is no game to bring; at least, none fresh or new. Last Tuesday afternoon, your two sisters sent up for me, and I hurried down to see them. On the doorstep was Teddy Roosevelt who was dragging Cabot in to see me; and your sisters ran away for fear of the Vice President. As soon as Roosevelt left, I went up to the Miles's, and forced my way in. I found both of them, apparently well and bright; and Sherman Miles, long, thin and lanky, but a very nice-looking boy....

Teddy burst in on me, as fresh as ever; a little heavier in feature, and no quieter in tone; but really breezy and tonic. That evening Margaret Chanler came in to her last dinner, and John Hay with her, as Mrs. Hay had gone to New York, expecting to meet Del, who will not be here for another week. Margaret Chanler has left another sister — Emmet[1] — in her house, to arrive yesterday, and my scouts are searching her. Hay gains strength, and, as the devil gets well, he cares less for religious retreat. The resignation went in, but only *pro forma*, and now it is a question of May or even December. We have seen so many of what he used to call his 'duck-fits' that I vouch for no diagnosis; but if I were he, I would not risk another summer in Washington when my doctor talked of heart-trouble. Still less, when Congress could not be prevented from riding rough-shod over me, and foreign powers were banded together to counteract me. Patience does much, but I hate being kicked. At last Lansdowne's letter has arrived; it is just a sulky, stuffy, stupid counterpart to the whole Cecil blunder. Hay has had to ignore it, for the present, and what he can do with it in the future I may not see. Congress will smash the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty next winter, dead sure, and will knock Hay and the President and England and Nicaragua and everyone else head over heels, and will make a situation that no diplomacy can deal with. At least, this is now the universal expectation, and I see no way out except to kill the Canal itself, which would be wise in every point of view, but now seems impossible. The muddle promises ill there. In China, the muddle is iller. I tell Hay that he is struggling to prevent what is already an accomplished fact; but really he has no choice. He can't share, and he can't give up his share. Russia and Germany are dragging him all over the sawdust. For my part, I can't see how to play the hand in any line, or with any partnership, and I should, in his place, sit still and wait for the situation to change itself; but anyway all Hay's work till now is fat in the fire. Congress and Europe have combined to sit on him hard, and squeeze his breath out....

---

[1] Willem Johannes Leyds, author of *The First Annexation of the Transvaal*, London 1906. He was Transvaal State Secretary (1888–1898) and Transvaal Agent in Europe (1898–1900).

WASHINGTON, 18 March, 1901.

Lovely spring weather! quiet empty town! nobody doing anything! everybody preparing to go somewhere! you know the old story. Nothing changes except the actors, and the same old lies are there, though we, who tell them, have left the stage. Spring in Washington was always a very peculiar flavor, almost too sensual, and as *journalier* as a French actress....

---

[1] Alida Chanler married C. Temple Emmet.

All the afternoon I had passed with Hay, listening to his alternate denunciations of Lord Lansdowne and Eugene Hale whom he seems to put on about the same level. As he has written to you by this mail, I need not tell you his views on either of these statesmen, — and you know mine. At the same time I think that Lansdowne runs Hale very hard. His notes on the Canal affair are singularly feeble and foolish, from our point of view, — sulky, stupid and indiscreet, the worst sort of old-fashioned English short-sightedness. For myself, as you know, the whole Canal business is premature. I want to kill it. About five-and-twenty years hence we can see whether a canal suits us or not. Meanwhile Lansdowne's course suits me very well; and, as the Treaty is really killed by the railroad interests, nobody except poor old Morgan[1] is much hurt; but for England the policy of killing the Canal seems to me the same class of stupidity as the Boer War. It needs only one more blunder to sink England altogether.

I expect better. Before this letter reaches you, I count on a Boer peace. As the world goes, a Boer peace on Boer terms is inevitable. I know nothing. If Hay knows anything, he has kept it to himself. I am only watching the cards, and as I see them, they mean peace on any terms.

Then England will have to take Russia by the throat, for Russia really crowds her too hard. I don't believe in war. Russia will give way; but meanwhile America is sucking the blood from them all. Our growth at their expense is like a shark.

Discussing these matters Hay and I ramble round our regular afternoon tramp, except when he has some of his manifold collapses. . . .

My other guests are Frank Emmons[2] to talk geology; Langley, Procter of the Civil Service; and I think that's all. . . .

Tuesday, 19 March. Hay will have told you that the Vienna business is done, — of course without his knowledge and over his head. H[ay] says that Mrs. McCormick[3] is particularly anxious to have

---

[1] John Tyler Morgan (1824–1907).

[2] 'I read tubs of geology, working up to date after twenty years of neglect. I have tied on to Frank Emmons to post me, and burrow in masses of Survey Reports. After all, Geology is but History, and I am only carrying my field a little back of T. Jefferson; but really I prefer poor old Marsh's big flying dragons to the average American statesman, even a hundred years ago. The Saurian is the more human reptile.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 1 April, 1901.

[3] Robert Sanderson McCormick (1849–1919) was appointed Minister to Austria in place of Addison C. Harris. Chandler Hale became Secretary of Legation, in place of Charles V. Herdliska. McCormick married Katharine Van Etta Medill, daughter of Joseph Medill, and Hale married Rachel Cameron.

Rachel, but that Rachel does not want to go. As far as I know, all parties are pleased, except perhaps the wretched Secretary who is removed to provide a place for the Senator's son. I sincerely trust that Chandler and Rachel will like Vienna and stay there; but we are deluging Europe with pretty women, and I never knew anybody except Mrs. Townsend to like Vienna. If Rachel is contented there, she is a heroine of more sublime virtue than I.

I believe that most of the senatorial jobs are now perpetrated, and really they amount to very small matters. We do things fairly decently still. True, we are not Salisburys or Chamberlains, but some day my great-great-nephews will sit here and write to you, or some other you, how simple, pure and archaic these early ages are.

Funny! Wolcott was beaten by the women, and it is the women who bar him out of the Cabinet! The first time in America!

WASHINGTON, 2 April, 1901.

. . . .

Apropos to extinct saurians. Wayne is back here, and, in half an hour's stroll last evening, he sprinkled me with a mass of political misinformation after his usual kind. Wayne is now a very long-passed article. He would like to be an anarchist like me, but he daren't. His soul is saurian, — which means Pennsylvanian, — and he clings to the skirts of the corporations with a just sense of wrong that the corporations, who have no soul, can give him only money. He takes the money, and he daren't kick the corporations, but he sasses them in the form of the individuals who run them. He is very bitter against everybody, and justly, no doubt; but he still admires England and the Church. After all, a Pennsylvanian is a wonderful thing; like an anthracite coal-bed; dark and dirty in itself, but the cause of light. . . .

I see no reason to doubt my first impression that the present régime will end in a political upturn. The whole shebang is rotten. The men who run it are powerless to direct it. If there is trouble in Europe, and if our markets break down, and wages have to fall, the whole McKinley gang will be swept into the rubbish-heap, and another gang will take possession. Please come home. The world is mean enough as it is, and cheap enough, and Pennsylvanian enough, but if it is going to be cheaper and meaner and Indianer, I won't play any more alone. . . .

To Elizabeth Cameron

8 April, 1901.

. . . .

He [Hay] is amusing about it all, and we are not in the least depressed by facing the grand climacteric or the doctors, who, as Hay justly remarks, have a way of looking at one, when one wants to know, and of implying: 'Well, you old imbecile! What the H — do you expect? To live forever?'

After all, this private *impasse* of grand-climatism is not a bit more troublesome or perplexing than the public one. Whether we are going straight into fits, or are getting safe ashore, no one knows; certainly not the Kaiser or the Czar, who are both in fits already; or Salisbury, who expects fits daily; or Hay, whose vision goes no further than mine. None of them has the glimmering of an idea whether we are on our heels or heads. Two months of close observation here have satisfied me that the European governments are just like boys on rafts, floating down a stream. The last performances of Russia and Germany in China prove it beyond doubt. It is a strange discovery to me that all the little so-called foresight in the world should be confined to America, and is not more than a phosphorescence even there; but the behavior of everyone is only to be explained on the theory that governments are children — and pretty dull and naughty at that.

Such a chaos! Wall Street goes quite wild, while Lombard Street is dead broke, and living on French charity. London and Berlin are standing in perfectly abject terror, watching Pierpont Morgan's nose flaming over the ocean waves, and approaching hourly nearer their bank-vaults. England, if figures have value, is walking straight into bankruptcy, and goes on drinking herself stupid. Russia is in convulsions, and yet flings explosives all over the place. For two years I have been shivering in a ghastly panic because every possible line led to a tremendous convulsion, and only infinite caution and harmony could prevent some enormous collapse, and now we are so near as to touch it, and no government except ours makes a pretence of wanting to avoid it. England persists in her boorish insanity; Russia plays monkey-tricks with the live coals; Germany deliberately impedes all hope of agreement; all grab, and grab, and grab; and the reign of anarchy neither conservative nor christian, is what they deserve.

I am inclined to hope they will get it. They are, in many worse ways, as hopeless as the French society of my friend Mme. de Pompadour, and without her taste or wit. Yah! they are on my nerves, their Cassinis, and Hollebens[1] and Hengenmüllers.[2]

If you are bored by politics I will give you some science. Last Friday I had a geological dinner. Frank Emmons[3] brought his colleague Van Hise,[4] and his chief, Walcott,[5] and a young Canadian named Adams,[6] to dine with me. But I am old, you may put up a margin on that! When I was young, geology began with fossils and shells and the signs of life. Nowadays it ends there. Not one of these four men, whose names are all of the highest authority all over the world, will look twice at a fossil except to throw out the rock they find him in. All they touch is granites and things that lie at the bottom. There they have about five times as much rock as there is above it, and all they study is to know what made it. The youth from Canada has been squeezing it like butter. You should have heard Van Hise lecture us on the Lake Superior ore-beds! All the same, it's a mighty interesting subject, what between Calumet copper and Steel-trust ore. Most of our present boom is in it. Unluckily, I am not!

Last night Langley came to dinner, alone, and we had more science of another sort. Langley is more entertaining than geologists, but nowadays men cannot afford to be entertaining. Langley is old-fashioned. He is still at work on the engine of his flying machine, but I think at heart he much prefers his beaver at Rock Creek. Also I have seen Wayne and Mrs. MacVeagh,[7] who have returned from Palm Beach. As Hay says, Wayne is never so funny as when he is serious. I find him very funny just now. When he starts in to lecture on the situation he is as droll, at the very least, as Chauncey Depew. Really he believes he could run it.

Truly this world is heaps of fun! Hay and I called both on Sister Anne and on Mrs. MacVeagh, and then came back to our hot lemonade with Mrs. Hay. Singular how few people I meet, or hear of, at the houses I go to, which should be much sought by the refined and cultivated! They talk of no one. Spencer Eddy has been here, and gone back, — a weird tale of Muscovy which I had better not write. Harry

[1] German Ambassador at Washington.

[2] Ladislaus Hengelmüller von Hengervár, Austro-Hungarian Minister at Washington.

[3] Samuel Franklin Emmons (1841–1911).

[4] Charles Richard Van Hise (1857–1918).

[5] Charles Doolittle Walcott (1850–1927).

[6] Frank Dawson Adams (1859–   )

[7] Virginia Rolette Cameron, daughter of Simon Cameron.

White arrives this week. So do Brooks and his wife. There is a new Attorney General,[1] not pretty to look at, they say, and sodden with corporation briefs. We are beyond that shame. After us the deluge — or even before!

Tuesday, 9th. Letters from Fan and Looly; but not a word from Sturgis who is again absorbed in Ternina. Between the two forms of mental aberration which affect Hooper and Bigelow, the feminine weakness is the most dangerous to the heirs. At the rate Sturgis is weakening, he will go to pieces younger than Hooper. From the girls' account I am greatly puzzled about Hooper's condition. The cerebral excitement and insomnia seem to have changed into lethargy. He is apparently lucid, and as thoughtful as ever of others, in which respect I could wish that some of my better-balanced friends had some of his disease; but I see no symptom of normal health, unless it is the sleep; and how much of that is due to medicine I don't know. If it means real recuperation, it will soon show. I imagine that the doctors, like me, are waiting to see. My own diagnosis does not change; but the attack is his first, and perhaps it may not be the last.

Delightful, these views of the C.C.A.,[2] so that I have been actually laughing aloud over a long letter from Spring Rice from Cairo,[3] more Spring-Ricey than ever, and absolutely reeking with despair. How well the victim describes his prison! He has wandered over the world's ancient heart, and describes its modern pulsation — gaily. His account of the Russian and the Turk, and occasional allusions to the Englishman — and American — with sauce for the Jew gander, is honey and Hybla to my jaded palate. He is my best disciple. He shall be my successor as Chief of the C.C.A. Since Bay deserted, and fell victim to the old, old snare of Satan, only Springy remains. By the way, speaking of Satan, please note Mark Twain's *Diary of Adam.* There are one or two good jokes in it, but of these I am not an expert judge. What charms my historical soul is the point of view, which is unconsciously the same as that of the twelfth-century mystery, and of Milton, and they were all unconscious. Is it not curious that the man should always have instinctively represented himself as a tool and a fool in contact with the woman? Mark Twain's Adam is really a very interesting person. His affectation of science is keenly true, — no one knows about that more than I do. The Eve is not studied, of course; the paper is a study of Adam alone; and it is marvelous true; in fact, to own up, it is me myself; a portrait by Boldini.

---

[1] Philander Chase Knox (1853–1921) who succeeded John William Griggs (1849–1927), resigned.

[2] Conservative Christian Anarchist, a name adopted by Adams and Bay Lodge and capable of wide interpretation.

[3] Printed in Gwynn, *Letters and Friendships of Sir Cecil Spring Rice*, I. 337.

Springy's letter ends with a characteristic farewell: 'Good-bye, beloved uncle and chief! I perceive we shall end in the same madhouse.' It would not be a bad end, and in that respect I feel no repulsion, considering that pretty nearly all my friends ought to share it with us; but, as a matter of fact, I am still anxious only to find out which is mad, — we, or the world. Till this day week, I shall hold that Springy and I are singularly lucid. . . .

22 April, 1901.

St. Gaudens and his wife[1] are here, and, while King is fairly gay even in paroxysms of coughing, St. Gaudens is gloomy even in paradise of smiling cherubs, like the David Jayne Hills and Horace Grays.[2] He has, at least, got to work, and comes in to dine, sometimes with his wife, and sometimes without. He is always singularly inarticulate; he can say very little; he belongs to the French type of Rodins, and has even narrower range, so that he adds little to gaiety of a depressed crowd. He is *journalier* or even *hour-lier*, and Langley's bolometer could hardly keep up with his changes of temperature.

With these has come our own La Farge; younger, gayer, more entertaining than ever; full of work, interest, feeling and variety; the most extraordinary of men. I can never get the range of his curiosity and observation. His faculty for wasting time and energy is a downright fraud on me, because it ends in his doing more work in a year than ever I did in a life-time. He hangs about, reads a little, sleeps much, chats occasionally, and delights me always. And you remember how solemnly I attended his funerals only fifteen months ago. We buried him every day for two months with all the rites of the holy church, and now I am reading him my Miracles of the Virgin! He is the biggest miracle the Virgin ever struck.

Then Hay comes in, at four o'clock for his walk, and announces that he has had three attacks of hemiplegia, and can see only half of our blooming features, and is going to have brain-disease carry him off in a week. I time him as we walk, and find twenty-five minutes for the duration of an attack. As for him I am obdurate, and tell him to mind his stomach and his eyes will mind themselves; but in fact neither I nor he nor Osler[1] nor anyone else has the least idea what is the matter. In my own belief, it is some obscure irregularity of heart-action, but what is that?

---

[1] Augustus St. Gaudens (1848–1907) and his wife, Augusta Fredericka Homer.

[2] Horace Gray (1828–1902).

Alex Agassiz flashed by, and stopped to see me an hour. He is elected by practical unanimity to succeed Marsh[2] as President of the Academy. Apparently there was no serious rivalry. We talked chiefly copper and affairs, for even at your distance you must appreciate what a cyclone of affairs we have struck. I am no longer alone aghast. The hardiest New York stock-brokers throw up their hands and want to stop. Agassiz, who is more conservative than I, braces back and grips the railing. We are bouncing all over the track, and jamming the speed on, at every mile. Brooks, who has returned this week, writes me from Quincy a sort of howl because his prophecies become true so fast that he can't keep ahead on new ones. Hicks Beach's budget speech has hammered in, one after another, all the nails we had fixed in place a year ago. Europe is done! The hand is played out. We are now playing a new suit, and when I see the stakes, I feel my poor old bald head creep with horror at the chances. Never since Adam left Paradise has there been such awful gambling and such chips on the table. No geological epoch was ever much more suggestive of change. Positively I sit here, and look at Europe sink, first one deck disappearing, then another, and the whole ship slowly plunging bow-down into the abyss; until the nightmare gets to be howling. The Roman Empire was a trifle to it. My eyes can't quit it. Why don't the English run away — take to the boats — throw out rafts — send up rockets — fire off cannon? Why sink so, just stupid-drunk with beer! What horrible deity makes them blind and deaf! Hicks Beach and Vernon Harcourt both expressly announce the catastrophe; we all have seen it coming for at least a year; and no one stirs!...

Hay is trying, at the President's wish, and the Cabinet's decision, to hatch up a new canal treaty. I implore him to leave it alone till autumn, and kill canal and treaty together. It is my conviction that the monied interests do not want the Nicaragua Canal, and can be trusted to kill it. I don't want it either. In another twenty years, it will be safe. Now, I would rather wait. We shall see; but in any case, Hay will not be so taken aback as he was by the Senate this time....

---

[1] Sir William Osler (1849–1919).

[2] Othniel Charles Marsh (1831–1899).

To Cecil Spring Rice

1603 H STREET, 26 April, 1901.

How you jump! Only a few days ago I wrote you a long letter to Cairo, and now you are in England.[1] Tomorrow you will be in the nursery or in school or in college or in some other infantile resort, if you go on so. Do you mean to become as senile as I am, or are you practising on that Bath chair and Jacobean terrace which yawn for us, and with us, both? What between a washy-green sentimentality, and a dirty-brown fatality, my intellectual epoch is ending by boring me, being a dazzling reflection of my own very little sympathetic features. It reminds me of the Roman de la Rose and William of Lorris and the bankrupt Court of Courteous Love.[2] Please go back to your desert! I prefer the bankruptcy of Omar Khayyâm to the bankruptcy of beer and boor. It is hard enough to have to endure the fierce drought of an American mind, without having to wash it with primroses. Git out! Rather sand and rocks and 120° in the shade, and a column to sit on in the wilderness!

Yet I shall have to be gentle with you, for you have endured your column some little time, and the flesh is weak, and the throat gets dry, and longs for beer. Yet I remember how I came up from the wilderness ten years ago, and what a consternation and horror I felt at seeing so-called civilisation again. That emotion was the source of the C.C.A., of which you are but a sadly faint-hearted acolyte.

Your primroses are the carpet of Hell, thank Heaven, and the bed of the Scarlet Woman of Threadneedle Street and her Jew keepers. At least the desert is free from them, and the rocks contain only other sorts of dangerous vermin and possible vices. Not that it matters much! The kingdom of the C.C.A. is near. I can touch it now. About six months more ought to bring me to my martyr's crown. I guess you'll have to burn with me, anyhow, so the mere fact that our flesh is weak matters little.

Our magnolias and dogwood and peaches are not worth your majesty's notice, so I'll not point them out. Here all goes west or elsewhere next week. I want to go to England, but must wait. Sister Anne and Maude Pauncefote are at the den for breakfast.

---

[1] Rice's letter, dated from Abinger Hall, Dorking, April 1, 1901, is in Gwynn, *Letters and Friendships of Sir Cecil Spring Rice*, I. 342.

[2] Henry Adams, *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*, Index.

To Elizabeth Cameron

29 April, 1901.

At this very instant (9.30) the President is leaving the White House to take his train for the west. I bade good-bye to the Hays yesterday. John, looking very olive-green and pasty, was surrounded by a crew of Hollebens, David Jayne Hills, and even poor old senile Fava, all taking leave, while he was cursing them internally with feverish friendship. I am singularly impressed by the change of tone and attitude in our Court. Not only is it now the biggest, most numerous, Court in the world, but there is an eagerness to attract favor such as no one ever saw here in happier days of heroism. The whole pirate crew tumble over each other to catch a favor. They are a coarse, brutal, detestable lot, the Cassinis, Hollebens, Hengenmüllers, all these eastern Europeans; and they intrigue to the eyes in every direction, like children at school, imagining that we see nothing. The funny part of it is that our dear English and French also imagine that we see nothing. Dear angels! Ah, my cabbages, when will you ever fathom the American! Never in your sweet lives! Only last evening Maude Pauncefote[1] came to dinner with Sister Anne and Harry White, and I listened for two hours with the charm of a scientific bolometer (which is Langley's invention to measure the heat of nothing) to an uninterrupted flow of personal gossip about all the women of the ranche. Maude is eloquent about her and everybody, as you know her way. The stories are not very amusing, — as usual, the Leiter stories are the best, — but they interested me because they recalled a dead European past; an atmosphere of the century before the last. And dear Maude babbled on, sustained by the calm conviction that we all — especially Mrs. Hay — are innocent victims of the wicked Russian.

The Russian is, on the whole, the most preposterous infant of the crowd. Less and less can I believe that the world can ever be run by him. In fact, it is pretty clear now that the world has got to be run by us, or not at all. If we can't do it, — and I think we can't, — it will have to go back to the devil whence it came. The fun is to see how scared our New York wild-cats of the last generation are now at seeing a crowd of wilder cats come down from the west, and take the machine from New York. Chicago and St. Paul are running us. Literally the world stands aghast! Last week, at the stock-exchange, a member opened by taking twenty-five thousand Steel in a block; a transaction of two million and a half dollars to start off upon. We are used to slinging masses of capital such as never were seen before. I am sorry to say that our contempt for the foreigner is proportionate. Our interior savage looks on an Englishman much as he does on a Chinaman.

---

[1] Selina Maude Pauncefote, died 3 July, 1919.

Why shouldn't he? The Englishman has shown himself to be of the Chinaman class. He is not even nineteenth century; eighteenth at best. Montague White came in to dinner last week, fresh from Kruger's boers at the Hague and Chamberlain's bores at Birmingham. White is a cheap enough City Jew, and has little information and less intelligence; but he serves to measure these other people, and the crowd about South Africa. He describes an imbecile society. It is no longer a matter of question whether the English will succeed; they have failed so conspicuously that their bankruptcy is already declared. Montague White can't see this. He thinks England still the world. We are all hard at work trying to discount her bankruptcy, and grab her last sixpence, while the Boers heroically fight to make us owners of the world.

All which does not elevate our character. Cabot and his Senate are just as selfish and as factious and as cheap as ever, or worse. Our dear Lyman J. Gage grows a bigger fool every day, though he long ago broke the record. We have not a man of much capacity in public life. Taking out the few great administrators, like Frick and Schwab[1] and so on, we have'nt anybody above our old average. Root is our best man here. In Europe we've nobody worth reckoning. We're still as simple as a country village, socially....

To Henry Osborn Taylor

1603 H STREET, 4 May, 1901.

With much doubt and tribulation, fearing that I may have to hurry away, I now venture on the responsibility of acknowledging your *Classical Heritage*.[2]

You have gone so far beyond me, both in horizon and in study, that I feel our situations reversed. You are the professor; I am the student. My role suits me better now, for I was always indolent and have always shirked responsibility. Between the admission that everything is right and everything wrong, I could never see my way to set up a sign-post.

---

[1] Charles M. Schwab (1862–).

[2] *Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages*, New York, 1901.

Perhaps that is the reason why we find the middle ages so charming. The standards are totally different. We are not obliged to make up a balance sheet. Torcello and Monreale are stage decorations, and require no apologies. The moral of history is otherwise so shocking that only the most brazen-faced hypocrite can safely teach it; but the moral of the middle ages can be ignored.

You have gone over the whole ground, which I have never done. Your judgement is sure, simple and appreciative, which mine rarely is. You do not tire of standards, which is my fatal weakness. I think you even believe a little, or sometimes, in human reason, or intelligence; which I try to do, in vain. You respect the Church. I adore the Virgin. You find rest and peace in the Greek. I am driven to fury by the commercial side of the Greek life and art. You feel the Parthenon as home. I find no comfort short of Isis and Abydos. You want to see connection. All I now care for is the break. This is not, on my part, a frame of mind calculated to improve youth, or even to promote knowledge; largely for that reason, I have preferred of late to say nothing at all.

To you, who have now become my master, I can, however, say how much I am obliged for being led with so sure a hand over the whole labyrinth, and into all its remoter paths. A thousand years is a long time; the longest single block we have in human records; and to put it into a single short volume is not a small feat. I am deeply impressed by the range of your study. I am still more affected by a sort of perplexity that you should have been traveling on that path so long, without my knowing it, while I had wandered off to indefinite distances, and only returned, at last, because I was tired, and wanted quiet and solitude and absorption. I thought myself alone, and suddenly I find you in possession of the whole cloister. Are there others?

After all, however, it was really La Farge and his glass that led me astray; not any remembrance of my dreary Anglo-Saxon Law which was a *tour-de-force* possible only to youth. Never did any man go blind on a career more virtuously than I did, when I threw myself so obediently into the arms of the Anglo-Saxons in history, and the Germans in art. The reaction, it is true, has been the more violent. Between Bishop Stubbs[1] and John La Farge the chasm has required lively gymnastics. The text of a charter of Edward the Confessor was uncommonly remote from a twelfth-century window. To clamber across the gap has needed many years of La Farge's closest instruction to me, on the use of eyes, not to say feet. How you got across unassisted, I find it hard to understand. You must have some twelfth-century blood in you. At any rate you have got there, to the Gate, and I find you ready to welcome me, now that I have wallowed through the River. You have both Harp and Crown.[1]

---

[1] William Stubbs (1825–1901).

---

[1] 'Harry James has upset me. John Hay has been greatly troubled by Harry's last volume, the *Sacred Fount*. He cannot resist the suspicion that it is very close on extravagance. His alarm made me read it, and I recognized at once that Harry and I had the same disease, the obsession of *idée fixe*. Harry illustrates it by the trivial figure of an English country-house party, which could only drive one mad by boring one into it, but if he had chosen another back-ground, his treatment of it would have been wonderfully keen. All the same it is insanity, and I think Harry must soon take a vacation, with most of the rest of us, in a cheery asylum.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 6 May, 1901.

'Almost a severer blow to me [than the death of Del Hay], in my personal relations is the death of my brother-in-law Edward Hooper a week ago. He broke down nervously in March, and was carried off by pneumonia in a few hours, on the 26th. For thirty years he has been the most valuably essential friend and connection I have had. I hardly know how I could have worried along in my own track, without his constant help. He was one of those central supports without which a house or household goes to pieces. Another limb is lopped off of me by his death, and if I were a centipede I should soon stop walking, I have lost already so many.' — To Gaskell, 3 July, 1901.

'The next economical concentration is necessary, and whatever is necessary is possible. Europe can still put up a big hand. With all our trumps, we are very weak in certain lines. The struggle for existence has always been intense here. As you know, northern and western Europe, always poor in resources, have always succeeded as pirates. The history is a mere record of robbery, ever since the Vedas. The *officina gentium* has never ceased living on the poorer in muscles. For the first time it has now a rival in us, of its own blood, turning on it with its own weapons. For the moment it is staggered. But that kind of a bull can gore still. Germany is just beginning to see the field as it is today; but it is the same old field that it was ten thousand years ago. The worst sign is our own fatuous self-confidence.' — To Brooks Adams, 9 July, 1901.

XV

BAYREUTH, AUSTRIA, POLAND, RUSSIA, SCANDINAVIA

1901

To Elizabeth Cameron

BAYREUTH, 26 July, 1901.

After all, I did leave Paris! I began to think I never should. For two summers, I never have; but at last here I am, and how droll it is.... Monday morning I rambled on, through Heidelberg, up the Necker to Würzburg, and into the heart of primitive Germany where I tumbled over the Lodges at a little railway junction and we went on to Rothenburg. There we paused and slept.

When I came first abroad in '58, all the towns were Rothenburgs. Antwerp, Nürnberg, even Strasbourg, looked just as mediaeval, or nearly so. Inside, they were much more so. I felt as though I must have been really thirteenth-century, and all but me departed. The young and happy brides — I allude also to my sister Anne — who were with me, enjoyed immensely their first sense of tiled roofs and gabled houses, and I did what I could not to spoil their sport. Really, too, there is some very excellent carving, in astonishing good condition, at Rothenburg, in the churches, and even three large windows of good fourteenth-century glass. There are some interesting houses, and bits running back to the 12th and even the 11th, so that I was not wholly abandoned. To be sure, it is not French, but very near it; and it made me wonder once more that in my own golden day, even Germans and English were almost as artistic as other people, and in the same exact simple style with which I [was] wont to delight myself.

After a rainy day at Rothenburg we came direct to Bayreuth, and, with a desperate struggle, settled into lodgings. I have Bessie and Bay under my wing in the upper story of a house in the suburbs, with an almost 12th century Jewish landlady; but the house is new and clean, and I rather prefer the Jewess to the German. Yesterday we went to the first spectacle, the *Rheingold.* I was nearly asphyxiated, and thought the performance rather mediocre. Of course I did not say so. My companions were very enthusiastic; the older habitués much less so. Between me and Wagner, we rather think we are both a little given to humbug. As I am necessarily a judge of literature rather than of music, I am still ruffed all over by Wagner's clumsy want of clean literary lines and of form, both in thought and expression. This is always obtruding itself between the music and the scene, till I feel like to throw rocks at the singers. Today comes a long session with the *Valkyrie*. I hope I shall get through without express profanity; but I am quite clear that for a delicate digestion like mine: with a tendency to insomnia, the Wagnerian beer-and-sausage should be taken in short gulps, and at concerts. The literary-dramatic expression gives me the same spasms that a Church-of-England Bishop does, in the pulpit....

NUREMBERG, 3 August, '01.

So Bayreuth passes! We have finished our cure, and are on our way again. All went well and merrily. All was easy and archaic. Except that I am rather ashamed never to have done it before, I feel that virtue is rewarded. Not that I have got particular pleasure out of it, or that I am more Wagnerian than of old. I got more pleasure, by far, from the regular theatrical performances. I felt my Wagner much better in bits. Too much of him, or of any other artist, gives dyspepsia. His faults get on the nerves. As for Wagner, his German bad taste becomes the only thing I see, at last, and in *Parsifal*, it culminates in a mass of flabby German sentimentality which passes patience, and makes me indifferent to what John Lodge assures me is the highest point he ever reached in music. Of course I have learned a lot about motifs, and all sorts of things, but on the whole, except to have seen it all, without cuts or abbreviations, I do not think I am better off. My conviction that such a monstrosity of form is simply proof of our loss of artistic sense, is stronger than ever.

Germany deepens it. Forty years have added another layer of bad taste to all that went before. It sickens me to think that this is the result, and all the result, of my life-time. I saw the same thing in Italy, but there the effort has not been so gigantic. Here in Nuremberg I feel it the more because this was one of my first delights in art, way back in '59. It makes me happy to think that I shall never see it again. Altogether, Germany gives me the sense of hopeless failure. In fact, I have had more than enough of Europe altogether, and I'm afraid my appetite for America is not voracious either. The world has lived too long. So have I. One of us two has got to go. For the public good, it had better be the world that goes, for at least I am harmless....

LINZ, *Monday morning.* We came by rail yesterday to Passau, and by steamer here. Great success! the river is very beautiful, and quite untouched by commerce or industry. Except that the people looked rather better cared for, and were dressed in ready-made clothes from Vienna, I should not have noted the forty years that have passed since I saw it last. Some day, bring Martha down here, to show her how pretty Europe once was!

SALZBURG, *Tuesday.* Yesterday we came here to do Mozart, and here we willingly rest till Friday. The pretty little dark town, along its mountain, under its castle, has turned into a fashionable summer haunt, and our big hotel is like Saratoga, filled with Americans and Jews. Everything is good and clean, but it is liker to America than to Europe, and still more like Lucerne, which also you know. I've nothing to say against it except that it tells me nothing, and I might as well be with you and Martha at Beverly, for anything I see of the people or hear of the language. In the hotel and in the streets I hear English everywhere, and generally American. Everybody looks like everybody else. One never seems curious to know anybody, or even to know who anybody is. Queer effect of civilisation and progress! Fifty years ago much more still, one talked with people, and met everywhere travellers who interested or amused one. Lately I have travelled all over Europe with all sorts of young people, boys and girls. Hays and Lodges and Warders and Bessie Davis, and I don't know how many; but I have never seen them make an acquaintance or show the faintest interest in anyone we have met. The worst is that I can find no fault with them. I've not seen either anyone to suggest an inquiry. As for a lady or a gentleman, the thing has disappeared with the buffalo.

I see no earthly good in travel any longer. It helps to nothing at all. One learns geography, but railways do not pay much attention to geography. One sees towns and landscapes out of all relation with what is actual or ever was. As art, it is all misleading. As politics it has no meaning at all. Even as hotel-keeping I do not see that many ideas are suggested. One ceases to care to complain. The only effect on me is to make me think of Paris as a quiet old forgotten village, where one can rust and die.

This is the first day of the *Musik Fest.* At eleven o'clock we had a concert in the Academy Hall; two hours of Mozart music. The hall was as usual abominably hot; packed; with a *durchlauchstigster; kaiser-könig-lichster; weiss-nicht-wasigster;* a certain Prince Eugene, who looked exactly like Egerton Winthrop;[1] and an audience, singularly ordinary and to me undistinguishable from any other musical audience in the world. We listened two hours to a selection from Mozart, very pretty, and easy, and familiar, and gentlemanly. Next to me sat a wild little nervous pianist who gave me his card, — Roderich Bass — and informed us, in the intervals, that he was to perform in the concert tomorrow....

Cabot now proposes to go on to Vienna, and perhaps from there to Moscow and St. Petersburg if Sister Anne is not fatigued; and to get back to Paris about the middle of September. To me it is all the same. I am in no hurry to get back, and not violent to get forward. Only I shall be glad to get off my old tracks, and to see something that lies outside experience.....

VIENNA, Saturday, August 10, 1901.

. . . .

I am rejoiced that Mr. Cameron is again putting you to use, and is taking interest in politics again. But I think Platt must be very hard squeezed between Odell[2] and Teddy, and Odell now has the reins in New York. As for Hanna, I can hardly take the idea seriously. Between Foraker,[3] Fairbanks[4] and Odell, I should think Hanna hardly in the ring; but of course the managers know.

As it stands, Teddy is the strongest all-round candidate. But I am not at all sure that the Republicans will be able to elect any candidate. If the Democrats hold together, and run Hill, it will be a big fight. If times turn bad, it will be hopeless....

Tuesday. Cabot is bored! for once, he is not unreasonable. Of all great European cities, Vienna is the most Americanised, and the least amusing at first contact. Of the old Vienna, one sees no longer a trace. The interest of the new Vienna is not on the surface, and needs lots of acquaintance with the politics of the Euxine and the Balkans, which is a big world to enter, — bigger even than the Russian language, into which John and I have plunged with furious energy. I hope to learn the alphabet enough to spell the street signs, but it is a month's work, and Cabot carries us off tonight to Warsaw. I shall hold this letter over till we reach Muscwa, — which you will observe to be Moscow. We have got several night-journeys to make, and I must give you the first news of our arrival somewhere.

---

[1] Egerton Leigh Winthrop.

[2] Benjamin Barker Odell (1854–1926), governor of New York.

[3] Joseph Benson Foraker (1846–1917).

[4] Charles Warren Fairbanks (1852–1918).

Truly Vienna is a bore; I will not deny it; and hot; and German-American-Jewry; but neither McCormick nor Chandler Hale is here, which partly makes up for the things that one does meet. The Speaker (Henderson) is here, bear-led by Gillette[1] of Massachusetts, but Speakers speak nothing to me.

Wednesday, WARSAW. [*August* 14.] We arrived here yesterday afternoon, after a tiresome night and day in what they call an express, through a country flatter than Florida, and less varied. But we had the pleasure of seeing at last the Polish Jew, and he was a startling revelation even to me, who have seen *pas mal de Jew.* The country is not bad; on the contrary, it is a good deal like our plains, more or less sandy, but well watered. It is the people that make one tired. You would gratify all your worst instincts if you see a dozen women reaping the grain, and one big, clumsy man standing over them, superintending, and doing nothing. With what pleasure should I have called your attention to it, knowing your ferocious and evil nature in regard to my sex! While Sister Anne is really so indifferent to masculine crime, wrapped up as she is in the passion for her two hulking boys! I can get very little fun out of her on that account, and she seems to grow worse always. She bore the journey well, — better than I expected, for I found it fatiguing; but we've a worse one tomorrow to Moscow, and I shall be glad to see her well over it. Warsaw is a big, bustling city, like all other cities, only mostly Jew, in which it is peculiar to Poland. I see little to remark in the streets; nothing in the shops. The people are uglier than on Pennsylvania Avenue which is otherwise my lowest standard. Like all other cities and places, it is evidently flattened out, and has lost most of its characteristics. The Jews and I are the only curious antiquities in it. My only merit as a curio is antiquity, but the Jew is also a curiosity. He makes me creep.

We did five hundred miles due north yesterday; we do eight hundred eastwardly tomorrow. The distances are not great, but the slowness of the trains is wearisome. My chief resource is to try to collect elements for calculating whether the average American equals, in energy, three, four, five or six Russians. Hitherto, on general *data,* I have taken four as the assumed figure. Now I am trying to figure it down finer. Judging from the alphabet, I should say that forty was nearer.

---

[1] Frederick Huntington Gillette (1851–1935).

Saturday evening. [*August* 17.] Boo woo! well! it is done! We are in Muscovy! We got here at three o'clock this afternoon. I have taken a bath. Sister Anne has a headache. So have I. The night was full of fine dust. The day was hot. The journey was eight hundred miles of flat sand-barren, much like North Carolina or the more pleasing portions of Cleveland, Ohio, or Quincy, Massachusetts, but densely covered with birch and pine of a scrubby nature, interspersed with miles of stubble and potato and rye. Luckily the car was American and ran smoothly. Of course I did not sleep. I rarely do except when I hadn't ought. On the whole I call it a vile journey, from Vienna to Moscow, and unnecessary for Martha's education. Unnecessary also for mine, I begin to think, except that I really want to see this big creature of a country, and big it certainly is. It dwarfs Europe instantly, by scale rather than by mere size. It is like America, and small things do not seem at home in it; but it is at least three generations behind us, economically and socially; so that nothing much will come of it in my time. I'm satisfied already. Years of study would not make the thing any clearer. Just looking out of the car window is enough.

Moscow is rather fun. Especially the coachmen! Otherwise the people seem to wear Plymouth Rock pants like all the world. Still there is a little orientalism, and a survival of boots, with the trousers tucked in, which is unconventional, and rather eccentric on a cobblestone pavement. Not worth your coming two thousand miles to see; but now that I am here, John notes it for me.

It strikes me as a pretty terrible problem, the boots and the cobblestones, and I am glad to leave it to the highly enlightened statesmen who have the matter in hand. For a hundred years, at least, Russia and we ought to be friends without trying. We have next to nothing in common except our size. So Cabot shall enlighten the Senate without my interference.

Sunday morning. [Moscow, 18 *August*] You can get a little notion of Russia's prospects of economical rivalry by our gymnastic efforts to get money. We reached Warsaw Wednesday evening. Thursday morning we started out for a banker, and were informed that it was the feast of the Assumption *of the Virgin*, which was to me of course particularly religious; and not even a Jew banker was open. We had to take the train Friday morning, and arrived here Saturday at three, with one rouble in our pockets. Our first inquiry was answered by rapid despatch of us both, without waiting for Cabot's Letter of

Credit, in his luggage, to draw on my Letter, because Sunday was a holiday, and Monday as well, and we had fifteen minutes to spare.

My next should be from Petersburg.

Moscow, August 21, 1901.

Done! Wipe out Moscow! We have seen the Kremlin at last, after I have said, since the year 1858, regularly every day or two, that really I must go there. What a comfort to meet my end with my task accomplished and wrapped in the appropriate napkin! It is true that, for pleasure, one ought to come here early in life, and especially before visiting Constantinople and Ravenna; one ought to start from Petersburg and pass down through here to Kiev and Roumania, and so to Byzantium and the rest and best; but anyway I've got it done, and it leaves a queer taste like caviar and vodka, semi-barbarous and yet *manqué*. Even barbarism is sometimes weak. The Kremlin is more than half barbarous, but it is not strong; it is Byzantium barbarised. The bulbous domes are weak. The turnip with its root in the air is not so dignified as the turnip with its root in the earth. The architecture is simply ignorance. The builders built in 1600 as they built in 1200 because they knew no more. They had no building-stone. Gold was their only idea of splendor. Crude blue and green was all their decoration when they had to stop on red. They had no fund of taste in themselves; no invention or sense of form or line or color. Where on earth did our tenth-century French get all these? Charlemagne was about on a line with Ivan the Terrible who reigned here somewhere about seven hundred years afterwards, and, I can see no ghost of a reason why art should have had seven hundred years of wonderful wealth after Charlemagne, and should have stayed dead after Ivan. It is a fact, I can't see much anyway. You knew it already. This is only for the benefit of Martha's education. Decidedly I incline to advise her not to marry a Muscovite. The conclusion is rather broad compared with what led to it; but the more I see of Russia, the more terrific the business of Russianising becomes. Moscow is, *à la fin de la fin, une ville manquée.*

The Sunday High Mass at the huge new church, or cathedral, gave me almost a sensation. As I watched it from the gallery, above the dense crowd, I thought that a crusader of the twelfth century who had drifted into Sta. Sofia at Constantinople would have seen so nearly the same thing that he could have stood by my side and told me all about it without a sign of surprise; and I was almost ready to try and remember a little of Villehardouin[1] to start a conversation. The Russian Mass is a marvellous composite of the Jewish tabernacle and the First Crusade. The robes are those of St. Louis, Godfrey of Bouillon, Solomon, Justinian, — I don't know who not — and the ceremonies those of Solomon's Temple. I never saw anything more fascinating. Except the Athanasian Creed I know nothing more Greek.

What lends power to the illusion is the wonderful tenth-century people, whose formal devoutness goes beyond what I imagine ever existed in western Europe, and whose process of crossing themselves is a very curious mathematical combination of gestures lasting a considerable time, so that, as they cross themselves before every street shrine, they keep at it pretty steadily. The men show more persistence than the women, and make the bulk of the audience at Mass. When the whole congregation happens to cross themselves simultaneously, the effect is curious. In some ways, I feel sure, the Russian of today is more primitive than the Frenchman or German ever was, if you call this passive attitude of subjection primitive. I never met with it in any primitive race I have struck before, and even a monkey shows occasional scepticism. I find my chief interest in watching the people in the churches and shrines. What I can't make out is whether the attitude is as completely passive as it seems, or whether there is an occasional gleam of fanatical fire. Thus far I've seen not a sign of individuality. All are run in the same tallow, more or less.

All these observations count on the general question which interests us all, whether we are going to be whacked, or not, by Europe, in the long run. Now, in the long run, the passive character exhausts the active one. Economy of energy is a kind of power. Russia and Asia may clean us all out, especially if Germany helps to run her. What will happen in five hundred years I can't even guess; but I'm clear that we've at least a hundred years' start, and that Martha, if she insists on marrying a Russian, had better keep him at home, and not come here on speculation.

At the same time I judge that the average Russian would make a very docile husband, obstinate only in small matters, and quite a baby always. He will need to be told what to do. Perhaps that may not suit Martha; at least not so well as it would suit some women I have read about.

ST. PETERSBURG. *Friday morning.* [23 *August.*] We came up here yesterday, a comfortable twelve-hour journey through endless forests, arriving at nine o'clock, and met by the Embassy at the station. Luckily the Towers are in Switzerland. Berty Peirce,[1] being our cousin, does not matter. Here at the hotel I found your letter of August 6, with a batch of other letters, including one from Mrs. Hay which reassures me in regard to her at least. I doubt whether the entire Trinity sitting on Judgment Day will upset her. Never did I meet such a pyramid of strength. Your letter, as usual, gives me more than all the others, and I have one from Mabel which does not altogether sound like Mrs. Hay. I wish it did. Of Constance, nothing whatever has been said to me. From Mary Curzon I have a note from Braemar Castle where she seems to be staying with her mamma, but what the deuce is Braemar Castle? I have quite forgotten castles at Braemar. Also a note from Henry Holt offering to dramatise *Democracy!*[2] I thought my old — five-and-twenty-year old — sins were long dead and buried, but they rise like Mrs. Bigelow Lawrence who will die convinced that she was meant as the heroine of that scandalous work. I saw it in her eye at Bayreuth. It would be fun for her to see herself on the stage.

---

[1] Geoffroy de Villehardouin (*c.* 1160–*c.* 1213).

ST. PETERSBURG. *Saturday.* [*August* 24.] Caviar and cold sturgeon! We made a night of it. After two hours at the Hermitage Gallery yesterday skimming the collections, and a long drive in the afternoon, the Embassy took us to a Summer Garden Opera five miles off, where we listened till half past twelve to a Russian opera by a certain Borodin,[3] just like a Chinese play that has no beginning or end, but a ballet scattered about the middle. Then we had to get supper, and it was hard on three before we got to bed. It was funny....

The Hermitage pictures are next to the Madrid for condition. I am not disappointed. Today I go there with Sister Anne for a serious inspection, but yesterday was enough to tell me what I came for.

Sunday. I will close up this despatch now, for I have little or nothing more to say. Petersburg is dark, raw and rainy. Already I am tired of it, but the gallery is still good for days. When I think that my poor grandmamma had to suffer this place for five years, and lost her only daughter[1] here, I feel inclined to pity my grandfather.[2] But he was twenty years younger than I am, and had been in the United States Senate, which ought to have reconciled him to most atmospheres. Hay writes very bad news of King. I foresaw it last winter. What next!...

---

[1] Herbert Henry Davis Peirce (1849–1916). Secretary of Embassy at St. Petersburg, married Helen Noyes Jose.

[2] To round out the story of *Democracy*, in August, 1885, the copyright was, through Henry Holt, given to the National Civil Service Reform League. The precedent was followed in giving *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* to the American Institute of Architects and the *Education of Henry Adams* to the Massachusetts Historical Society.

[3] Alexander Porfyrievich Borodin (1834–1887). The opera was *Prince Igor*.

To John Hay

ST. PETERSBURG, 26 August, 1901.

. . . .

Coming up here does not tend to gaiety either. We have dragged ourselves across some thousands of dreary miles, mostly forest, and have seen many dreary peasants, and several dreary cities; but the result in accumulated happiness is to me not considerable. As far as companionship goes I have nothing to complain of. I hope my companions may say as much. As for pleasure of travel, this country is worse than our own. Nature has done nothing for it, and art almost as little. Moscow was amusing for twelve hours. Warsaw gave me a new astonishment, — the Polish Jew. Petersburg is distinctly *vieux jeu*; it reminds me of my grandmother; it says next to nothing of my own world. I am still asking where the deuce Russia is. Thus far I have seen only log-cabins in dense forests; or cities, without industry, separated by five hundred miles of barrens. Of Russia I know nothing.

Of course, my numerous questions about it must remain in my own usual dump of ignorance. No Russian can answer them. Cabot has duly had interviews with Witte and Lamsdorf,[3] but neither of them said much, although Witte said much more than I expected. Indeed, for him, Witte was quite garrulous. He talked freely of his difficulties in a general way, and made no concealment of his antipathies. But he did not say or hint that he wanted us to do anything about it. What he wants most is gold; after that, more gold; and finally, all the gold he can get. This must be the whole story, for he has to carry the entire load of Russian development and industry, credit and defense, court and people. He is quite ignorant. Of the world outside Russia, and especially of America, he knows little. He fears Germany, detests England, and clings to France. He is a force; a rather brute energy;

---

[1] Louisa Catherine (1811–1812).

[2] *Memoirs of John Quincy Adams*, II. The minister landed 23 October, 1809, and remained in Russia until 28 April, 1814.

[3] Vladimir Nikolaevich Lamsdorf (1845–1907).

a Peter-the-Great sort of earnestness; but he is not a literary philosopher with patented ideas and statistics complete, to answer my conundrums.

So I must answer myself. After all, it is simpler than I thought. Russia is, in these parts, not relatively advancing so fast as the rest of Europe. Her scale is greater, but her energy less. She is still a century behind; in certain respects her people are, I think, in a mental condition that western Europe has never known at all. It is the passive condition of a worn-out oriental society that we cannot estimate because we never had to work through it. Granting that this passivity will, at some future time, become an economy of force which will outwear western energy, still the centuries must pass pretty far before that time is reached. Anyway I think that for three generations we can look ahead with very little anxiety to rivalry on the part of Russia. She will need us more than we need her. As yet she has made no progress that I can see, towards becoming economical. She is still metaphysical, religious, military, Byzantine; a sort of Mongol tribe, almost absolutely unable to think in western lines.

All the same, the politics of eastern Europe are a big affair, awfully complicated, and liable to more convulsion than I see likely elsewhere. Germany, from this point of view, becomes a powder-magazine. All her neighbors are in terror for fear she will explode, and, sooner or later, explode she must. Ever since history existed, we have little else than records of the explosion of northern Europe; and if law is law, the next time it must blow out eastward. Austria and Russia are almost in a panic. As for us, we shall drain the whole economically, but if it comes to universal piracy again we must all suffer. At present pretty much all eastern Europe is collapsed. I see no reason for it, but the want of gold. The scale of development here needs great supplies, and the Boers have starved them. All these countries are trying to protect themselves, and as usual Germany threatens to strike first and hardest. She strikes at Russia and Hungary. The question now is whether Russia and Hungary will turn to us. It is a very complicated situation, and I hoped that Witte or Lamsdorf would have said something to clear it, but as yet there is nothing to be said. Apparently they are all waiting. Witte says his railway will be finished in three months, except of course the Baikal strip, and that he can already use it for troops. This surprises me a little; but probably it is more or less true; although he frankly announces that the railway must be rebuilt, and supplied with rolling-stock before it can pay.

Of course Russia is what we know! There is no sense in supposing that it is modern or American or economical. But it may still come out very much ahead on a hundred years' stretch. Its scale is so enormous that it is bound to dwarf its neighbors, and with such mass and momentum, speed is a subordinate element.

Anyway it is a question of mathematics and of forces and strains; and wisdom or knowledge is useless. Fate rules in these parts. One is fatalist by necessity.

I am hesitating where to go next. The Lodges start for Berlin on Saturday. I shudder at Berlin, and want to cut across through Sweden. In either case it is Paris about the 15th. Then, oh Lord! begins a new decision, and I am weak-minded, unfit to decide a straw.

To Elizabeth Cameron

ST. PETERSBURG, September 1, 1901.

Alone again in a mighty cold world! The Lodges started for Berlin yesterday afternoon, leaving me, who am not wild about Berlin or eager to return to Paris, waiting here till Wednesday for a boat to Stockholm. I was sorry to part. We have been six weeks together, without trouble or disagreement. We have got used to each other, to a certain degree. I don't need to murder Cabot here half so often as I do at Washington, and Sister Anne has been as good a sister as you make. Indeed, she has been at times almost pathetic. Curiously enough, I have come to think that the clue to her character is timidity and want of self-confidence. She is easily scared.

We have put in our week of sight-seeing here with as much energy as the holidays and the weather allow. The weather is worse than the holidays, but apparently it has been gay old weather everywhere. Here we freeze in overcoats and all our winter clothes. We went to Peterhof on Friday and saw in the distance the Czar's yacht start off, over a wintry sea of Finland, to carry him his first stage to Paris; — it was like leaving Boston in November, always one of my happiest recollections. As for Peterhof, it is a pretty, rather quaint, arctic sort of Versailles-Marly paradise, with a pleasant palace, furnished in the usual modern taste, — German taste of the fifties, — which the universal German royalty has inflicted on most of Europe. Not quite so bad as Balmoral, but only redeemed by what is left of Mme. de Pompadour and Mme. du Barry! Chiefly their Chinese pleasantries. Not so amusing as Wilhelmina's rococo fun at Bayreuth, but at times really fine, as in the water-works and fountains. A part of Marly is more or less intelligible at Peterhof. Even the name is kept.

The Peterhof palace is a delight, compared with the Winter Palace here, which contains not one room, picture, chair or detail that you or I would live with, if we could help it. The rooms of the Czar Alexander II who was killed in 1884,[1] — if it wasn't some other year, — are kept exactly as he left them, down to his pocket-handkerchief; and I looked with care at every inch to see whether he had about him any object that would have given me pleasure. Not one, small or large! All was ordinary, cheap, such as you would expect in a third-rate German squire's country-house. The furniture was English; the photographs were Cleveland, Ohio; the pictures, bronzes, books, were all bourgeois. You have more taste in your single room at No. 50 than I could find in the whole Winter Palace. Acres of cheap white-and-gold plaster decoration, but not one handsome thing. Apparently everything at St. Petersburg, except one church and one palace, has been done with the object of covering the most space at the least expense. It is the small German principality enlarged. The architecture is all magnificently laid out, and meanly executed. It makes me homesick for the court of the Louvre.

So too with the Hermitage gallery, which is far and away the best thing in the place. There is nothing first-rate in it, except the Dutch. Peter the Great was a flying Dutchman. His idea of style was Dutch. He built Petersburg to imitate Amsterdam. He built a house to duplicate a Dutch cabin. He stamped Dutch on everything he touched, and the stamp has stuck. When Catherine and Elizabeth came to finish his work, they kept the Dutch flavor. There are thousands of Dutch and Flemish pictures in the public and private galleries, but I don't know that there is one touch of Michael Angelo.

You who know my sentiment for Dutch art and Dutch taste can conceive exactly what enthusiasm I feel here.

The Herbert Peirces have been devoted to us, and besides showing us everything, have had us twice to dinner. At the last, they put me next an elderly prince Kilkof — or something of the sort — who is at the head of the railway construction, and who told me heaps about Russian and Siberian railways, complaining all the time that he was hampered by the conservatism and scepticism of the public. I paid him all sorts of compliments on his railways, which are really, I think, the best in Europe, and admirably well kept; and in return he told me some of the difficulties they had to meet in developing the country. Truly I am glad not to have that contract to execute, but it is a big one, and an exceedingly entertaining one, and not more costly than it would be with us. The fun is that the government has to do it all, for the people don't care and won't try. This year has been difficult, but now Witte has got some more French gold; the Czar has gone to France; and stocks have jumped up. So the Siberian railway will soon be finished, and the four thousand miles, equipped, will cost two hundred million dollars. They spend more every year on the army in pure waste of energy.

---

[1] He was assassinated, 13 March, 1881.

At the same dinner I met Gyldenstölpe and his wife, and am going to breakfast with them an hour hence. Gyldenstölpe[1] is the same impassive handsome perplexing Swedish conundrum, but he has married a daughter of Sir Francis Plunkett,[2] and Sir Francis Plunkett married the daughter of my — or my elder sister's — friend Mrs. Tevis, who was, if I have not forgotten, the wife of a Philadelphian named Morgan, a friend of my brother-in-law Charles Kuhn. So Mme. Gyldenstölpe is the grand-daughter of my old friend of 1860. In the interim I had met the Plunketts in Japan, and they have since marched through Stockholm to Vienna. Mme. Gyldenstölpe was then, in Japan, a child of ten or twelve; she is now a bright, rather American, rather pretty young married woman, and has a younger sister with her.

Alvensleben[3] has come here as ambassador, but him I shall not see; nor do I expect to see anyone else whom I ever knew before, though Petersburg and Sweden must be full of them. No one cares to meet old acquaintances; one's object is to meet new. After all, I've got what I came for; I've done my Bayreuth, and retouched my Austria, and scraped the varnish off Russia here and there; and now, as I don't like shivering with cold, I might as well wander somewhere else. The sum of my certainty is that America has a very clear century of start over Russia, and that western Europe must follow us for a hundred years, before Russia can swing her flail over the Atlantic. Whether she can do it then is no conundrum that I can settle. I imagine that my grandpapa, sitting here in his study ninety years ago, could see ahead to me now, better than I can see ahead to the year 2000; and yet it was not easy guessing even for him.

---

[1] Count August Louis Fersen Gyldenstölpe. Secretary to the Legation of Norway and Sweden, 1885.

[2] Sir Francis Richard Plunkett (1835–1907), married May Tevis, daughter of Charles Waln Morgan, of Philadelphia.

[3] H. von Alvensleben, German Minister at Washington, 1884–1889.

Tuesday. So I breakfasted with the Gyldenstölpe's, in family, with much gossip about people and places, in their rather cold, empty, cheerful apartment on the Caterina canal; and took my dinner with the Peirces, also in family, in their apartment, looking out over the black Neva to the northward. Nothing much to pick up for your amusement in either case except talk about old diplomatic friends whom you keep the run of already....

Yesterday I got a lighter, sort of Nibelung, variation, for I went with Peirce to see Czarskoe Selo, — the Czars-town, — which is only half an hour or so, south of Petersburg, and almost like a flat St. Cloud, as a residence. For once I saw a charming palace. Catherine was a very distinguished lady, with a very liberal taste in men, so I am told; but her taste in bric-a-brac was fortunate, and leads me to feel confidence in all her tastes. Maria Theresa and Catherine are the only men I have met on this long journey; for Peter the Great doesn't count, and had no taste. Catherine got an Italian rococo architect,[1] and built a charming rococo palace, which was decorated by Frenchmen just in the best Pompadour time, and is still almost untouched. There is an amber room which is a joy forever, and masses of the most splendid Chinese jars, from earliest Celadon downwards, such as I never saw before, and must number thousands. There is a large Chinese room in black-and-gold lacquer, which I must really go and live in, with quantities of old Chinese cinnabar and figures and screens and all dating from 1750. It is a wonderful study of Louis XV, far better than Wallace or the Petit Palais. Catherine was a great woman. She knew what was good.

Naturally I had not time to examine carefully, but if Catherine were still ruling, and should invite me there, as she did Diderot and d'Alembert and the other literary lights of her time, I would tell her a bit of my mind about her descendants....

Wednesday. I have got to apologise to the Hermitage. Following a hint from Gyldenstölpe, I set Peirce to inquiring for a colored sphinx of Greek work, from Kertch,[2] said to be kept in the dark, under seal, to preserve its colors. Peirce sent up his card to the director, who came down, broke the seal, and opened the case for us; and there was the most exquisite little Greek sphinx you can imagine, with an

---

[1] Guarenghi.

[2] See Murray's *Hand-Book for Travellers in Russia*, 4th. ed., 120.

Aphrodite beside it, just coming out of her opening shell, to make you scream with delight. Nothing so exquisite, ever — no, never, never! Greek modelling you can take for granted, but of Greek color these are the only examples, and they are divine. About the size of the usual figurine, and a sort of Greek jibe at the usual Sevres or Saxe figures, these two little things seemed to be enamelled with wax, and the color laid on, I imagine in the enamel; but of processes I know nothing. Only I know that the colors seem perfectly fresh, and yet refined, delicate and fluid to a degree that rivals true glazes. The complexion of the faces and the purplish tone of the nacre are given as though the artist felt with his eyes without touch; but it is the fascinating naïveté of the work; the childlike charm of the touch; the divine youth of the art and the artist, that makes one curl up and wilt.

September 7, STOCKHOLM. Peg Stockholm, if you please! I arrived here yesterday morning after a voyage of two nights from Petersburg in a Fin steamer, very clean and comfortable, in which all the stewards were pretty young women with a charmingly Finnish businesslike air of responsibility. We sailed nearly all the way through islands and narrow channels, like the thousand on the Saint Lawrence, very pretty, very northern, very granite and pine, so that I felt at home, and though it was cold as our October, there was little wind. We stopped twice only, and walked about Finnish towns. The passengers were varied lots. I picked up one of our State Department Commercial Agents named Griffin,[1] who proved to be very instructive, and gave me much practical instruction on the nature of men and things in Russia and elsewhere. In short, the voyage was a great improvement on the railway.

To have got out of Russia is something, but I am not much nearer Paris, especially as I want to go way north to Trondhjem in Norway which is two days by rail. Anyway I expect to get to Copenhagen or Hamburg within a week, and to write next from there. I am not bent on reaching Paris before the 20th.

Stockholm is many degrees warmer, dryer and cheerfuller than Petersburg, and has one, or even two, excellent Rembrandts, and a cleverly arranged Zoo where the beasts seem very fat and well fed, and generally resemble the people in ways. I fear meeting Zorn,[2] lest he should expect me to eat and drink; for they all drink like Vikings, and take four bottles as a mere horn. What amused me more

[1] Probably Walter T. Griffin, Commercial Agent at Limoges, France.

[2] Anders Zorn (1860–1920).

was a mediaeval open-air play I froze to, last night on the top of the hill at the Zoo, among the geese and cattle. It was to me funnier than my own situation, but the audience took it seriously. How cold I was, till I fled!

To John Hay

STOCKHOLM, 7 September, 1901.

The telegram announcing the President's shooting struck me, as I was innocently breakfasting at a restaurant here this morning....

We have been fed so full of horrors that a mere political murder seems now a regular part of our lives. I do not yet know how serious the case is, but I take for granted it is very bad, and I am much troubled about it. I see what an increase of responsibility it throws on you, and what an extra strain it may give your nerves at the moment you need them worst. At the same time, I rather hope it may take you out of yourself for a while. If it does, it will do that good at least. Naturally I feel very uneasy not merely for the President and for you, but on many accounts, and all alone, as usual, a thousand miles from everybody, I think black, more than even I like to do; but still I write this line of semi-encouragement, partly because I want to talk to somebody, and partly because I plunge off tomorrow to the frozen north, and shall neither write nor read writing for a week. By the time I get to Paris again I hope to hear better news, but that may not be till the 20th.

If the President recovers, he will be politically very strong, and will carry you all through, but I fear that his nerves, after such a shock, will be little better than ours.

Then, curiously, behind all, in my mind, in all our minds, silent and awful like the Chicago express, flies the thought of Teddy's luck![1]

---

[1] 'What is the moral of all this for our Theodore? You shall have twenty guesses, — more if you like, for I don't know the answer, and can't see through the muck. But the moral for us is obvious. It was proclaimed by Mr. Veneering in the lofty morality of England's best days. We have got to "rally round him." I am only Boots and Brewer, and must confine myself to taking cabs, unless also I take an occasional cocktail; but with you and the unpayable Cabot, the obligation is serious. You *must* rally round him, and I am very curious to see our Cabot Podsnap it. [Dickens, *Our Mutual Friend,* ch. II.]

'There are humors as well as tears in things, and I once thought that the most ghastly characteristic of the most convulsing horror was its insane grotesque. One dares not laugh openly. The asylum seems to yawn if we do. And yet — yet — yet! Cabot is funny. And to think that the world almost had a panic because it feared that Theodore would put Cabot in your place! And that only your assurances stopped the scare! Are we droll!' — To John Hay, 1 October, 1901.

To Elizabeth Cameron

TRONDHJEM, NORWAY, September 10, 1901.

My letter from Stockholm was hardly posted when I saw the news of McKinley's murder, if it is really murder as I assume; and I had barely time to wonder how this event would affect us all, when my train carried me out of Stockholm, beyond all contact with you or anyone else. For two long days, from early morning till after dark, I travelled north until my head seemed about to hit the North Pole. At St. Petersburg I figured it out that nothing else could exist in the world so far north, and so cold; but at Stockholm, which is just about as far north, I found a city and trees and a dry, blue sky, and a hot sun, like Boston, and just like it too in the looks of the people, for if ever there was a Yankeer than Yankee, he's a Swede. I saw a few thousand Zorns, but mostly I saw down-east Blue-noses, and no nonsense. For an economic civilisation, there is an economic civilisation! All that lets you up a bit is the French tapestries in the royal palace, the best lot of Gobelins, etc., of the eighteenth century, — Louis XV and Louis XVI, — I have yet seen anywhere. But that is all! The rest is Boston and New York stiff and strong. So I started north Sunday morning, bound to see this show through, and come out at the end; but I was never more astonished; which shows that one should not pass one's life, as I have done, like a clam by his own fireside, but ought to travel to see the world. The further I came north, the more like New England everything grew to look, so that I thought myself travelling forward and back between Boston and Quebec. I stopped to sleep at a station half way, and at night shivered a little with a white frost, but we were then well up to the Arctic Circle. Yesterday I came fourteen hours through to Trondhjem, over the mountains, a beautiful journey, and always a bright sun and blue sky, with the peculiar clearness of a New England October. Really it is astounding. There is nothing like it in the world. Tomorrow I expect to be inside the Arctic Circle, for I've no idea of stopping yet, and in America on the same parallel I don't know where I should be; — get Martha to study it out; — while here I am rather better off than I should be at Bordeaux. To be sure, it is unusual; the weather will change; I am perfectly alone, and it is a week of hard travel to Paris; but I don't care, and I'm going to start tomorrow on a steamer for the North Cape, or as far as the weather will carry me. Of course the tourist steamers are all gone; their season is over; but the mail steamers run all winter, and as they keep inside the islands, and the fiords never freeze, they pass up and down the coast almost every day. I shall go on until I am homesick, and that will be very soon if the weather turns bad. If the weather holds, I shall be gone about a week.

I feel here as though I were all off my trolley, if that is the correct idiom. I fall in with stray Englishmen who seem to own the country, and it is long since I've seen Englishmen astray. They seem even more out of place than I am, yet they seem to feel at home. They betray no ideas, but they shoot. They are pathetically stupid. It is singular to come once more within the English range, and find it so restricted, when it used to seem so universal. In Sweden I saw nothing but Swedes, and I think they all had been in America or were on their way. A party of five young men and women got on my train yesterday, loaded with wreaths and bunches of flowers fastened on their shoulders and breasts; and I naturally supposed it to be a bridal, but not a bit! they were just emigrants of good family going to Minnesota, and all Swedish emigrants of good family start off so, to the disgust of the sour Norwegians. My Norwegian engine was a Baldwin built in 1879, which hauled us all to Trondhjem wharf where my eyes feasted on masses of flour from Minnesota again. Yet all Minnesota to me is very highly unattractive, while Sweden and Norway are fascinating.

So it is, though! Sweden and Norway and Great Britain belong to our system; not to eastern Europe. The Baltic separates, while the Atlantic only unites. Why it is so I cannot conceive, but I begin to see that it was always so, and that somebody, at the beginning, cut Europe in halves, once for all, along the Vistula. I have ridden along this dividing line for a month, and here at last I feel that I've got to the end. Our respected ancestors came from hereabouts like the glacial ice-cap, and they were never anywhere else. They growed here. Since then they've only done a piracy business, and looted other people's property. They did a good bit of looting in my favorite eleventh century, but they've done more in mine, and they're very right to wear garlands when they start. They can afford it. They own all the flowers there are.

HAMMERFEST, 13 *September*. [*Friday*.] It's done! Here I am, at the North Pole, or as near it as I can get, at this season. You can judge by setting Martha to study the map. It is no great affair to do. Every Cook's tourist does it. It's as easy as any cockney need ask. It's like going from London to Margate. The ship is large and comfortable and well fed, though the beds are made up with only a lower sheet and blankets. There are no tourists. I talk to no one. The thermometer stands night and day at 52 degrees. The weather was superb the first day; rainy yesterday; drooping today, with a little sun and more showers. The sea is dead calm, even when we have to run outside on the naked ocean. It is gulf-stream weather, familiar as the staterooms on the *St. Paul.* I am almost ashamed to admit that I've made such a baby excursion, which has no excuse except that it is in September, and not in the tourist season. Still I sent Martha another postal card today from Tromsö to express my delight in the Lapps, who are lovely dirty little goblins in skins. Also I eat of their reindeer, which they were selling like mutton.

Truly I recognise that all this is a cheap folly and a globe-trotter's emptiness. Yet! I've no one to talk to but you, and I do want to talk about it, though I don't want to talk. No one understands. I'm only a bore. The worst of this show is its awful seriousness to the elderly tourist. The show is a good show. It is like the music of the Götterdämmerung; it takes hold of an elderly person with unfair brutality and suddenness. At first, one gets off one's balance. One cries. Not on account of its beauty; for its beauty has nothing much to do. It's a sad kind of beauty at best, and silent. Even Tahiti is sad, but it is a tropical sadness. This is the sadness of a life that never knew fun. These long mountains stretching their legs out into the sea never knew what it was to be a volcano. They lie, one after another, like corpses, with their toes up, and you pass by them, and look five or ten miles up the fiords between them, and see their noses, tipped by cloud or snow, high in behind, with one corpse occasionally lying on another, and a skull or a thigh-bone chucked about, and hundreds of glaciers and snow-patches hanging to them, as though it was a winter battle-field; and a weird after-glow light; and a silent, oily, gleaming sea just lapping them all round, as though it were tired as they are, and chucked the whole thing. It is terribly fascinating and fantastic, especially the lights after sunset. The mountains have had a hard life, and get awfully mashed in the old glacier. They never can have really enjoyed themselves. They are quite dead now, and peaceful, and indifferent to us cockneys, and make one of us feel like a shrimp.

Yet there is a good deal of life here, especially among the fishes. Every patch of cultivable ground seems cultivated. There are yellow birch woods, and green meadows, and good-sized towns, and even this town, the northest in the world, when the sun goes down in November, lights up its electric lamps, and goes on gaily catching fish. There are worse places; even worse climates.

TRONDHJEM, 16 *September*. [*Monday.*] Back again at Trondhjem, prompt to the minute with various new ideas of the universe and a total upset of geography. What I expected, I can't remember, but what I found was Nova Scotia with a warm climate. I got within about a thousand miles of the North Pole, and where the midnight sun flourishes by months at a time, and I might as well or better have gone to Boston, yet I was near two thousand miles north of Boston, wasn't I? Anyway it was as far as the land goes anywhere, and I was not fitted for an ice-journey. I had no dogs. The strange thing to me was that I found it all so American. The contrast with Russia is absolute. I am beginning to think that the Arctic Circle has a great future. The big ore-beds of iron are up there which must feed Europe, and in another fifty years there will be a tremendous Carnegie industry there like Lake Superior, with the advantage that the ice does not shut it up in winter. The railway will soon be finished, and all the ore will come out directly to England that way. I see no limit to it. And I don't suppose it matters much in a mine whether the sun shines or not.

You can imagine that the world up there is fairly modern when I tell you that at some unknown village far beyond the Arctic Circle, I read in the newspaper the telegram from Buffalo of the day before, announcing the sudden collapse and hopeless condition of President McKinley. This evening on arriving here, I find all the particulars of his death.[1]

Another trait is that the people sit through all their long meals without talking. I have hardly exchanged a word, and my neighbors were almost as silent. They seemed perfectly respectable, usual sort of animals, but not inquisitive. As I am very inquisitive, I find it a bore.

So this job is done, and tomorrow morning I start for Copenhagen, which will take at least three days....

So Teddy is President! Is not that stupendous! Before such a career as that, I have no observations to make.

50 AVENUE DU BOIS, PARIS, September 28, 1901.

. . . .

My last was mailed at Trondhjem, wasn't it? on the morning of the 17th. It raced me on the way down, but it can hardly reach you before next week, while I am well here since yesterday afternoon. I came very slowly too. A long, long day from Trondhjem brought me only to a little railway inn at a station called Tonsaet where I supped with two Oxford Englishmen who were there shooting, as usual. Does an Englishman ever do anything but shoot? Then a still longer day brought me to Christiania and finished the scenery business. Another stop at Göthenberg to inspect economy, and so an end to Sweden and Norway. I take pride in having discovered those countries which are, from my Yankee point of view, worth all Europe else. The health, energy and intelligence of all these Baltic people, whether Finns or North Germans or Swedes or Danes, are good to see. They've no art or manners or poetry, but they have go; and as I've long since made my funeral sermon on art and manners, all that remains is go. The Russians have neither energy nor art nor manners, that I can detect.

---

[1] He died September 14.

So I crossed to Helsingfors where Hamlet's father's ghost was sitting on his terrace waiting for King Oscar of Sweden[1] who crossed with me; and I stopped a day at Copenhagen to get my letters and look over the town, which I had not seen for forty years; and on Sunday I came on to Kiel where I put in a day to see the Krupp ship-yard and the Kiel Canal. Tuesday I came on to Hamburg where I applied to six hotels which were all full, owing to some medical congress, and, having, by that time, seen enough of Hamburg, I took the night train to Bremen and slept there. To keep you posted, I sent to Martha a post-card from Bremen, as I did from Christiania; and so, after a morning at Bremen, I ran on to Cologne; and after a morning at Cologne I went on to Namur; and after a morning at Namur I came on to Paris; passed half an hour scuffling for a porter at the douane in a wild swarm of arriving or returning travellers; and at five o'clock was received by Paddy at No. 50, which looked as pretty and fresh and gay in the charming September sun as though it were its own mistress.

Ten weeks I have been away. Twenty-one hotels I have slept in, besides steamers. A huge sweep of territory new I have visited. In all that time I have hardly made a new acquaintance, and since leaving Stockholm have scarcely spoken, except to servants and such. The solitude of travel in these days is horrible. Forty years ago we made acquaintance with everybody. Now I can travel for weeks with people like the Lodges and Hays, and they never exchange a word with a hen.

Still I have seen much, and reflected more, and find Mr. Maeterlink's remarks on bees very highly instructive. This is a rum world. If our views of today are correct, what view must one take of yesterday and tomorrow? What are our views anyway? I take it that we are economists, for since Russia I've seen no religion, and no art; but you give me, as a last comfort, the mild corrective of assassination.

---

[1] Oscar II (1829–1907).

When I travelled forth in 1858, we looked for moral improvement. I have very likely found what we looked for; but it comes in so queer a shape that I don't know it. It takes the form of police. Anyway, I find all Europe, to the Vistula, now Americanised. That is the work of fifty years.

With that, and the conviction that it is, and must ever be, second-rate Americanism, I shut the book....

Your fears that I might be affected by losing poor dear old McKinley show a susceptible heart, not in me but in you. The Major was a person as completely outside of my personality as any of his recent predecessors. His methods were as bad as possible. His function was that of a very supple and highly paid agent of the crudest capitalism. To do him justice, he served industrial capital rather than the Jews, but he would have served it in any form, consciously or unconsciously, if the times had with us reached that stage.[1] To murder him was a gross absurdity that makes me despair of anarchy. The true person to kill was Hanna, — the senator!...

To John Hay

HÔTEL BEAU SITE, PARIS, 2 November, 1901.

Your report about King met me here on my return from London last night. Indeed I would go out to him if he wished it, or it would help, but I feel more immediately anxious about his finances. Are you helping him? If so, you had better levy on me for my share. Money is the last thing we need spare.

Your last note from the summer reached me the other day in a fog in London....

Still, I thought London pretty blue. The shadow from Germany and Russia has got there. They are clutching at us as their last hope. 'Our prosperity' will drag them through. The astounding series of blunders they have made, which turns our hair white with fear, they ignore. It is like reading my own history, to go there.

Yet I am sheer daft with trying to understand how they dare look me in the face. Within the last three months, they have taken a new position which, if I understand it, necessarily turns me from a position of enforced neutrality into one of avowed hostility, and they seem not to know it.

---

[1] Adams defined McKinleyism as 'the system of combinations, consolidations, trusts, realized at home, and realizable abroad.' *Education*, 423.

The proclamation of a state of war, or of siege, in Cape Colony, assimilates the situation exactly with that of 1776. Personally I was not alive in 1776; I own with sorrow, and therefore am not a gallows-bird; but I had some relations by blood who were. It is now two hundred years, or six generations, since these relations of mine undertook to teach the English to manage a colony, and we thought we had succeeded at the cost of two wars, and two hundred years of preaching. We thought it was acknowledged that we were right, and that G. Washington was not a felon. We thoroughly believed that British constitutional law was settled for ever on that point, and that England was bound never again to restrain a free colony by force from adopting what government it chose. To this understanding the United States supposed themselves to be a party, tacitly admitted by the Treaty of 1783, definitively recognising our success, primarily by force, and subsequently of right. On this understanding, three of my presumably respected blood-relations have been representatives of their country at London, and I humbly believe that there would have been a shindy if any British government had treated them, either in fact or in law, as felons.

Suddenly Joe Chamberlain bobs up (with that Brummagem brass face of his), and says: 'Oh, dear, no! quite an error! We never conceded the principle; we yielded to force. If we were strong enough now, we would compel you to admit our suzerainty. We are not in a position to do that, but all the same you are the child of felons and of nobody else.'

Perhaps I misunderstand. I may not see the legal bearings of the case correctly. I am a little apt to resent prematurely what seems a possible reflection, but without prejudice, I have always felt a personal desire to see Chamberlain's nose punched on general principles. What, then, are my probable desires when Joe seems to me to be shouting in his most offensive manner that I am little better than a gaol-bird myself, and that all my papa's for two hundred years ought to have been hung?

Honestly! what ought one to say to it, for the case may turn up at our doors, and Quebec is not so far off now as it was when John Adams and others were sending armies there?

For Forty Centuries I have bitten my tongue off, and babbled only on the stump. I mean to throttle it still; but — but — but — but — hum! — you are going to send a British treaty to the Senate? and the British government has just proclaimed that our ancestors were all felons? and we ask no explanations? and we accept a stigma of bastardy from Joe Chamberlain? Perhaps it is just as well that I am on this side. Like George de Barnwell, if I vulgarly promulgated my opinions, I might chance to do harm. Theodore's temper is flightier than my own.

Anyway, I don't care to run even a risk of making your task harder than it is, and I hope you will hurry your Treaty so that I may come back with safety; for my present emotions in regard to England and the English people are explosive.

All that I have seen and heard this summer leads me to think that Europe is rather less formidable than I supposed. The collapse of Germany shows that we have credited her with more intelligence than she has. I have seen only the Scandinavian countries which seemed to me our rivals in energy, and they are our allies industrially. Russia is not serious, from the energetic standard. England has so stupified herself by dumping all effort of thought or act onto Roberts and Kitchener, that, for the present, she cannot make an effort, and Ireland is the real wolf pulling her down, and making serious change impossible. Thus far, our path is tolerably clear, but we have got to let prices down if we are to get markets. The struggle over copper has extended to coal, and is likely soon to extend over the whole list. The turn of the road is likely to come when we reach your reciprocity treaties, but that question can hardly be decided politically until it has been decided economically. It may be a slow matter, about which we may lose our money, but need not lose our temper. If I were Theodore I would be very good-natured and conciliatory on that subject, and, above all, very patient.

But I wish we were out of the Philippines. That is a false start in a wrong direction, which I never wanted, and have always feared. It leads us into a *cul de sac* in the tropics, and leads us away from our true line due west. Of course we are making mistake on mistake there, and drifting straight at the heels of England. The North Pacific is my line, not the South; our own race, and not the niggers, my instruments. To get back onto our true lines will be hard. I should like to see the government declare its avowed Cuban policy for the Philippines, even at the cost of inconsistency. Anything to escape British ruts!

All this wisdom is because I like to write my Message as well as

Theodore, and although I don't know what Theodore's will be, I'm fairly sure to tell more truth in my own....[1]

To Brooks Adams

PARIS, 3 November, 1901.

. . . .

Practically it is no joke for Roosevelt. My only general political rule is to do nothing unless the public requires it, and then to do as little as possible. Politics I regard as a mediaeval survival on the back of an economical modern society. One must carry it as one can, with the least waste of energy. War is always a blunder, necessarily stupid, and usually avoidable. Every ounce of energy put into it is three-fourths waste. This is an economical truism, but it is not one to Theodore, who is decidedly twelfth century — like me. But I am not President, and he is. And is it not curious that the typical English economic politician — Chamberlain — just by the fault of his temper, has made a greater economical blunder than any English statesman of the middle-ages ever made? Temper is almost everything. It is no use to be an economist without it, and Theodore's temper is Dutch; canny and practical, but at times sudden and hazardous.

All our interests are for political peace to enable us to wage economical war. Therefore I hold our Philippine excursion to be a false start in a wrong direction, and one that is more likely to blunt our energies than to guide them. It is a mere repetition of the errors of Spain and England. I wish we could have avoided it, or could escape it, and return to concentrating our efforts on the North Pacific. The task there is supremely difficult and needs all our energies and intelligence. In the Philippines we are handicapped by Europe, and must follow her methods. It is our tail that her teeth are in, and we can't shake her off. The road leads to the support of England in the south of China. Our true road leads to the support of Russia in the north — in both cases meaning our foothold in Asia....

Violence is always waste. The road of a true policy is always that of least resistance, but it is sometimes that of no resistance at all. In other words, every country held and administered by force is a danger, and therefore uneconomical. If it leads somewhere, the waste of energy may be necessary, but in itself it is waste. It is resources — coal, iron, copper, wheat — that force markets, and will force them over all the navies and artilleries of the world. . . .

---

[1] 'Write me when you can. Your cheery prophecies of woe and cataclysm are full of joy and comfort to me. "If it be not fair for me, what care I how black it be!" These are the sentiments of a scholar and a gentleman, who has had a better time all his life than he deserved, and now whines because it is over.' — John Hay to Adams, 21 October, 1901. *Letters and Diaries of John Hay*, III. 243.

With singular sagacity McKinley struck another line with the Cubans. We shall see whether it works. . . .

Anyway I earnestly hope that Theodore will succeed, and if he does, I think it must be by McKinley's method of inexhaustible patience and good temper. I never knew that to fail, in the long run. Even the Senate yields to it. . . .

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

HÔTEL BEAU SITE,
PLACE DE L'ETOILE,
PARIS, 10 November, 1901.

Thanks for your report of the 7th, for I was becoming nervous at hearing nothing.

I have settled down to a course of theatres and dinners, with what Lord Salisbury would call dogged determination, and I know to be senile stupidity, because I am afraid to go home and get kicked by my triumvirate friends — Roosevelt, Hay and Lodge — who are now running our foreign affairs and have a way of running them in my house at the cost of my comfort. If I were still only eighty, I should be amused, but being a hundred, I find my nerves suffer, when cow-boys punch each other across me.

Perhaps, too, seeing that I am bound to sail by Christmas in any case, I allow myself to be a little amused by the situation which is as beautiful a problem in socio-political mathematics as I ever watched. Does anybody know anything? John Hay writes me always the old Oxenstiernian of *quantula sapientia*; and the young Secretaries of Embassy echo it here. Why does Waldeck-Rousseau seize just the most critical moment of the year in order to shake the whole rotten East on our heads? Why do the coal-miners strike when everything is darkest? Why does Chamberlain challenge double enmities when the empire is tottering? Why! Why! Why are we blind fools of fate!

To John Hay

PARIS, 28 November, 1901.

. . . .

I shall be curious to see your next bout with the Senate, but you will at least feel a certain malicious amusement if, after rejecting your treaty, the Senate now should reject its own. Perhaps it might be not without advantages. The *reductio ad absurdum* is a step. It might force them to discover some remedy. To put your opponent hopelessly in a hole is one way of getting yourself out of it, — and them too.

The situation here keeps me interested even more than the situation at home. The industrial paralysis in eastern Europe creeps steadily westward. If the Boers and the Irish hang on, England is going to have a very uncomfortable quarter, and not only a quarter of an hour. The more I see of British Imperialism, as it works out, the more convinced I am that its only possible result must have been to work out against us. It is only a scheme to make an empire independent of us, on the old lines of our last monarch of blessed memory, George III. The Boers have fought our battle, and if they succeed in bringing back the old system of a loose empire, we shall at once feel the effect of it in Canada. If Chamberlain succeeds, we shall equally feel the effect in the same direction. I am nervous about Canada, and the more when I think of what would be the irritation on our people of a British empire growing more and more economically hostile to us, with naval stations all round our Atlantic coast. That Chamberlain meant it, I don't doubt, for we know his temper and his ambition. That he regards his scheme as a defensive, not an offensive, one, is of course. He has already broken the theory we had built up with so much care and cost to reunite the two countries. His successors would be drawn by the force of interests once established, to break the structure itself. The defensive would necessarily take an offensive form. We saw how it worked in the case of the Boers.

Anyway, the situation has pretty thoroughly changed my ideas, which is the more interesting because changing one's ideas is the only amusement left to those who no longer care to change anything else. Until the Imperialist policy is either established or abandoned, I don't care to meddle with our tariff to help England. On the other hand I am doubly anxious to draw France towards us, and keep her out of a European combination. This scheme, which began as the Kaiser's, has filtered down to the Socialists in Germany, and is bound to control all the diplomatic action of central Europe for a long time. We ought to shape a permanent policy to counteract it. If England is going to try to set up a third system, hostile both to central Europe and to us, we can dispute no European market except that of France, — *et encore!* I'm not sure even of that. Still, I believe the strength of economical Germany is overrated. De Witte made some interesting remarks on that subject to Cabot. Germany has run her economical best already. She is on the point of abandoning the struggle with us, and shutting herself up like France. In that case, her race is pretty well run, for she can do no more by fighting.

So I don't care much what else the Senate does, or don't do, but I would much like to see that French Treaty confirmed, and I shall not be disturbed if Theodore leaves the tariff otherwise alone. No one can tell what tariff we shall need next year or the year after. Until the gold mines get working again, prices here seem bound to fall. No one will hazard a guess how much fall will take place, but the stock-markets are obstinately and sometimes extravagantly bearish. We are now carrying nearly all the staples. England is living on French money, and American credits. Germany is busted, and not merely busted on speculation, but on markets. Her self-confidence is badly shaken. In such a state of affairs all over Europe, America can afford to wait. I can't, for copper is just on the edge of perdition; but after all, if copper goes, I reckon that steel must.

The usual total is that nobody knows anything, and that Europe is very uncomfortable. . . .

XVI

WASHINGTON AND SCOTLAND

1902

To Elizabeth Cameron

[WASHINGTON,] SUNDAY, 5 January, 1902.

If anyone wants to know the sensations of a new-born baby on being brought into contact with pins and needles, I can tell him what comes next it. What a place this is for nerves!...

Well! Where am I? God knows, or doesn't know; but in the way I see it, I'm in my study, on a cold, dry, clear morning, writing to you. My brother Brooks and his wife are above. Hay is next door on one side. The yellow house[1] is empty and to let. Chauncey Depew has not yet got back with his bride.[2] The square is otherwise unchanged.

To begin at the beginning! I stayed in New York for Clarence King's funeral on Wednesday morning.[3] My first call was on Lucy Frelinghuysen, as I wrote you; my next on the Brices....

Then I tumbled head-long into this wash-tub of dirty soap-and-water, where everybody is deeply interested in boiling soap suds and rags, in the full belief that something will come of it. Really I do not know where to begin to describe it. All that interests you personally is Miles, and you have his affair in the newspapers, and you know what I think, and I know what you think. Next comes Wayne, who is more busy than ever, and more kinds of a — whatever he is. He is of course deep in advice to Theodore, who repeats it all, with howls of delight, to the persons whom Wayne comments on. Brooks burrows into his inner consciousness to divine what Wayne wants, for to him Wayne talks endlessly of Schley and Miles. To my astonishment Wayne rushed in yesterday to see me, but we talked only of Chauncey Depew, Hoar, Quay, Platt and the other senile senators. You know your brother-in-law and can draw whatever conclusions you like. To me he is the most elusive egotist I know.

Hay I have had very little chance to talk with, but Mrs. Hay I have seen a little more. Evidently she has at last struck that bottomtier of sadness with which our cargoes of life are mostly charged, and there is a shady sub-conscious look about her face which tells her story; but she is otherwise as cheerful as ever, and laughs and talks of Del, and fusses about Helen as naturally as though she were ten years younger. Helen says that her engagement is a decided success.[1] I like the boy's looks, as far as his face shows character; and he seems to offer Helen as much happiness as anyone can do. Wealth he offers even more....

---

[1] The Corcoran house, in which Adams had lived until the completion of his own.

[2] On December 27, 1901, Depew married at Nice, May Palmer.

[3] King died in Arizona, 24 December, 1901.

Hay was again in bed with what Mrs. Hay calls a cold. His eyes — the old story of hemiopia — are worse than ever; half a dozen attacks a day, preventing work entirely, and never so much work to do. He is greatly absorbed in his various negotiations — Nicaragua, St. Thomas, etc., — and seems to absorb himself intentionally in them; but I've not yet had time for deeper observation, though I know, from my own feelings, that he must feel at least ten years older in his attitude; for McKinley was born in '43 and Roosevelt in '58, and very young at that. We are shoved high up above the crowd now, and look down on a much foreshortened world. Theodore helps us by his gaiety, and delights Hay by his sense of fun. 'Cabot didn't mind having the newspapers say that he was head of the kitchen-cabinet,' said Theodore, 'but he was frantic with fury when they said that he was learning to ride, so as to go out with me.' Theodore has made Hay promise to stay in office as long as he does himself. Wayne wants him to change all but Root. Why Root?...

Of course the country and the town ring with stories of Theodore. Underneath the surface it is whispered that his want of tact has already exasperated the bulk of Congress. I hear this on all sides. His efforts to retrieve himself embarrass the cabinet too, and make matters worse. Thus far the administration has had a qualified success. We shall see whether it can do anything with Congress about Cuba, Nicaragua and reciprocity; but it is common talk here that he will get no action whatever, and in that case we shall see some pretty tall swearing next spring and Theodore's reputation will be badly shaken, as well as the prospects of the Republican Party in case of any check to prosperity. There is plenty of grumbling already. As a Conservative Christian Anarchist I find no sort of difficulty in imagining all sorts of catastrophes....

---

[1] To Payne Whitney (1876–1927).

SUNDAY, 12 January, 1902.

Slowly the legs that had gone to sleep have begun to tingle and get the blood moving again but it's not a particularly exhilarating process, and it aches. The only real satisfaction is to count up the number of statesmen I've buried, and the graves of notorieties I have outlived. I want now to outlive the present crowd and am counting my symptoms to figure out four or five years more for myself, so that I can bury the heroes of the Spanish War with those of the Mexican War who were my first admirations here fifty years ago. Even Theodore has not the face to pasture his charger in front of the White House as Zachary Taylor did in 1850, when my father took me to the White House first.

When was my last dinner at the White House? Before you were born! In 1878! Under the reign of Mrs. Hayes. Though it was the happiest time of my whole life, associated with everything — and the only things — I ever cared for, that dinner between Mrs. Carlisle[1] and Mrs. Conger[2] is still a nightmare; but it is curious that the Hays were also there, and that last Friday evening, Mrs. Hay and John stopped in their carriage to pick me up and take me across to the slaughter-house. Mrs. Hay was not — to say the least — more sprightly than I, though we were none of us bubbling, but we all played square, and shirked none of the cards.

That the house is to me ghastly with bloody and dreary associations way back to my great grandmother a hundred years ago, seems no particular reason why it should always depress me, or why it should seem to entomb a little family party of very old friends, in the private dining room, and up-stairs afterwards to smoke in the cheery octagon; but it did. We were only eight; Cabot and Nanny Lodge and a Mrs. Selores of Minnesota, whom I must have known in the Hayes epoch, and who came on me like a ghost. We waited twenty minutes in the hideous red drawing-room before Theodore and Edith came down; and we went in to dinner immediately with as much chaff and informality as though Theodore were still a Civil Service Commissioner. We chattered round talk; Cabot was bright; Hay was just a little older and a thought more formal than once we were; Edith was very bright and gay; but as usual Theodore absorbed the conversation, and if he tried me ten years ago, he crushes me now. To say that I enjoyed it would be, to you, a gratuitous piece of deceit. The dinner was indifferent, very badly served, and, for some reason, nothing to drink but a glass of sherry, and some apollinaris. Theodore's talk was not exactly forced or unnatural, but had less of his old freshness and quite as much of his old dogmatism. None of us had improved. When I think of what has passed I see no reason why I should expect improvement. Even cognac will not impart much after sixty years of ripening.

---

[1] Mary Jane, daughter of John A. Goodson and wife of John Griffin Carlisle (1835–1910).

[2] Omar Dwight Conger (1818–1898).

One condition is clear! Hay and I are shoved up to a distinct seniority; we are sages. I feel it not only in Hay's manner, but in Roosevelt's too, and it is my creed now that my generation had better scuttle gracefully, and leave Theodore to surround himself with his own Rough Riders. He will do it anyway before long, and would do it immediately if he had the men; but his two appointments thus far have betrayed weakness in material, for one is a third-rate lobbyist rejected by McKinley as below proof,[1] while the other is an unknown quantity, very problematic to Wall Street.[2] Theodore is eager to change everything everywhere but his suggestions are all more or less inadequate. The only effect would be to substitute his man for McKinley's man. We outsiders rather lose than gain.

Really, Theodore is exasperating even to me, and always was. His want of tact hurts Congressmen and Senators more than it does me, but what annoys me is his childlike and infantile superficiality with his boyish dogmatism of assertion. He lectures me on history as though he were a high-school pedagogue. Of course I fall back instantly on my favorite protective pose of ignorance, which aggravates his assertions, and so we drift steadily apart.

But the most dangerous rock on Theodore's coast is Cabot. We all look for inevitable shipwreck there....

13th. Do you see Mr. Dooley? He was distinctly funny yesterday about Miles and Theodore and hit them both pretty fairly.[3] The round-robin was neat.[4] We all chuckled. I am curious to know how Theodore took it. Poor Miles never had the faculty of taking a joke, and the best of us do not enjoy jokes about ourselves, especially when we have been kicked first.

Tuesday, [14th]. Sister Anne says that Theodore roared with delight over Dooley. Sister Anne came to bid good-bye to Brooks and his wife, who started off yesterday afternoon to visit your hospitable husband, and go on to Havana and Mexico. Brooks has helped me to catch on to the machine a little, but Brooks himself is as far from catching on as ever, I think, though he is slowly acquiring a certain reputation. He is like Clarence King, Richardson, La Farge and all my crowd whom cleverer and richer men exploit and rob. It is the law of God! It is also the law of common-sense. Every now and then the victim comes back on the victor and squashes him, which is why the bourgeois is afraid. Brooks is too brutal, too blatant, too emphatic, and too intensely set on one line alone, at a time, to please any large number of people....

---

[1] Henry D. Saylor, a henchman of Quay.

[2] Leslie Mortier Shaw (1848–1932), to be Secretary of the Treasury.

[3] 'White House Discipline,' in *Observations by Mr. Dooley*, N.Y., 1903.

[4] 'Ye've been in th' army forty year, an' ye shud know that an officer who criticizes his fellow officers, save in th' reg'lar way, that is to say in a round robin, is guilty iv I dinnaw what.'

18 January, 1902.

Your letter of the 10th arrived last night; a pretty fair voyage for midwinter; but today is the first of spring, a beautiful Washington Sunday and I've been out to my mansion at Rock Creek, and have found it in good order for once, and ready for me to move in. I hardly know what still detains me; and the government seems to agree that I had better go, for the new plan of Burnham[1] and St. Gaudens recommends turning Hay and me out of house and home into the cold. I am lucky to have a churchyard to shelter me, and out there I should have lots more visitors....

Of course my chief visitor is John Hay who comes to take me to walk at four o'clock, and in the absence of his family in New York, occasionally dines here. John seems to be quite well, for him, and in good spirits; but he is singularly detached. His attitude toward Theodore is that of a benevolent and amused uncle. He has usually some story to tell, or some outburst to repeat, partly with fun and occasionally with surprise or even astonishment, but never as though he felt any responsibility. I think his feeling is that Theodore will have to run his machine in his own way, and will end by choosing his own agents, no matter how honestly he thinks he wants to keep those of the late martyr; but perhaps this is only my own feeling which I attribute to Hay. Just at present he has only his routine work to do in the office, but is night-mared by the eulogy on McKinley which he is to deliver on February 28, or whatever day it is, for I am all tangled up with the Kaiser's yacht and the Prince's visit and the Eulogy and the trip to Charleston. Especially we are going to make coruscating fools of ourselves about Prince Henry,[1] which pleases me because it annoys the British. It annoys the Russians too, and no one objects to annoying Cassini who annoys everybody.

---

[1] Daniel Hudson Burnham (1846–1912). The plan for the development of the national capital was framed by Burnham, Charles McKim, St. Gaudens and Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr.

Monday. Things are certainly changed. If poor dear McKinley had one touch of genius, it was his infinite patience, but another of his traits was the lightness of his touch. He was humorous; his cabinet dinners were devoted to chaff; no one ever talked seriously; dreary imbeciles like Gage and Alger and Long made dreary fun of each other; no one ever made a speech; probably no one ever lost his temper. The heart is on the other side now. At Smith's[2] parting dinner the President made a tear-compelling toast, and Root a wail of despairing sentiment that would have depressed a prehistoric pyramid, closing with 'Forever farewell — farewell — farewell!' His wife says she cannot conceive why he made such a fool of himself. Hay suggests the champagne. All of us think secretly and gloomily of the family doctor. And today the President rushes in next door, struggling with his dinner list for Prince Henry, and in brief intervals of damning the whole dinner, the Prince and the guests, telling Hay of a scene at Knox's cabinet dinner the night before, to lift your hair. 'I'm glad Edie wasn't there,' he said. Unfortunately your brother-in-law was there, and of late your dear Wayne has got on the President's nervous system which is in a very excited state. The tactful Wayne began, some time ago, by insisting on Theodore's removing Hay, 'who is totally unfit for his place,' and substituting Root. As I remarked before, we are all agreed — Hay first — that he is totally unfit, but why does Wayne want Root to be removed from the army? Is Wayne intriguing for Miles? Then Miles invites a reprimand, and catches it heavy with a coal-scuttle, as Dooley says. Theodore gores him like a bull in the arena. Nothing serves. Wayne will not take a hint even with a coal-scuttle. Saturday night he began worrying Theodore about some of the usual low-down Pennsylvania dead-beats that Quay and Penrose have last imposed on the President. Theodore exploded violently: in substance as follows: 'If you've anything to say against the man, say it! bring charges! I'll listen! if you haven't the courage to bring charges, stop back-biting and slandering people behind their backs!' Theodore himself was a little scared at his own outbreak and he rushed around the next morning to tell Hay and Sister Anne. 'I did ride all over him,' he said repentantly, like a naughty boy, proud of being wicked.

---

[1] Brother of the Kaiser.

[2] Charles Emory Smith (1842–1908). Postmaster-General, who had recently resigned.

Tuesday ... Your letter now! and your questions which are mostly answered already. American quickness and flexibility never were so startlingly illustrated as by the sudden jump of the Commission from Nicaragua to Panama, but I can hardly think the country capable of moving equally fast. Old Morgan is literally quite off his head about it. He raves. He will run great danger of a nervous collapse. The administration, I think, follows the Commission. As for me, I look on....

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 20 January, 1902.

. . . .

From here I can tell you little — nothing — more than the newspapers telegraph by way of morning news. People go on, with unvarying monotony, being born or being buried, and in that respect I imagine that Hengist and Horsa were as modern as we. They also go on quarrelling; and I, miserable coward, go on dodging the blows that are struck all round my ears and eyes. Some day I shall get hit and hurt, but thus far I've escaped. My friends are too busy hitting each other to bother about hitting me.

Nobody knows anything. Nobody controls anything. Nobody sees ahead. We go because we must, and we are becoming necessitarians and fatalists with most astonishing rapidity. As I look back, I want to roll in the dust and pray, by way of reminiscence, to Brahma.

As a Conservative Christian Anarchist, I am deeply interested in the furious rapidity of change I find here. Another fifty years, at this rate, will fetch us to the end, or — what is the same thing, in Brahma — to the beginning. We shall have broken the neck, short off, of the nineteenth century, as we did in our own day, of the eighteenth. So let it be, in God's name! I see nothing I care to preserve....

To Elizabeth Cameron

26 January, 1902.

Four weeks at home, in the very heart of the world, with my fingers close to the valves, and I pass my time entirely in the 12th century, as far away as mind can get. This week I've nothing at all to tell you, for I've seen no one, and glad of it. Of course when I say no one, I mean girls, who are as near no one as possible....

I met Maude Pauncefote at the Hay's yesterday with a weird letter from Spring Rice wanting restoration to Washington and I seriously think that Theodore may have privately asked for it. He has done a much queerer thing. At Speck's[1] request he has written to the Kaiser to ask Speck's return here! and Speck was withdrawn from here in disgrace because he was not German enough!! But Theodore's flirtation with the Kaiser is delicious! I approve it highly, and chuckle over each tom-fool joke; but I don't think Hay sees all the fun that I do. He does not even see quite as strongly as I do, the advantage to be got from shifting partners once in a while. The Kaiser is making war, for his own reasons, on Austria and Russia. He needs to conciliate us. What has he to give? The game is all fair. There are certain things we want. He can help us to get them. Cards on the supper-table, and beer all around. As the world stands, things are so evenly balanced that one has to see-saw whether one likes it or not. One question I would rather like to settle is whether Theodore's see-saw is due to his antipathy and distrust for England — as mine is. Hay is a better see-sawyer, for he stands on England to balance, which is safer than to stand on Germany just now. Not that I think England very safe! Their discredit has become very serious indeed. One feels it terribly here. The English stand absolutely lower than the South Americans in our scale.

Monday, 27. Really I have no gossip for you this week. Chauncey Depew and Wayne MacVeagh seem to do all the dining out, and shout at each other across all the dinner tables, after the manner you know. They too shall pass away! Yet they take time in doing it, while the festive lights who once rivalled them — the Wolcotts and Tom Reeds and Burke Cockrans — have vanished into the *ewigkeit*. . . .

I did not exchange ten words with Theodore or Cabot, whose confidences I do not care to invite, especially as Theodore is devoured by small personal details; appointments or removals of fourth-rate officials in remote mountains under cow-boy influence. I wonder whether he will ever grow up out of Civil Service Commissioner statesmanship. Just now he listens to nothing but personal complaints or requests, and thinks it his duty, as he says, 'to see justice done.' Even poor old Gage protests.

---

[1] Hermann Speck von Sternberg (1852–1908), military attaché of the German Legation at Washington, 1889–1890, and later Ambassador.

2 February, 1902.

. . . .

Tuesday. [4th] Your letter of the 24th is on my table with my coffee. Winter outside, hang it! how I hate the doorways of the grave. Yet the doorway is peaceful too, and the snowflakes fall with a little sense of humor through a half satirical sunlight. Your letter is full of people and theatres and things far away but not much further than I am from the White House or the Capitol. Big things are going on, but as usual in February everything is jammed. I ask myself in vain which way the tide runs. I should say it was at flood, and just took superficial currents;... Cabot, much against his will, and in a very bad temper, has been forced to allow an investigation into the Philippines. Bay grins over it, and tells his father all the horrible stories he hears about our proceedings there. Nicaragua and St. Thomas are supposed to be fixed. Cuba is a great fight. Brooks writes to me from Havana much as everybody talks; but apparently poor Wood is now the victim of his own success. He has set up Cuba with champagne tastes on a pulque income. The real fight is even more serious for it involves Germany and her sugar which we are bound to clean out. In that case, Germany looks done.

As yet I see no sign of improvement, but as long as steel holds up we are right. When steel goes, Theodore goes, and when he goes, the world. Our British friends seem to be plunging wildly, but the habits of the race-course aren't going to help us. The Kaiser sees a little more. His coquetry with us is convulsingly funny. He won't even let Hans[1] dine at the British Embassy. He is in a very tight place indeed and we get stories from all the Courts, especially Vienna, of the very bad temper against him in eastern Europe. If a collapse comes anywhere, and I had to point out the spot under penalty of a whipping, I should put my finger on the place where Germany hits on Austria and Russia; old Poland.

Hay cares for nothing any longer, that I can see, and to me he shows no more appetite for conquest. The one and only great diplomatic battle-field for us is British Columbia and Manchuria. Hay is completely blocked on both. Chamberlain straddles British Columbia, and holds him off. Russia straddles Manchuria. Hay would have to break down both of them, and he is justly afraid even to whisper of it. Nevertheless both things must happen, if we are to run our house at all. . . .

[1] Holleben, the German Ambassador.

16 February, 1902.

. . . .

Little Teddy has got happily through his troubles[1] and Big Teddy has returned, as floppy as two. As far as I can overhear the conversation from his windows across the Square, I should say that his conversation was largely profane, and ran chiefly on the Germans. Certainly they are stupendous. I fight daily with Hay because he maintains that the Kaiser merely wants to show his power, and I insist that no man could make such a figure of himself except for a definite object. The violence of his embraces has become very shocking. Nothing on the French stage equals it. Poor old Pauncefote is almost broken up by a question of veracity forced on him by the German government at Berlin, charging that he was not friendly enough to us in the Spanish War. Holleben, who is at best a very common or rather low-down German brute, is quite off his head. The Kaiser is running the details of every movement directly by telegraph. Theodore is much bothered, having quite enough bother of much more serious nature; and the rest of the government are maliciously and burglariously trying to dodge behind the German-Americans, and turn Hans over to them; a trap which the Kaiser is vehemently trying to evade. As I cannot see into the Kaiser's cards, I cannot tell what his game is, but as far as concerns us, — thus far, at least, — it seems very maladroit and blundering and German. My notion is that his boisterous demonstration here is meant to cover a weakness on the other side, either in Austria or in Russia. At least, that would be my meaning if I played my hand so. Cassini, who is as Russian as Holleben is German, seems to feel it so, and casts up his eyes like Him Crucified. What with the German visit, the Japan-British Treaty, and our own little embarrassments, the situation is as comic as a Palais Royal vaudeville. I don't quite see how Pauncefote and Holleben can any longer speak to each other, and Cambon's[2] position is most difficult, as he alone can decide the question of veracity.

---

[1] 'All were waiting telegrams with unconcealed despondence. At bottom, I believe, if I could get to the bottom of a complex instinct, the idea is that the death of this boy would be the first great break in Teddy's luck, and that his luck is all there is of him. Of course we know that luck ran violently against him in early life, but Edith proved a Mascotte, and the boy brought a tide. As I am much too old to take Theodore seriously, these thoughts affect me all the more. To me Theodore belongs to the class of my cousin William Everett, with far inferior intelligence, knowledge and memory, but far superior energies. His manner, temper and even choice of words often mimic Will Everett's to a laughable degree.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 9 February, 1902.

[2] Pierre Paul Cambon (1843–1924), French Ambassador in London.

Of course we all know that the German lies, if not in letter, certainly in spirit; but nothing in my memory of diplomatic history is so astounding as to see all of these imperial representatives crawling at Hay's feet. I invoke the shade of my poor old Jefferson, and cast ashes on my white, bald head. What a pantomime it is; and of all the men who saw the dance of Europe over us in 1860–64, Hay and I are left alone here to gloat over our revenge. Standing back in the shadow, as I do, it seems to me as though I were Nemesis.

Well, we have Mr. Chamberlain to thank for it all, and I will not be puffed up with pride. As usual, coward that I am, and painfully conscious of our weaknesses, my blood freezes in my *doigts des pieds* when I think of the huge mass of rotten and maggoty humanity we shall be in another hundred years, if we are to go on at this rate; but today is my sixty-fourth birthday, and I don't care one damn....

Your *N.Y. Herald* has of course given you the report of Manru, which I am waiting to hear the private report from; for the public one sounds to me queer. You know how at Paris they used to lose their tempers over Paderewski. The old people said he was a *cocotte musicale* and the young said he was not. I suppose we shall know now.

Tuesday. Hay silently beamed when we went to walk. When we got back, Mrs. Hay let it out, what he had so closely hugged to his heart that he did not like to show me how strongly he felt. The Senate had confirmed his St. Thomas purchase without a division. Hay has begun to think Cullom a great man[1]; while Cabot has acquired a *tic* of sneering at Cullom every ten minutes, in all companies. You know your Senate. You do not need to be told what happens in such cases. Cabot is really a load on Theodore, but luckily neither will ever know it, and it is nothing but a big public-school anyway.

And now Hay, who has been humming his *Nunc dimittis* so long, is beginning to think he will sling another big treaty at them, and see what will happen. He has never been so youthful since he signed the first Nicaragua Treaty. As to health and spirits, I have never seen either so well since years. How we fatten on graves! The fun is to watch the people who hoped to fatten on theirs.

Root struggles on, and is the spring of the machine....

Holleben flops like a dish of sauer-kraut all over, convulsed with his 'little Dutch Prince,' and showing, plainer than words could express, his duty of asserting the authority of the Kaiser over us. Of that part of the program, no one doubts. The Kaiser wants to organize and use the German vote, in order to control our government; my only question is whether he wants to gain an immediate specific object. Knowing our dear Germans, I am glad to let them parade their blundering stupidity as freely as they like.

---

[1] Shelby Moore Cullom (1829–1914), law partner of John Hay's father. He was chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations.

Anyway, the wind and the winter still tie me up, and the streets are just one month white with snow. Seldom have I seen snow last here so long.

23 February, 1902.

Among others it [winter] has knocked out Horace Gray,[1] another of my childhood's memories, though truly I've never pressed the memory far beyond the cradle. Your *N.Y. Herald* will have told you that he has his whole left side paralysed helpless. It is a merciful end if it comes quick. I have not met him for years, for I found him Bostonian beyond what is permitted, and a sort of electrically lighted antichamber to the British very Common Please. I hope to get Wendell Holmes to succeed him, but with Cabot to job, what man is safe? Secretary Long too is going, they say; and there too Cabot has cards in his sleeve. Meanwhile the bad temper has grown to a point that ought to delight our stormy petrel of a President. Every idiot like me saw two months ago that the President was obliged to round up his cattle-herd for the sugar and reciprocity business, and would need all his strength for that; but we didn't see that he need waltz in and fight everybody else in his party. Suddenly, this week, without warning, he has hit Pierpont Morgan, the whole railway interest, and the whole Wall Street connection, a tremendous whack square on the nose. The wicked don't want to quarrel with him, but they don't like being hit that way. You know what one says under such games. What is carefully concealed as yet is that the President did not consult his Cabinet. Apparently he gave his orders to Knox, or accepted perhaps the suggestion of Knox; but he neither consulted nor informed Root, Hay or anyone else. I doubt whether he spoke even to Cabot. Root was much upset by it. The Wall Street people are in an ulcerated state of inflammation. Pierpont has declined the White House dinner. In short, it is a Venezuela case over again, and I suspect that in this case as in the Venezuela message, the President had not a notion what he was doing. Cleveland was perhaps drunk, as the story goes; but Theodore is never sober, only he is drunk with himself and not with rum. At any rate, the usual February chaos is loose now; and I do not know that the wrestling-match in the Senate yesterday is really anything but an outbreak of the same temper in an accidental spot. Practically the whole Republican Party is on edge, and wondering how to go on. The Cuban question is my only interest; but Cuba, Nicaragua, the Philippines, reciprocity and everything else hang on a hair now. And, as though to stir up the only crowd of hornets left to sting, the boy has jumped into the Sampson-Schley fight, and hit everybody impartially over the head, absolutely without need, and against the entreaties of all his friends.

---

[1] He died 15 September, 1902.

I have been here now about six weeks, and in that time our beloved child and pupil has had a Donegal fight with everybody except me. For I don't imagine that Cabot is happy, and when the strain comes, Cabot will have to desert his friend. You will probably be able to see in advance, by watching Root's course. If he goes out, as his health warrants, it will be a sure pointer....

2 March, 1902.

. . . .

Of Prince Henry I know next to nothing except that he brought damnable weather and left diamond bracelets galore, with his dear brother's self-satisfied face on them. Alice Roosevelt wore hers to a Warder dinner, and excited the derisive howls of my niece Elsie for its hideousness. The Prince himself was the *type Prusse*, solemnly thinking of himself, and solemnly committing *ineptia*, and solemnly playing wooden-soldier. I have heard that Roosevelt says he is a good fellow, but I've not heard that anyone cares to know his opinion of Roosevelt, though to Bay Lodge's delight he went off with Theodore on Cabot's horse Thursday afternoon and tore through the mire for two hours, and got drenched in one of the heaviest and longest down-pours I've seen for years....

Perhaps I myself should be in a less quivery condition if I could comprehend the first letter in the alphabet of life. Sixty-four years have I wandered in this vale, to no effect except to wonder why it should be necessary to lie. God hates a liar is a lie. On the contrary God loves liars and makes them prosper. Not one word of truth, from any quarter, or for any object, have I heard this winter. Last week I wrote you about the Pierpont Morgan *débâcle*. Pierpont has gone to sulk, and Hanna says we must support the President, and the President is always at him for a pledge to support his nomination in 1904, and

Mark replies that there is only one man who can defeat him, and that is Theo himself, and last night, under the aegis of your two brothers-in-law,[1] Mark fairly put himself in nomination. Knox talked to make one sick of him and of Theodore too; and Mark must be ready for a first-class fight. . . .

As I see it nothing can now prevent a desperate struggle. Theodore's vanity, ambition, dogmatic temper, and cephalopodic brain are all united on hitting everybody, friend or enemy, who happens to be near. Since I came home he has had one fight every week that I have known of, and I hear daily of local ones that have escaped public attention. He has knocked the stock-market silly, and has made enemies of pretty much every man in Congress. I dread every day the daily bread of battle.

No one as yet speaks openly of all that is felt privately, but as a daily diet it interests even me less than some other things equally dyspeptic. Hay and Rockhill and I and all who study foreign affairs have been knocked silly by the Anglo-Japanese Treaty.[2] What insanity rages in England! As a matter of fact, Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Chamberlain have actively encouraged Japan to attack Russia, knowing that Japan must attack at once if she is to hope for success, knowing, too, that Japan is with difficulty restrained from attacking. Of course, barring our universal agreement to lie about every part of the situation, we are all lying about this with unequalled effrontery. We all say that it means nothing except that Japan likes to make treaties, and England likes to gratify everybody. This is in public. In secret, Cassini comes to Hay with the drops streaming down his face, and says that within six months the world will be in confusion — he knows it — his government has telegraphed him to find out instantly the attitude of our government; to be certain that we are not behind Japan and England will be the greatest relief to Lamsdorf; that his master, the Czar, is a fanatic for peace, but in spite of all his wishes, will be compelled to stop somewhere if attacked; and so on, and so on; and this is renewed every week, and as late as yesterday Cassini was an hour haranguing over it, with fresh instructions by telegraph, and repeating over and over again that he *knows* what he foretells. For Christ's truth whom is one to believe? If this were true, every Jew in Europe would have been in a fit these three weeks past. The *tout le monde* is always more intelligent than Voltaire. The stock market has not turned a sixteenth on the Anglo-Jap. Treaty. And yet — I don't understand! Somehow the bears more than hold their own, and yet all the press talks bull. We are obliged to send big masses of gold to Paris, while money is cheap all over Europe, and Paris is gorged with gold already, and the exchanges on the trade account are heavily in our favor. To explain it, the French invent a story about our heavy loans in Europe to float our undertakings. One lie more or less matters not a straw, but we all know that those loans, if there were any, never took any gold to us, although the exchanges were then vastly against Europe. No gold ever passes nowadays unless for special objects, and today every bank in Europe is full.

---

[1] General Miles and Wayne MacVeagh.

[2] Signed January 30, 1902, assuring the integrity of China.

Why is the Kaiser sending his brother over here? Why is Cassini almost apoplectic when he works himself up to these interviews? Why does he talk just the other way in the *New York Herald* which belongs to him? Why do all the European diplomates intrigue and lie about poor old Pauncefote? Why does not Lansdowne tell Pauncefote or Choate a word in explanation or reassurance? Hay, with his usual cosmic cynicism, says it is all just their usual combination of political stupidity and personal intrigue. *Soit!* . . .

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 10 March, 1902.

. . . .

You know how little I am disposed to prophesy, being experienced in the certainty of error, but if we had been disposed to prophesy, some twenty years ago, whom should we hold now to have been right according to our views; Robert, George Trevelyan, James Bryce, Joe Chamberlain, or you? It is certainly a very mad world since you began your career of ambition by going to Parliament. As far as I can see, not one question has ever been settled, while the worst are worse than then, and several new ones are acutely morbid. Certainly neither Free Trade nor Education nor Ireland nor Free Institutions in any form, seem to me to be nearer settlement now than twenty years ago.

My journeyings this last twelve-month have satisfied me that our old world of the fifties is moribund, with all its ideals. Perhaps the change here is greater than in Russia, but our epoch of John Stuart Mill and de Tocqueville and Henry Reeve and the Duke of Argyll, is as far away as that of Rousseau or John the Precursor. What is to happen next does not necessarily concern us. In the crush of concentration which is squeezing the life out of everything weak, we may individually escape. At the same time, I tremble in my little shoes at the sight of these enormous masses of hostile peoples running at fearful speed on roads that run across each other so often.

What a show it is! Here is America run by a schoolboy barely out of college, and younger in nature than most schoolboys who are not out of college. Germany in the hands of a lunatic who ought to be shut up in an asylum. Russia and Italy under young men martyrs to melancholia. And now Spain to be given to an idiot! or not given to him, as the case may be.[1] Austria without an heir-apparent at all,[2] and France alone with a serious executive government! At the same time, all of them going at speed never dreamed before, and colliding at every corner.

I know very great officials who assert positively that the world will be in confusion within six months. Other very great authorities affirm that it was never so secure. None can do anything about it. If any spring breaks anywhere, they are all helpless. And Germany proposes to rule us here!

A mad world, my masters! Why don't you go up to Westminster again? It might amuse you to be a free lance. Undoubtedly you would have to take the extreme party line, if possible beyond Morley and Harcourt, to get any fun out of it; but at our age it is so easy to oppose. Even here I can never resist showing the opposition how to play its hand; but oppositions are always more cowardly, more venal, and more stupid than ministries, as was notorious from the days of Robert Walpole; and a vigorous opposition worth leading has not existed for many long years. Yet what a chance! Not for power, naturally; because power must now rest on the great mass of energy which is stored as so-called property or capital, and which must rule as it can; but for savage, effective attack I've never seen a time more promising. At heart, everybody wants to do it. Every government on earth is thoroughly discredited, or is rapidly becoming so. This one here is among the most inefficient.

But all this is of our own time in the fifties. Our society has no longer the energy to oppose. Only socialists can now oppose with effect, and socialism is a strange world to us.

---

[1] Alphonso XIII (1886–   ), who this year came of age.

[2] Elizabeth of Wittelsbach was assassinated in 1897, and her only son, Rudolph, had committed suicide in 1889. A nephew, Francis Ferdinand (1863–1914) was the heir apparent. His assassination at Serajevo opened the World War.

I have no special news. You can imagine me at last as an old courtier — a sort of Sam Rogers[1] — sitting among the mighty, and sneering at them to their faces. To do them justice, they are mostly meek, and seldom affect self-esteem. It is so easy to be humble — especially at sixty-four.

To Elizabeth Cameron

16 March, 1902.

. . . .

Other news too is dull, and a general air of distrust is coming over our dreams. If I can believe Wayne, it is because of Pierpont Morgan who has drawn out of the ring, after taking his slap in the face and has sounded the alarm to the fire-engines. From Wayne's talk, I judge that trouble is imminent. Wayne is nearer my idea of the devil than any *chimère* of Notre Dame. If he were an anarchist like me, his attitude might be sane, but for a limb of Satan and a leech of Pennsylvania rings, he is weird. At any rate he is grinning diabolical help to Knox and egging him on in indicting Hill and Morgan for 'conspiracy,' while he is pressing him to go further, and attack Trusts; yet, with the same breath he wonders how Root stays in the Cabinet, and talks of Theodore as mad. Do you know, I seriously suspect that your dear brother-in-law has no thought in life except his personal animosities, and his animosities are against everybody who does not ask him to be kind enough to take charge of creation. He is intriguing to wreck Theodore and Pierpont Morgan by the same *coup*, and Knox has taken him, as it were, into partnership, and they think they can succeed.

Knox is certainly a fool, but Wayne is not that; and he gravely talks of the likelihood that the whole machinery of railroads and industries will be stopped. I listen with sympathy for I am a Christian and-the-rest; but Pierpont Morgan is upset; the stock-market has orders to do nothing; the railroads and trusts are preparing for attack; Congress is utterly disorganized and ill-tempered; Root is in a state of agonized martyrdom; and Hay is practically out; that is, he is waiting only to be dismissed. Whether he will continue to wait depends, I guess, on Hanna and the Trusts who are desperately anxious to keep up appearances and not to break up the party. Meanwhile as far as I know, Theodore is unconscious of trouble and thinks himself swimming with a flood tide. Naturally no one goes near him. Theodore's passion for slapping people's face has become a mania which he cannot resist, and after deliberately smashing the nose of Wall Street, he followed it up the other day by hitting a blow at Congress against the protests of all his friends, which has, I suspect, knocked out the last chance for Cuba. We don't know where we are now. Hanna and the other leaders say that, whatever comes, the President must be supported, and the party held together. All the same, they are very, very sick.

---

[1] Samuel Rogers (1763–1855).

23 March, 1902.

. . . .

You will not be surprised to see that Miles has at last given himself his *coup-de-grace.* He has done nothing all winter but invite and challenge the blow. If it had not been for the regard felt for your sister and you, he would have been put an end to, long ago; but his last escapades make it necessary, and he is now practically retired. I fear me much that he is worse than that, for he strikes me as being in a state very common at his — and my — age, when irritability, self-consciousness, nervous disease, and such-like comforts of old age, amount to aberration. Sixty-three is to men what forty-three is to women.

Unfortunately, while the old lot go, the new lot does not show. Thus far, Roosevelt's appointments are not so good as McKinley's. The decline is very visible here. Also we are pretty well persuaded that Hitchcock, Root and Hay will go out this year. Who under the sun is to replace them? Theodore has not yet brought here one man, high or low, who seems to be what the Germans call *hof-fähig;* — Cabinet material. All are parochial; or rather, — western townships.

Congress is, as I've told you, all on edge. The President has strained all his influence for the Cuban settlement, and has been beaten; for the compromise is in reality a surrender. We are all at sea about everything else. If any canal bill passes, it will be Nicaragua. The Colombian government has killed Panama. Whether Root will succeed with his army bill is equally doubtful. . . .

Tuesday. The usual March flood of passing sparrows now swamps us, and preludes the end. I have but six weeks more to hold my tongue. Other people seem more troubled about tongue-holding than I. As for Hay and Root and Hanna and the old McKinley crowd, you can take for granted that they hold their tongues tight. I wish Miles did the same, but he has invited another slap in the face, and got it.

Death won't shut his mouth. And now it is Cabot's turn. Gussy [Gardner] has rushed to the field, and Cabot loudly proclaims that he is to rush alone. Cabot's lofty principles compel him to help no member of his family but himself. George Meyer[1] has telegraphed that he is also rushing, and my Boston friends say that he is on the next steamer, but Hay has had no notice, and deeply swears that if Meyer comes home he shall not go back, but Harry White shall. Theodore has promised him so much. As Cabot also wants Meyer's blood — in order not to help Gussy — I guess that Meyer is a stuck pig, and that Harry White will be an ambassador at last, and Jack Carter[2] a Secretary. When Cabot proclaims his purity, beware the dog! Happy Hooligan is nowhere....

But there is humor as well as tears in things, and the funniest little cuss of the whole menagerie is Cassini. Besides howling after the manner I have described to you, and conspiring successfully with Cambon and Holleben to kill poor old Pauncefote, Cassini has now trepanned Holleben. The wretched Holleben has of course been incessantly intriguing with the German press here, and the German congressmen and the German vote. We all knew it, for our German friends dance on a tight rope with the touch of a cart-horse; but one of Holleben's cheaper gutter-dogs blackmailed him, and at last brought us the papers. This was no great matter, for Theodore wanted as little as McKinley to disturb his German vote; but Cassini got hold of it, and is now slowly skinning Holleben in the *New York Herald*. The droll thing is that Theodore's dear friend Speck was the active agent in the worst of Holleben's stupidities. If Holleben were an English ambassador, we should have marched him home long ago; but the Irish vote and the German vote now act together. Of course I am getting drawn into it, little by little, through my Boer principles; so that altogether the mess is mixed. As far as I can see, every difficulty now on hand is due, directly or indirectly, to the collapse of England. Of course the sinking of the biggest concern must endanger all....

30 March, 1902.

. . . .

He [Brooks] thought Theodore distinctly off his nerves. Did I repeat to you the brief sketch given me by Sister Anne of her last dinner at the White House, with Holleben and Cambon, I think, or at all events Riaño.[1] The President talked all through the first half of the dinner about his genealogy, to show that he was a countryman of them all, and first cousin to everyone else; the second half of the dinner he occupied by a brilliant account of the storm of San Juan Hill. Sister Anne took Riaño in her carriage to the theatre, he dwelling much on the President's brilliant powers of conversation, and adding that for the first time he himself fully realised why silence was called golden.

---

[1] George von Lengerke Meyer (1858–1918). Ambassador to Italy.

[2] John Ridgely Carter (1864–), married Alice Morgan.

If these innocent garrulities were all! but the town is full of stories much worse than trifles like that. Among the rest is a tale now going the rounds that the other day Theodore was tramping in the country with Kitson,[2] the British military attaché, and talking of the questions between the two governments. Kitson innocently suggested that it would be well to dispose of the Alaska question. Theodore said no! he wouldn't touch that until the Boer War is over and England out of her trouble; for when he came to that, he should have to make himself very disagreeable!

You can imagine Hay's face when I get off these jokes on him, and tell him that, when I see him or Root, I can always tell from the size of their noses whether Theodore has been hitting them or not. He generally has hit them somewhere; but everybody is the same; and poor Calvin Brice's remark about preferring in the future to observe the President from the safe summit of some neighboring hill, applies once more to our circus.

April 1. The St. Gaudens's turned up at dinner last night. He is doing Wayne and Jinny on a joint relief, and will be here a month. He expects much fun out of Wayne, but he can't get as much as I do. Secretly I whisper to you that it is believed across the way that Miles's recent letters were written by Wayne. If you betray me, I'll murder Martha! The fun to me is that I am catching on to Wayne's play. Heretofore I assumed that he wanted something for himself; but this winter I can see quite clearly that he wants only to amuse himself. He has made a toy of poor old Miles, and has driven Theodore into various frenzies. Miles is done for, and Wayne will throw him away; but I begin to see now why Wayne detested your husband for not being weak enough to be his tool. The passion has run now into pure love of mischief and as I love mischief too, I delight in him. Unluckily, he knows and does not trust me, for I am not a reformer — only an anarchist. Wayne's hatred for Theodore is a whole chapter of Saint Simon. Nothing fascinates me so much as to watch the stupid, blundering, bolting bull-calf of a Theodore, buck-jumping with frenzy under Wayne's stings, and unable to see the gad-fly. Root is cleverer, and may catch him some day.

---

[1] Juan Riaño, first Secretary of the Spanish Legation at Washington.

[2] Col. Gerald Charles Kitson.

Meanwhile Theodore is upsetting his whole diplomatic service to make a place for Evans,[1] the Pension Commissioner whom he has allowed to be driven out of office by the Grand Army. I imagine that Hitchcock will be forced out by similar influences. For a reform administration, this is a reform administration; but perhaps it will get Harry White and Bellamy Storer their embassies. As a particularly alarming symptom I notice that Hanna has publicly withdrawn from the canvas for 1904. Pretty cheap, all this! Pretty dern cheap! but what can I do about it? Rarely have I felt sicker or more solitary.

6 April, 1902.

. . . .

The intimacy of Hay's relations with me is very awkward indeed. As I am dead opposed to all his policy, except in Cuba, and regard it as a mistake likely to be as fatal as Olney's was, for the same reasons, I am afraid of talking with anyone else, because he is really in a most critical position, and I might easily do him harm. From the first, I have told him to get out; that he is in a false position, and that escape now would be a brilliant triumph; that Roosevelt will infallibly have to turn him out, and that he risks everything by staying. At the same time, I know, though he conceals from me all that side of his relations, that he can't get out. He is one wheel in the old machine of Hanna and Pierpont Morgan, and Root is the other . . .

I think that Hay could probably stand, if it were not for the Boer War. We all see that, tacitly or expressly, England agreed to give McKinley all he wanted provided McKinley would help to put down the Boers. It was Cuba, Cleveland and Canovas over again. England has carried out the bargain, and so have we. England must have succumbed long ago, had it not been for using our resources as freely as those of her own colonies. Of course, Hay merely accepted the universal view that the Boers were too weak to hold out, and England too strong to oppose. He made the mistake we all made, but the mistake, all the same, is fatal. He allowed the English to come in here, and violate our neutrality on a scale so enormous that, in the failure to reach the result, both partners are bankrupt. Suddenly the Governor of Louisiana[1] has stepped into the ring; and, in my opinion, Hay is done. The Boers have got him. With him, England should fall too, for she is utterly broken down; but of course the struggle must be desperate to hold them both up; and I am green with terror when I think of the responsibility that rests on Roosevelt. Do you wonder that I hide? From the first, I've been hostile to the British alliance, for the very reason that her ruin was inevitable; but now that it is actually on us, I admit that nothing could have saved us from the vortex. Whichever card we played, we must have lost Hay's game. Roosevelt has raised the stakes. He wants a slice of Canada. You will see how he plays the cards; but, if I were he, I should not dare to continue the old game, though I might make Hay play the new one. Could he do it?

---

[1] Henry Clay Evans (1843–1921).

You know that Hay is like all Wall Street, as complete a cynic as you make them. Whatever he may have thought five years ago, of my views about England, he is as convinced of their correctness now, as I am; — perhaps more so. To be sure no one any longer doubts it, even in England, if one may judge from their howls. . . . Here am I, who have struggled for years against the British alliance, just as much at a loss for a policy, as Pierpont Morgan or Hanna or Hay. All I can do is to look across at the White House, and shiver.

The shiver was peculiar to me, three months ago, but I am not so much in need of iron and quinine now as some much bigger people are. The scare is spreading. What astounds me is the discipline of the press. While people in the heart of power talk as I've been writing you all winter, and while the whole world's markets are obstinately bearish, not a newspaper so much as lisps. The *New York Journal* is the flattest sort of a curb-broker's agency; and the *New York Herald* alone, once in a while, lets something out to save its face. If I were the author of the scares, the universal silence would be just what I expect; but as an instance, I write you Cassini's talk, and it is now known that, at the same time the Russian government was hurrying by post a whole army to Manchuria. She has thrown ten thousand men into Port Arthur alone, already, and stopped all private traffic on the Siberian railway, in order to do it; yet the press suppressed it. Today, every newspaper is bull on the stock-market; every operator and broker is bear. As for the talk here, in our White House circles, about Europe, we, who know our men, don't need newspapers; but we don't invite the public to listen in. Queer! One seems sometimes dazed, in a dream, drunk or crazy. If anyone three years ago had prophesied the present situation I should have thought it black pessimism. But the Boers have bagged Redvers Buller, Queen Victoria, Lord Methuen, Cecil Rhodes[1] — and John Hay?

---

[1] William Wright Heard, on the question of reducing tariff duties on Cuban sugar.

Monday. If only that were all. Yesterday afternoon J. H[ay] told me that the President had suddenly sent for Cornelius Bliss, Schiff and Cassatt![2] He ought to have sent for them six weeks ago, but people will now be scared, because he is scared. Hanna says that not an order has been booked in Cleveland beyond November, and all on account of the Northern Insecurities. To cap it our dear Wayne came in towards evening, and lectured for an hour on the situation with his usual penetrating view and his absolute want of conscience of wanting conscience. He talked about Hay much as I do, except that he insists that it is Hay's own fault; and that he stays because he has caught the passion of office. Probably this is true also; at least, Hay has often discussed to me the question whether it is true or not; and never has been able to decide about his own motives. Its truth is a personal matter outside the real forces. Hay is kept there, says Wayne, because Theodore prefers him to a stronger man, and means to run foreign affairs himself: — a remark I have made to Hay months ago. Wayne suggests Senator Spooner[3] to take his place. As usual, most of us criticise well enough, but, why Spooner! how Spooner! what rot to talk of Spooner! Of course Wayne's Spooner, in what Mrs. Piper[4] would call her subliminal consciousness, reads for Wayne himself. He knows it as little as Hay knows his motives for keeping office. We are all made that way....

13 April, 1902.

. . . .

As for Mrs. Miles, I think she will be much happier after the strain is over, and Miles is once out of command. His vanity will then be comparatively harmless; their position will be dignified, and their means should be ample, at least while he lives. He and Dewey can run for the Presidency together, and as far as I care, may be dictators on the day of judgment in heaven. What makes a long residence in

---

[1] Paul Sanford Methuen (1845–1932); Cecil John Rhodes (1853–1902).

[2] Cornelius Newton Bliss (1833–1911), merchant; Jacob Henry Schiff (1847–1920), banker; and Alexander Johnston Cassatt (1839–1906), president of the Pennsylvania Railroad system.

[3] John Coit Spooner (1843–1919).

[4] Alta L. Piper, a subject of psychical research.

Washington so bad for one's temper is the horrible display of vanity, especially among the men. If ever, once, in all these forty years that I have known statesmen, I had met one solitary individual who thought, even at intervals, of anyone or anything but himself, I would forgive him as a sad example of human eccentricity, and say no word against him; but there are three professions — the preacher, the teacher and the speaker, — which inevitably ruin the finest nature in a definite time. I was a pedagogue myself, and blush to this day at the marks I bear of it.

Miles has suffered like everyone else, and will go to his grave with the disease, as Rhodes did, with his monumentally self-conscious will, the other day; and as Carnegie is going in his turn; and as our whole American civilisation with its school-boy vanity and cheap bourgeois thought and art, must in another fifty years, find itself obliged to do. It frightens me to think what a cynical contempt for ourselves we shall feel when we get there. I have never been at any time of life more than ten years ahead of the majority, and I have been always an atom in the mass. What I am, the mass is sure to become; and in allowing fifty years for it, probably I allow twice too much. Ten years have upset the world. Twenty should break its bubble. This world here is too childlike, common-school, ninety-nine-cent counter-bargain, monthly-magazine cheap literary, to last even twenty years. Its vanities and its ideals are of a day....

WASHINGTON, Monday, April 20, 1902.

Only one more letter from here this winter! All's over then! Does truth sound bitter, as one at first believes? Upon my soul, I don't know. The eternal armies of light and darkness go on dividing the average day about as usual, and although I am, and always was, an imp of darkness, I see the day as well as the night, and judge its length like others. This week things have seemed to look gayer. Whether there is a real change, I doubt, but anyway I shall get out of the mess in a fortnight, and need not any longer hide and hold my tongue....

The Saint Gaudens's were here last night. He is beginning to find Wayne's high moral tone somewhat trying. Wayne's virtues are not exactly the artistic morality of the Renaissance. How he must have hugged himself yesterday on the awful whack that Theodore got from the House on the Cuban bill. For once, Theodore caught it square on the nose. Generally, we have jumped to the conclusion that the Democrats will carry the next Congress. Wayne has been mixed in this business too, and has got the better of Theodore once more. The result is rather a surprise to me, although my letters all winter have foreshadowed it. Such violence in the cry of rebellion and defiance, I had not expected, especially because Theodore has sacrificed us all, and himself as well, to conciliating his north-western States, and has lost caste terribly in the East for it. At the same time, though people are saying that he is done, and will lose his election, no one can see how he is to be beaten. Hanna dares not take the field, on account of Foraker, and so with all the rest. The Democrats are broken all up. My only complaint of Theodore is that he is so openly and shamelessly devoted to his own interests, like a big school-boy, blundering all over the place, and I cannot see why Gorman or Hill or any other Democrat should be any worse for my personal comfort; but it certainly is a bore to feel responsible for one's friends. The poor boy labors and sweats to please everybody, and promises everything to everyone without the least regard to performance; but he makes more enemies every hour. We are doubting now whether all the measures of the session will not fail. Unless they pull themselves together sharply, Theodore's first bout will knock him out, and Congress will run wild....

The spring is here, young and beautiful as ever, and absolutely shocking in its display of reckless maternity; but the Judas tree will bloom for you on the Bosphorus if you get there in time. No one ever loved the dog-wood and Judas tree as I have done, and it is my one crown of life to be sure that I am going to take them with me to heaven to enjoy real happiness with the Virgin and them. She will so delight in the color, though it would be quite off Chartres! Thanks to her, I have had her and them quite to myself, all through life; but I can't say as much for my own creation of her, out at the Soldiers' Home.[1] The youth of both sexes, on whose breast a fuller crimson is flushing too conspicuously, chase me, with looks of just scorn, away from my own retreat, whenever I seek it....

On Friday, Mrs. Roosevelt sent over for me to come to dinner with the Owen Wisters,[2] and Cabot Lodge came to explain that I was to take the Wisters off their hands for Saturday evening because of their

---

[1] 'And I'm perfectly square with the Virgin Mary, having finished and wholly rewritten the whole volume. I've sent *Tahiti* in Tati's name to half a dozen public libraries, and have started a historical romance of the year 1200.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 27 April, 1902. The *Tahiti* was the enlarged *Memoirs of Marau* of 1893, privately printed at Paris, 1901, under the title: *Memoirs of Arii Taimai E. Marama of Eimeo Teriirere of Toorai, Terrinui of Tahiti, Tauraatua E. Amo, edited and translated by Henry Adams.*

[2] Owen Wister (1860-), married Mary Channing (*d.* 1913).

Cabinet dinner. Which part is best, in this play: the President's, the Senator's, the Wisters', or mine? Of course I executed myself with all the apparent cordiality of my nature, and dined as badly as usual with the Lodges and Wisters in the beautiful new state dining-room at the White House, where we seven innocents looked quite lost in the vastness. Theodore was less excited than a year ago, and occasionally let some one say a word or two. We were shown over the house which is now quite a gentleman's place, mostly done in white, and where the safe white is abandoned for red and green velvet, less successful. The state dining-room in oak is charming. Theodore innocently delights in its space which dwarfs him. Mrs. Roosevelt, who has in her mild way, rolled Bammy quite out of the house, and very properly; and who is, I am sorry to say, obliged almost daily, to snub some of our other friends who ought not to need snubbing, — we have, this winter, *five* American women as ambassadresses or ministresses, — Mrs. Roosevelt, I say, accepts the state-rooms with even more pleasure than Theodore does, and looks less lost in them, although she too needs a crown.

Actually I staid with Sister Anne to the musicale, and saw all the reception, from the Michael Herberts and Sunie Draper[1] down or up to Charley Macauley[2] in his beautiful gold lace and *spurs*. For once I indulged in the sense of feeling more at home in the White House than in my own. Sister Anne and I sat on a distant sofa and looked on. The birds were all there, and some of the beasts, but the tragedy of Holleben hung over the beasts. No one understands it, but certainly it is another case of Eisendecker,[3] and we are all shuddering for poor little Speck who is going to be crushed between these two stupid tumbling masses, without a chance of salvation.

Of course I did what I had to do, and asked the Owen Wisters to dinner, and went to get Bessy and Bay to amuse them. The Owen Wisters do not amuse me; he has the qualities of his race, and I of mine, and Bay of his, and acids rarely mix well; but a dinner is no great matter....

Sister Anne brought Hetty Sargent[4] to breakfast. Wendell Holmes[5] has come in, with that vague look of wondering bewilderment which you see always on the face of the Bostonian who for the first time has discovered America. Cabot has talked an hour about all things big and little. Hay has opened his soul. You see I am *lancé*, — and deadly low!

---

[1] William Franklin Draper (1842–1910), married (2) Susan Preston.

[2] Charles Laurie McCauley (1865–1935).

[3] Captain ——— Eisendecker, German Minister at Washington and recalled probably because of the resolution of the House of Representatives on the death of Eduard Lasker (1829–1884) which Bismarck refused to lay before the Reichstag. *American Register*, 1884, [399].

[4] Hetty Appleton Sargent (*d.* 1921), married Francis Lee Higginson.

[5] Oliver Wendell Holmes (1841–1935).

Tuesday. At Sister Anne's on Sunday afternoon I met Wendell Holmes again, and upon us descended Theodore with Wood and Wister, from tramping in the slush. Theodore rattled away as usual about all sorts of matters, big and little, but always announcing his own views, and never stopping to invite or consider those of other people. There is a hitch in the Philippines. Taft[1] now wants to stay. This will throw out Rockhill, who had already lost Japan by taking the Philippines. What other changes are at hand seem known to nobody. Root's intentions are in doubt. Theodore has upset the whole diplomatic service in order to make the Bellamy Storers an embassy, because the Kaiser, in deadly fear of Mrs. Bellamy,[2] took refuge with Mrs. Charlemagne.[3] So everyone had to dance across the board, and the unfortunate Mrs. David Jayne Hill,[4] heart-broken, sought peace at Berne. As far as I can see, the women take mostly what they want, and I stand more than ever in fear of them. The heart-burnings are many. In fact, I dimly perceive that they are likely to become more. Poor Langley came in to dinner, much depressed by heart-burnings and enmities which are rampant against him too, but he seemed to dislike explaining their cause. He made me feel quite cheery, he was so low.

To Charles Francis Adams

PARIS, 2 June, 1902.

Your volume[5] has just arrived. Owing to the many and astonishing variety of vices resulting from the immoral and rabbitlike fecundity of years, I have lost the faculty of reading, writing or cyphering, and have ceased to criticise anyone or anything. So you will not expect me to tell you how excellent your work is. I am sure that it is better than anything I can do, or say, about it; but this is an *a posteriori* conviction, resulting from my own corruption.

---

[1] William Howard Taft (1857–1930).

[2] Maria (Longworth/Nichols) Storer.

[3] Helen (Smith) Tower, of Oakland, California.

[4] Juliet Lewis (Packer) Hill (*d.* 1923).

[5] *Lee at Appomattox and other Papers.* Boston, 1902.

I am sorry to have nothing to send you in return. The fact is that I've nothing to say except what other people are trying to say too, and the more they say, the less I seem to feel like imitating them. They do it sufficiently well, and are certainly most industrious.

What I want is fifty million dollars to spend in five years. If you know anyone who will give a trifle like that to a deserving man of ex-letters, you will say something that will produce the liveliest effect on my imagination.[1]

To John Hay

INVERLOCHY CASTLE, FORT WILLIAM, N.B., 26 July, 1902.

. . . .

Your letter of July 11 dropped suddenly into this salmon-pool. It reminded me that somewhere there are people doing things. Since all the nations of the earth suddenly turned round this spring and sang in chorus: 'God bless my soul, let's all do what Hay wants!' I've lost interest in the matter. While all the mules were kicking, it was fun. Now that it has come to the mere drudgery of work, I don't care a copper-share of Amalgamated. Even Joe Chamberlain has come back to orthodoxy, and when I can no longer swear at Joe, what's the use of a devil?

Paddy O'Beirne says that if you are in a way of regularly appointing British ambassadors, couldn't you make him one. I told him that little things like that were hardly suited to our interference as a rule, but, if he wished it, I would attend to it. Spring Rice must have gone back to his post without a sound. No one has had a word from him. In London I caught only a glimpse of the Embassy, and had but half an hour's chat with Carter and White.

On the whole I have seldom known a quieter Europe. Apparently the lid is at last screwed down. Practically there is no longer any bucking against the American régime. Everything is sold ahead. I am only a little curious to know what will become of the Church, which is now getting kicked all round.

---

[1] He sailed May 7 from New York on the *Philadelphia*.

'Now that all the governments and Joe Chamberlain seem suddenly to have turned double-back-somersaults, and to have adopted our views, and returned to Gladstonism, there is nothing more to amuse us. I am out of work.

'A gentle sleep has fallen on us all, after five years of wars, — Spanish, Chinese, Boerish and Philippinish, — and apparently we don't know what to make of it. Even Paris hasn't a fad. We shall end by sitting on Theodore Roosevelt.' — To Gaskell, 11 July, 1902.

I wonder how you would like to be back with us here, as we were in '98 at Surrenden. It gives Don rheumatism, and I am myself as stiff as a senator; but it might help young kids like you, and I'm sure Mrs. Hay would like it. As for treaties, you might negotiate one with the barometer, which needs it bad....[1]

To Brooks Adams

INVERLOCHY CASTLE, FORT WILLIAM, 10 August, 1902.

. . . .

I can see no reason why everybody's business should not now run satisfactorily, for the entire world ought to be starting in for a prodigious development, with no longer any resistance that I can see, except their human limitations. Of course, the problem that bothered us so much between '93 and '98 is now settled. The returns of our iron production are alone decisive about that, and our country is established for at least a century as the centre of human energy. As for western Europe and England, I do not think they are likely to give more trouble for a long time to come. They are very rich in accumulated wealth, and very poor in natural resources, but England has had her bumptiousness knocked out of her, and has settled down to work. She will last our time, no doubt, in her new attitude, and we need not expect any further great change for the present. If my calculations were near the mark, they never proved that England was running behind-hand more than one, or at most two hundred million dollars a year, and at that rate she can run on for fifty years without perceiving it. On the Boer War alone, she wasted twice as much....

In any case, the chapter seems to be over, and I imagine it to be the last in my lifetime.... I see no one, except the 'captains of industry,' who seem to have the smallest importance. The most brilliant men of my time have died, like Bret Harte,[2] without rousing a ripple. Lord Salisbury dropped out the other day [3] without exciting a remark. There is not now a politician in the world whose name is likely to be remembered a dozen years, unless it is Chamberlain, — *et encore.*

I apprehend for the next hundred years an ultimate, colossal, cosmic collapse; but not on any of our old lines. My belief is that science is to wreck us, and that we are like monkeys monkeying with a loaded shell; we don't in the least know or care where our practically infinite energies come from or will bring us to. For myself, it is true; I know no care at all. But the faintest disturbance of equilibrium is felt throughout the solar system, and I feel sure that our power over energy has now reached a point where it must sensibly affect the old adjustment. It is mathematically certain to me that another thirty years of energy-development at the rate of the last century, must reach an *impasse.*

---

[1] 'Oom Hendrik writes from Inverlochy that whatever is, is wrong. He and Don and the *Allerschönste* are all in bed with various bruises and strains.' — John Hay to Lodge, 20 August, 1902. *Letters and Diaries of John Hay*, III. 256.

[2] Died 5 May, 1902.

[3] He resigned the premiership, July 11, 1902.

This is, however, a line of ideas wholly new, and very repugnant to our contemporaries. You will regard it with mild contempt. I owe it only to my having always had a weakness for science mixed with metaphysics. I am a dilution of Lord Kelvin and St. Thomas Aquinas. . . .[1]

---

[1] 'I've finished Thomas Aquinas and the thirteenth century. I'm dying to know how it would look in type — one copy, for me alone.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 3 December, 1902.

'Of our poor old absurd grotesque and puerile political nigger-dance I leave the fun to the fellows who are dancing. That road is quite as barren as scholastic metaphysics; but I bade politics good-bye when I published *Democracy.* Of course the danger of politics is always its antiquated mediaeval death-traps, — machinery made of tarred ropes, now used to lift inmeasurable weights. We may get our necks broken, but science can't save a train that runs into a cañon at a hundred miles an hour. If that don't happen, the next weak point would do the same harm. We are bound to find out the weak points anyhow by running our heads into them.' — To Brooks Adams, 7 October, 1902.

'Your economical law of History is, or ought to be, an Energetic Law of History. Concentration is Energy, whether political or industrial. If I were ten years old, I would educate myself to write that book, and teach that lesson, but I care too little now for God or man to teach anything.' — To the same, 10 November, 1902.

He sailed for the United States, December 27, on the *St. Paul.*

XVII

WASHINGTON AND PARIS

1903

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, 25 January, 1903.

Snow! not much, but wintry! A good day for writing letters and boring you...

As for me, in my intervals of wondering at my own continued existence, I wonder at that of my dear world. Your report of Brooks' conversation makes me think that he had met your dear Wayne here. I have not seen him yet, and therefore am disposed to let the universe live a little longer. My figures coincide in fixing 1950 as the year when the world must go to smash. This gives a comfortable margin for us to get out. As long as we can keep on, doubling up our horse-power every fifteen years, and our minerals do not give out, society will not collapse; but the longer it runs, the jollier the smash will be. Even now our little coal-scrap threatened to freeze whole communities stiff. Forty years hence it would, with the help of a blizzard, leave us as dead as the Apostles. We are the slaves of coal, and must die with our master.

Fifty years will do for me, and, though you are an exception to all rules, I reckon that fifty years will be most enough for you too. The figures tend to check my passion for immortality of fame, so that I look on the stage here with more amusement than ever. How the devil must grin at it!...

Hay bagged two treaties of the utmost importance this week. Panama and Alaska. In the state of Quay, Hanna and the Republican senators, one can see no room for treaties; even jobs hardly go through. Roosevelt has managed to smash Wolcott and elect Teller[1] again. In fact, as far as I can see, politics is a free fight all round. As usual at this season, it looks as though the session would break up in a dead-lock; but we have kept our temper about Venezuela at least, which is in my opinion a merit, for certainly the stupidity and brutality of England and Germany pass experience or belief....

---

[1] Henry Moore Teller (1830–1914).

1 February, 1903.

As for other matters, as usual in February, all is chaos. The Germans are trying our patience very badly indeed, but unless the Kaiser really means trouble, he will soon stop.[1] My only real uneasiness is that he may not be sane. His talk warrants shutting him up, and, in a dynamite magazine lunatics are dangerous. We are sitting on a safety-valve anyway, and for once we know it, all of us, and everybody is absolutely Turveydroppian in manners. The Senate is in its usual tangle. Quay has in a manner bolted the party in order to carry through some elaborate Pennsylvania job or investment out in Arizona or somewhere. Whether any treaty will be touched, far less get through, is pure guess. Speck and Jusserand[2] have arrived, and are already at direct sword's point, — not socially but newspaperly. For me, I hide! I trust that he will re-Speck me, and leave me alone; anyway I shall not call on his wife until the snarl is loosed. My temper is vitriolic about Germany and England, but I am too intimate with all parties to be known to talk. I'm the modestest cuss anyway!...

Our Emperor is more irrepressible than ever, he tells his old stories at every Cabinet dinner for two hours running, and sits in the midst of a score of politicians and reporters describing his preparations for war with Germany. The joke is stale. We laugh but shudder. For a month, since I returned, I have felt in doubt whether I am under the Soufrière or at Koster & Bial's.[3] Is it a volcano or a nigger-minstrel cake-walk? Herbert rushes, — or rather shuffles, about — desperately trying to straighten things out, and worried half thread-bare. You say that Brooks disapproves Root! I suppose Wayne is the source of much of Root's tribulations, if he has any; but I can hear nothing about him. He seems much less prominent than a year ago. Again and again I have asked about him without the smallest result, except the rather gruff one, that: —*he* gets his bills through, anyway. Apparently he is very quiet now. I see that my brother Charles and his anti-imperialist friends with infinite *naïveté* complain that Root lies. Yet they all have known politicians for half a century. In a rather voluminous work which you never saw, published in the age of Pisistratus, I myself explained in ten volumes the amount of veracity of which a statesman, under favorable conditions was capable. Politics being a conventional assumption of untruth, politicians are expressions of those untruths. The biggest liar is therefore necessarily the reformer, for he lies double: to himself and to the public.

---

[1] The German gunboat *Panther* bombarded a Venezuelan port.

[2] Jean Adrien Antoine Jules Jusserand (1855–1932).

[3] A music hall in New York.

Root lies, no doubt, damnably. The best New York politician I ever knew well — Abram Hewitt[1] — was always accused of lying, and freely accused everyone else of lying. I guess both must be right.

If anything more is the matter, I don't yet know it. The whole situation is muddled, and like to be more so. There is nothing to divide parties or persons, and, barring color, I see nothing possible. . . .

8 February, 1903.

. . . .

Hay comes as usual for his walk. For an hour we talk treaties, Bowen,[2] Herbert, Senate and White House. Every morning Theodore has a new scare for him about the Senate, or a new fancy for some gymnastic trick to dazzle the oysters; but thus far, the track runs smooth for us, and very rough for poor Herbert, whom Bowen treats like a cinched mule, while Lansdowne is swearing blue streaks that he will take Bowen's life and liver. Bowen is a regular American bruiser, with a hide like a tortoise, and a vast sense of self. He is in with all the press, and sweeps approval from all the lunch-counters. Herbert can't deal with him, and goes to bed with rage. Speck keeps very quiet, and will trip up Herbert yet, if Bowen plays the game. Absolutely, Lansdowne is now at a loss whether to break with Bowen, or to beat him blue. Hay wants to get the thing settled. I want to drive Germany and England to the Hague. We are all playing cross games, but no one really wants trouble, and the tangle will probably work loose very soon.

I have now been at home for a month and am already looking forward. The winter, and its possibilities, are over. The spring is on us, bringing Miles and booms and new chances. . . . As for me, my one real pleasure is to fuss over the twelfth century and translate little prayers to the Virgin, and bits of arguments whether the universe has any sense or not. The question interests me, now that I can figure out on my chart exactly the year when we have got to decide this question or bust. If my fifty millions had come in, I should be indifferent to the philosophy of it, but what is life without fifty millions? What is Paris without an automobile! Ask the Humberts![1] a prison!

---

[1] Abram Stevens Hewitt (1822–1903).

[2] Herbert Wolcott Bowen (1856–1927), minister to Venezuela. At this time a combined squadron of British, French, and Italian vessels was blockading Venezuelan ports to enforce long outstanding claims of those nations.

All the same, my twelfth-century manuscript has swelled and swelled to the size of an ox, so that I can't afford to print it, as I meant. A private edition of fifty copies would cost at least fifteen hundred dollars, and I prefer Ming potiches. Think of giving up twenty Ming potiches for the vanity of a twentieth volume! As for publishing it at the expense of a thief in calf-binding, the idea is worse than shameful. My only hope of heaven is the Virgin. If I tried to vulgarize her, and make her as cheap as cow-boy literature, I should ask for eternal punishment as a favor. Magazine literature would be noble, compared with mine....

Langley also came in, on Sunday to dinner, looking well, I thought, but much depressed about something. He does not explain what it is, which is foolish, for one's mind instantly speculates and, as the only profitable profession here is blackmail, I always imagine that to be the bottom of every situation. Public and private affairs are all the same; the blackmailer fastens on all. As you know, I have since being alone, never allowed a woman to enter the house, unless I knew her. I have now extended the same law to men. Life is poisoned by terror of possible lies which cannot be disproved. I don't suppose it is so bad as it was formerly, when society lied against itself, as one sees in the French memoirs; women do not now slander each other so much, and men make common cause as a rule; but the professional woman-blackmailer of the low-down type is lurking everywhere. She now chooses people recently dead, to tack a lie to; and few of the exposed ones escape. In politics the business of lying is also as active as ever, but the Tom-fool business is worse. I am becoming very seriously uneasy lest Theodore's antics end by losing the State of New York and all the money in the party. His gratuitous messes are very annoying to nervous old men.

15 February, 1903.

. . . .

Mrs. Hay, having returned leaving her [Helen's] babe behind her, sent John and me some eighteen miles into Maryland yesterday to buy the Calvert place, Mount Airy, down the river, but some ten miles from it. We drove down in the State Department wagon. Of course Mount Airy sounds like Windsor Castle, and one admires the lady who can buy so swell a thing. Really the place is rather swell, too; near a thousand acres; superb trees; and buildings, such as they are, going back to the beginning. We found the excursion quite interesting. The poor old Calverts, brother and sister,[1] lived there in a poverty that would have disgusted an Italian organ-grinder in a New York tenement-house, and died at 90 odd, leaving their family relics to be sold at auction. The 'mansion' is an early farmhouse, with a foolish pair of columns added for show. The grounds are terraced, and the gardens very prettily laid out, though quite waste now. We cast up accounts, and calculated that if the place could be bought for ten thousand dollars, and ten thousand more were spent on patching the old buildings so as to stand up; then thirty thousand more on a new house, avenues and gardens; one could run it on about five thousand a year, and make a very pretty place of it. So we reported to Mrs. Hay. As she wants it, really, as a toy for Clarence, and his gardening tastes, I think her ideas did not go beyond the first ten thousand, and we shall have to look elsewhere....[2]

---

[1] A family of French financial swindlers, convicted 22 August, 1903.

None of the diplomatic ladies of foreign birth seem to succeed here. I suspect they are *intrigantes*. Little Cassini has been formally suppressed, but not by us. Mme. de Quadt[3] has sat on her. We rather expect that de Quadt himself will follow Holleben into disgrace, and that Speck will follow both. As yet I've not seen Speck, but he has at last settled his job with Venezuela;[4] and we are still figuring to see whether Bülow or Balfour has lost consideration most. Certainly here in Washington both governments are now regarded as irresponsible imbeciles or idiots. Without exception, I think, everyone in politics and the press looks on those two governments as they do on the South American; as people to be humored, bought, and kept at arms' length. Hay astounded himself and me by getting his Alaska Treaty through the Senate without a vote. No one except old Morgan stands in the way of the Canal Treaty. Quay still holds up the Government for his little private steal, or job; but Morgan is the only man who seems to black-mail us on foreign affairs....

---

[1] Caecilius B. and Eleanor A. Calvert.

[2] 'Hay having bought Mount Airy, I suppose Mrs. Hay will devote herself to plans and arrangements for fitting it up. A charming abandoned corner of the world it is, with the full tang of the old Maryland melancholy and helpless unself-conscious self consciousness, like a southern drawl. Nothing would amuse me more than to put it in order, on contract, but summers are warm in Prince Georges County and I prefer my Opéra Comique. I am hungry for Mary Garden.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 15 March, 1903. Hay did not buy the Calvert Estate.

[3] Wife of Count A. von Quadt-Wykradt Isny, Counselor of the German Embassy.

[4] On February 13, Great Britain, Germany and Italy came to an agreement for settling their affairs with Venezuela at Washington and two weeks later France, Mexico, Holland and the United States accepted it.

Perhaps you don't want to know that tomorrow is my birthday? and perhaps you don't feel a little sick when you remember that I am sixty-five? or do you care a straw anyway? After all, there are too many anxieties afloat to bother much about the certainties. Probably people have been as old as sixty-five before me, though I never knew one. Old George Bancroft[1] was never more than forty. Only, I wish it was over! nothing annoys me more than the sense of preparing to start on a journey, especially paying my bills and catching the train. One hates to disturb one's friends, too!

Tuesday. Two days of rain and sleet have shut me up in the house so that I've seen no one. On Sunday I passed an hour with Bessie's baby. By the bye, as I left my house I was slanged by two ruffians swaggering up the street with collars turned up in the rain, and vulgar clothes. It was Austin Wadsworth[2] and the President of these United. ... Hay tells me that Gussy's seat is said to have been the most expensive ever bought in the House. Cabot came in that evening and talked till eleven about everything. His information was none of it new to me. I find that pretty much everything drifts past my ears, and sometimes more than I want; but one point concerned me. Cabot is to go to London on the Alaska Commission early in May....

1 March, 1903.

. . . .

At last the man I sought, the coruscating lime-light of enthusiasm, John Sargent. Holy Virgin, how useless civility is, when you have an artist to handle! Still, I did my little phrase-book, and he looked as irresponsive as ever, and so he soared to heaven. I've not seen his Roosevelt.[3] His Hay[4] is good, but, as I tell Hay, it will take a few years to show me just what meanness I hadn't, in forty years intimacy, fully recognized in him. Hay derides me and says it's all right; he is only just the ornery *bourgeois* and average cad, he is. Better so! After all, in twenty years, who will care! All the same, Sargent is stodgy!

---

[1] George Bancroft (1800–1891).

[2] William Austin Wadsworth (1847–1918).

[3] 'At Fischer's yesterday to see the Sargent portrait of Roosevelt.... The portrait is good Sargent and not very bad Roosevelt. It is not Theodore, but a young intellectual idealist with a taste for athletics, which I take to be Theodore's idea of himself. It is for once less brutal than its subject, and will only murder everything in the White House. Of course we all approve it. Indeed it offers nothing to criticise except Sargent.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 8 March, 1903.

[4] 'Uncle Henry [Adams] is very funny about it. I think he likes it but he would die before he said so. Just to make me howl with rage, he says it looked like Senator Hale.' — John Hay to Mrs. Whitney, 27 February, 1903. *Letters and Diaries of John Hay*, III. 268.

He came in to see me before he left for Boston, and was pleased to say that Washington seemed pleasanter than New York. I can understand how an American catches English manners; and how do they catch English minds! especially how do they keep such in these days when the English mind is no longer good form even in England. The generation of Harry James and John Sargent is already as fossil as the buffalo. The British middle-class must be exterminated without remorse....

Beneath or beyond all this personal soapsuds, is the squeeze of politics which has reached its usual violence. The only thing that affects us personally is the Alaska affair. Laurier[1] kicks hard against Cabot. He kicks also at Root and Turner, but I feel that Cabot is the real pill.[2] Whenever Canada raises a bristle, Theodore roars like a Texas steer, and ramps round the ring screaming for instant war, and ordering a million men instantly to arms. All this suits me not at all, because I want Sister Anne to sail with me in May, and any change of arrangement will put me out....

With the utmost difficulties and by the final point-blank refusal to receive him, Theodore has stopped the King of Belgium's visit.[3] The old man actually undertook to force an invitation, and, after rebuff on rebuff, nothing remained at last but to tell him flatly that he would not be received. He is naturally furious, and will wreak it on poor Moncheur,[4] but a Belgian is tanned. For once I was even more pronounced than all the others on this point, though everyone was clear that we could not set a precedent so troublesome as that of inviting European kings to be shot at all over the continent. My alternative was to tell him to come and be damned, but not as our official guest.

Edwin Morgan[5] came in to dinner last evening and gave me another view of men, women, and things. He sees it all as a chip does the stream. I look on from the shore. Apparently he comes to about the usual conclusions. His great astonishment is the nursery-like propriety and morality of Washington, which, he says, exceeds all known example. I suggest that it is due to the fact that there are no young men. Also that there is no young money. It is bewildering, but I believe true, that while, in the last ten years we must have enriched ourselves to an extent that dwarfs all human experience, and is only expressed by coal-and-iron production, and horse-power machinery, we seem here in Washington no richer, we show no more display; no more style; no more diversity, than in '93. The art-sales in New York this winter seem to me to show a decline in values. Ordinary *objets-d'art*, not of excessive rarity, are cheap. Many of the highest-price things were bought for Europe. Excepting Mrs. Patterson's house which Stanford White built on Dupont Circle, near the Leiters, nothing very good has been built. Something very bad has been built by Walsh[1] near the Pattens. Larz Anderson is building something next them. There are no other new houses that I know, but a swarm of huge tenement buildings, steam-heated, for cheap people. All stocks are as low or lower than a year ago. My own income is less than in a dozen years. Of course the rich are borrowing to invest ahead, which keeps them poor, but why are our dividends always less? This continent absorbs money like water. Nothing gets near finish, or will, for a century.

---

[1] Sir Wilfrid Laurier (1841–1919), Canadian Premier.

[2] The agreement on the Alaskan Commission called for three eminent jurists from the United States, a condition hardly satisfied by the appointment of Elihu Root, Senator Lodge and ex-Senator George Turner.

[3] Leopold II (1835–1909).

[4] Baron Moncheur, Minister of Belgium at Washington.

[5] Edwin Vernon Morgan (1865–1934).

To Raphael Pumpelly

1603 H STREET, 6 March, 1903.

I see no difficulty about your letters and introductions,[2] and will speak to Herbert Pierce. Hay is down south.

I would like to go with you, but should be in the way, and have neither knowledge nor money enough to help. You want very spry men. Fifteen years ago I should have gone like an automobile.

Then things seemed simple. I thought I understood something, especially geology seemed to have some connection or relation. In fact, I rather supposed we knew about that ice-cap and watercap, all within times recorded in human history. Now I think I will wait for your report, but please, if possible, don't tell me that there was an ice-dam all round the world which backed the waters up on top of the North Pole. I can conceive two or three theories which have as much right to existence as that.

[1] Thomas James Walsh (1859–1933).

[2] To Central Asia.

In fact, I want a new theory, and shall wait with great interest for yours. None seems to me as yet to hold that water. You've no idea how much more the water bothers me than the ice does. Everything I have hitherto read about that ice, not to speak of that water, had made me feel weak in the knees and sad on account of my geological friends who suddenly became feeble-minded when obliged to touch theory. Indeed my geological friends did not confine their weakness altogether to theory. They have shown a singular want of interest in establishing the simplest general facts. They have given a local observation here, and taken one there, but as yet we've not got a survey even of our northern glacial ice-cap or its water; and as for the southern, which is more essential to theory just now, I can find out nothing about it. So good luck to you! may you tell us something about that glacial water which appears to have lain on central Europe and Asia pretty much all the time since the pre-archaic, and deposited pretty near all of both continents. It will bear a heap of study, I am sure; but I've a terrible fear that the early trade routes now run under the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean.

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, 22 March, 1903.

. . . .

The Hays have returned, as Theodore said he would, 'when his enemies have gone,' that is, the senators; and certainly the senators must hate Hay as well as Theodore and all the world besides with a deadly antipathy, for everyone's voice is loud against them and they are very sore. I see a senator rarely, but he always bears a hang-dog look and a vicious temper. They have at last managed after a fashion to adopt two treaties about which there was no opposition, and therefore some three months unnecessary delay. In doing it, they have spoiled the Cuban treaty for the purposes it was made for, and have turned it into a furious attack on Germany. Panama will now go through unless Germany makes trouble in Colombia as she is believed to have done in Saint Thomas. Nothing is more curious to me than to see the sudden change of our national susceptibilities. Down to 1898 our *bête noir* was England. Now we pay little or no attention to England; we seem to regard her as our property; but we are ridiculous about Germany. The idea of a wretched little power like Germany, with no coast, no colonies, and no coal, attacking us, seems to me too absurd for a thought, but Cabot and Theodore and the Senate and Moody[1] seem to have it on the brain, and we are spending a great many millions of dollars in providing against it. My limited view sees Germany now as out of the race. I think she is a busted concern; but she may have one more fight left in her, which will have to be for expansion east, not west. Economically I regard her as done. She is down on the hard pan of competition with mighty little chance of gaining any more points either on France or England or us.

My statesmanship is still all in China, where the last struggle for power is to come. China is bound to go to pieces, and every year is a long step to the bad. The only country now on the spot is Russia, and if Russia organizes China as an economical power, the little drama of history will end in the overthrow of our clumsy western civilization. We never can compete with Asia, and Chinese coal and labor, organized by a Siberian system. In that event I allow till 1950 to run our race out. It does not interest me enough to hang on for it another half century.

All the same, we keep up a sharp thinking about it, and one cannot any longer say that we do not care. Indeed, except for that, I feel no great concern in affairs. The only serious trouble now, at home, is not party but wages. The labor of our common sort seems to have developed a system of blackmailing society which society submits to. The capitalist robbed us, but had an interest in letting us have what we wanted. The laborer blackmails us under pretence of robbing the capitalist. His strikes are always against us, in order to impoverish us, and so affect capital. To me, it is all one. Between the two gentle tyrants, I was long ago squashed. My class is quite extinct, as a class, and only the organizations have survived to employ us as individuals in their service. The class was anyway not worth saving, and I am not going to try to save it; but now all the money-men are howling murder and telling us to sell all we have and bury it in the back yard because there isn't any money, and all there is, they need for labor-strikes. Every day I hear the same song. The bears promise to knock stocks all to pieces by next autumn. British Consols are already at 90. Steel Trust Preferred is at 86. Oliver Payne[2] says that the best way is to sell and put the money into a stocking. I don't believe a word of it as far as concerns us; but who knows how England and Germany stand? I believe both to be hollow and unsound. We are running both, and it may be that there is trouble ahead on that side; but certainly not here. If we stood the anthracite strike, we can stand any domestic strain....

---

[1] William Henry Moody (1853–1917), Secretary of the Navy.

[2] Oliver Hazard Payne (1839–1917).

Tuesday. Three days of heavy rain have shut down my society. Yesterday Hitty went home, and left me quite alone with no occupation at all.[1] Hay comes to walk as usual, but even he, though the centre of the world, has no longer any particular interest to discuss. Nothing is left for him to do. The Senate has choked off his reciprocity policy which McKinley depended upon for foreign affairs, and Denmark has choked St. Thomas. Except the Canadian complications, notning needs him here....

Still, the Canadian business gives not a quarter of the real anxiety that China does. Any month may precipitate another crisis there. The partition or occupation of China is regarded as almost inevitable, and we — that is, Rockhill and I — don't know how to meet it. The Senate is in the way. We can neither act nor stand apart. We know what we want to do, but we cannot do it....[2]

WASHINGTON, April 12, 1903.

. . . .

My actual pleasure at this season is to go out into the country on these exquisite spring mornings. You've no idea how charming my country residence is, at ten o'clock on a soft April morning, and how cheery St. Gaudens's figure can be. It is the pleasanter because my house in town is becoming uninhabitable. A big tenement house has been started on the Corcoran garden filling the whole space between the Club and Chauncey Depew. The chance that I can hold out here till I move permanently to Rock Creek is a very narrow one. Confound these world catastrophes! Why should I have fallen on just the one era when the world won't stay still! If I have to go, I shall give it up, and start fresh.

---

[1] 'My great work on the Virgin is complete even to the paging, and I've no occupation.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 15 March, 1903.

[2] 'The change in Hay is to me the most trying of all. Office has wreaked its fatal will on him, as it always does and must on all its victims. He is now the statesman pure and complete. He feels it pathetically, but has ceased to struggle. All but the official is dead or paralysed. Socially or intellectually he is only a phantom, and shrinks from sight. Every day he comes still, and we pass a couple of hours together, but it is not a pleasure any longer to him, for the effort to keep in my world is more and more difficult for him; and the routine of office is his only real interest. He knows it, and is at times miserable about it, but the terror of the end is over his mind, and he curls up in a helpless heap waiting the *coup-de-grace.*' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 5 April, 1903.

Not that I am alone! In fact, this week, I am about the jolliest fellow to be met. The sudden decision of the Circuit Court on the Merger case has knocked the stomach out of Wall Street. At last I, too, am scared. Spite of prosperity, one may break one's neck. Under this decision we own no stock whatever which is not at the mercy of any scoundrel who cares to enter suit against the corporation. Indeed we are wholly at the mercy of every gust of fear. As a convinced conservative Christian anarchist I am greatly interested in seeing my theories tested, and shall watch the result as I watched the anthracite strike, with the greatest interest but I shall turn all my loose stock into cash. With a boarding-house bully like Theodore as President and a political system fit only for Poland in the middle-ages, one can't safely run a twenty-million-horse-power automobile at full speed over our roads. Wall Street has stood the blow altogether too well. Knowing what Pierpont Morgan and all the capitalists have been saying, and are thinking, I can only infer that there will be steady selling for an indeterminate time, with a possible panic in the end. If I can manage to go to Paris with a little spare cash, I shall sit down in my attic to watch the storm....

The Court has let the devils loose, and no power can shut them up again. I, who am but a worm, could bring suit against at least a score of corporations in which I own stock.... Under the decision, not even a private partnership is lawful, which may have a possible result of restricting competition. The principle is my own; it is pure anarchy; it is sound philosphy, and it is ultimate truth, but it puts the axe, thank God, at the root of civilization and society. Bay and I quiver with delight. For the first time, we are running the machine, like the amiable Pennell at Buffalo, straight into the quarry.

Only I fear that, with their confounded practical common-sense, our people will realize it, and invent some practical working system. This we shall soon see. Thus far, not a sign of it has been visible. The administration has refused even to think about it.

Tuesday. Wall Street seems yesterday to have caught on. Apparently we are all agreed that the principles of anarchy are to be applied. Theodore must make me Secretary of the Treasury. No one connected with the actual government has the faintest notion that the universe is chaos and they are maggots. The confusion for two or three years must be helpless. Only Congress and the Supreme Court, acting together, can stop it, with the President pressing his best; and neither of those intelligent parties will act rapidly. The country has broken its legs and can't get up. I have outlived another world, and shall see more fun.

My wild ambition sees already the Republican Party broken up; Theodore reelected on a platform of pure anarchy that I shall write; and a Cabinet which I shall rule.

If not I, then some one else who is mad as Wayne or me. For three years at least I can see nothing but chaos. One must have time to think. The results are so far-reaching that society will shake under the shock, and one can't see the end. As yet I've nothing to go by, except the principles of my C.C.A. I've not yet seen even the morning papers and have talked with no one. I meant to sell some stock for pocket-money, but it is too late. The thing dropped on us out of the sky.

The hatred which Wall Street felt for Theodore must now become vindictive passion, and the next campaign will be violent. However I turn the thing round, the worse it seems, and I can see no way out. But, after all, perhaps it is only one of my dreams. As yet nothing is broken. Our people are quick and practical, and have not yet lost their heads. We will see what happens today. You will know it all tomorrow, and can read my terrors with calmness. Indeed I am a miserable coward without faith in religion or science or anyone but the Virgin....

WASHINGTON, 19 April, 1903.

At last some blue sky has struggled back after a week of deluge and gloom. Lucky if we do not sweat for it in heat and drought before July. You seem to have had it too. All the same, the summer has come, and I am flitting soon.

The financial storm broke on Monday so violently that it scared Wall St. steady. The big men stopped it, and made the prices. The strength these men show is a bad omen for our naughty boy Theodore. It is war, now, to the last dollar. I regard the State of New York as lost. How it is to be regained I do not know; but I am quite sure that not a dollar can be got for Theodore's campaign. None could be got last autumn, and the bitterness is far greater now. It is natural and warranted. Theodore began his war on them by a foul blow. To this day he has never consulted a single member of his Cabinet. Not one word has he said to anybody. The Attorney General [Knox] has only followed instructions. His war on Pierpont Morgan has been wholly personal, in what he thought his own political interests, and you know, as well as I do, what Wall Street does when men try to kick.

Unless the invariable experience of a century is to be reversed, Theodore will be crushed, but what confusion he may make first, who can tell? he is quite mad, and gorged with flattery. His Courts and heelers will go before his wishes. The whole fabric of industry lies already at his mercy. Everybody about him is trembling. The most scared are those nearest him. Apparently he cannot stop the stream he has started, and must follow where it leads. Every crank and anarchist in America is cheering him on, except me; and I am cold only because the movement is silly and premature, and the rebellion is sure to be crushed. Wayne and I agree only on one point — Anarchy is not due before 1930.

Meanwhile no one has the remotest idea how we are to get out of the hole into which your amiable uncle[1] dumped us, and, in my own private view of the matter, we can't get out. At least twenty of our largest corporations must live subject to blackmail. As for that, blackmail seems to be now the only law. The principle is universally adopted. The Trades Unions have no other. It is also called the Survival of the Fittest.

All this is not my talk, but the talk of everyone who has capital, and of many who want it. The new century is working up to its new tasks. The old leaders are very blue.

Socially we jog on as usual.

In the afternoon to my astonishment Hay insisted on going to a foot- [base-]ball match — Georgetown–Harvard. We went and howled properly. . . .

He [St. Gaudens] has brought on his reliefs of the MacVeaghs, Horace Gray, Nina Mason[2] and Hetty Evarts.[3] They are just what Sargent is not — refined and artistic. They are what one wants to be. Even Horace Gray seems almost genial, and Wayne almost rational. I wish St. Gaudens were doing a bigger subject, but he is half afraid to leave the little track of his cameo — i.e. education.[4] At dinner the other evening we were chaffing St. Gaudens because of his Rock Creek figure, which he has to tell the meaning of. As he never could use words at all, and least in explaining thoughts, he stumbles over it wearily. His wife, as usual, gets impatient, for she says it is now their favorite joke that whenever they go out to dinner here some one always drags St. Gaudens into a corner and says: 'Do tell me what you meant in that figure?' As La Farge, in his introspective way remarked, he might answer that the figure was meant to express whatever was in the mind of the spectator; but this would be too fine. To a wearily historical mind like mine, it is curious that what would have been elementary to every other age of mankind, and which any beggar of Benares or of Tokio would read at a glance, is a sealed mystery to the American mind. As I sit there, and listen to the comments of the stream of visitors, I am astounded at the actually torpid perceptions of the average American; and the worst of all is the clerical preacher. He can see nothing but Despair. He shows what his own mind is full of; but the idea of Thought has been wholly effaced.

---

[1] John Sherman.

[2] Anna (Nina) Lyman Mason (Mrs. John Chipman Gray).

[3] Hettie Sherman Evarts, daughter of William Maxwell Evarts (1818–1901) and wife of Charles Cotesworth Beaman (1840–1900).

[4] He had served under Jules Le Brethon, a shell-cameo cutter.

Thought really is effaced. No one thinks, or knows, or ever did know what it is to think, in America, or ever in our time will care to know. The Unions are our only thought, except the corporations, and the application of power.[1]

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS, 14 June, 1903.

From your letter, I infer that you are in town. Apparently it is the best place to be in. As yet I've not been tempted to leave it, and, except for the length of daylight, I have to guess the season. It suits me very well.

What suits me less well is the apparent dead-high-tide about us. For my immortal soul, dyspepsia from over-feeding has become chronic. Your letter instances several cases: — e.g. Lord Kelvin[2] with his radium and atheism, and his frank confession that neither he nor his antagonists know what they mean. Forty years ago, our friends always explained things and had the cosmos down to a point, *teste* Darwin and Charles Lyell. Now they say that they don't believe there is any explanation, or that you can choose between half-a-dozen, all correct. The Germans are all balled up. Every generalisation that we settled forty years ago, is abandoned. The one most completely thrown over is our gentle Darwin's Survival which has no longer a leg to stand on. I interpret even Kelvin as throwing it over.

Our friend Joe Chamberlain is a political example of the same thing.

---

[1] He sailed from New York May 6, on the *New York*.

[2] William Thomson, Baron Kelvin (1824–1907).

He has thrown over all our old laws of politics, and really is right, at least in the sense that Kelvin is right. No one knows.

The automobile business is a practical illustration. It has exploded all our nineteenth century commodities. Our roads are little more than the old mule-tracks of the Romans. Every great city is now constructing a three-tier system: — underground; ground level; and high-level, electric railways; and already this is insufficient. New York will have twenty million people in another fifty years, and all will have to be carried up and down every day.

We have got to spend something fabulous on our roads alone. In America we must create them. To you respectable old country gentlemen of the sixteenth century, all this muddle comes easy; but to Americans it does not come easy at all. We are looking ahead to a kind of strangulation. Three hundred million people running an automobile of a hundred million horsepower, at full speed, without roads to run on, and without the smallest idea where we are going or want to go, is a new problem in planetary history. I've been watching it all winter in Washington, with the whole apparatus of government to enlighten me; and now I'm studying it here as history and science. The only result is to figure out, by both processes, an *impasse* within thirty years. The mechanical problem is easily figured out, for one arrives at the limits of the possible very soon; the difficulty begins with the impossible. We know so very little, and all wrong.

Poor old nineteenth century! It is already as far off as Descartes and Newton.

You have not answered my question about our breakfast at Sir Henry's [Holland] and William Everett's dinner, if it was a dinner, at Cambridge.[1] What year was it, '62 or '63; and what year did you come up to read law? I want to make some calculations of figures on it. What will be the next term of an equation or series like this: — 1823 : 1863 :: 1903 : x. Figure it out in coal-production; horsepower; thermo-dynamics; or, if you like, just simply in fields — space, energy, time, thought, or mere multiplicity and complexity. My whole interest is to get at a value for that x before I break up, which is an *x* more easily calculated.

The gentle mathematicians and physicists still cling to their laws of thermo-dynamics, and are almost epileptic in their convulsive assurances that they have reached there a generalisation which will hold good. Perhaps it will. Who cares? Already it is like all the rest of our old structure. It explains nothing. Science has given up the whole fabric of cause and effect. Even time-sequence is beginning to be threatened. I should not at all wonder if some one should upset time. As for space, it is upset already. We did that sixty years ago, with electricity. I imagine that in another sixty years, if my x sequence works out regularly, we must be communicating throughout space, by x rays, with systems infinitely distant from us, but finitely distant from each other; a mathematical problem to be solved by non-Euclidean methods.

---

[1] *Education*, 204.

Anyway we are to reach the *impasse* within another Kelvin lifetime, as far as I can understand the figures. Whether we stop there, or break our necks, is singularly unimportant to us.

I've nothing new to send you from here. Books swarm like maggots, but I no longer read pornography and no one now writes history, criticism, travels or poetry. Rostand's Academy speech was pretty.[1] Would you like it?

To John Hay

PARIS, 15 September, 1903.

. . . .

You need not groan about your form of imbecility. I know it, for I have it. You are, no doubt, a poor creature; but from what I gather of the European governments, you are still capable relatively of going about alone. The situation in the East seems to be not the result of dead-lock, friction or resistance, so much as of loss of energy. The situation in the Balkans, as stated to me in the words of the various *Chancelleries*, is a situation of mental inability to decide anything. Each party hopes the others will suggest something. As for Russia, I've exhausted my resources to find out whether de Witte's change of position is promotion or disgrace. Here it was regarded as the latter. It is my solemn belief that no one knows — not even de Witte. Strange as life is, it seems to me that we've now reached the point we could foresee; when our acts evidently decide themselves mechanically, not as a consequence of will or thought, but of a situation; they are *ex post facto*, and all governments wait for the post-office, and inquire for the fact.

Please tell Helen that I've quite failed to get any answer at all from Rodin about her bronzes. He refuses to say anything.

---

[1] Delivered 4 June, 1903.

Apparently you all will bust at home, and nobody shall help you. Queer case! everyone is prosperous, and just scared to death for fear the other fellow will get frightened. It is a state of mind like hysteria. It will run its course, no doubt, but its course is expensive. This automobile business, when the machine takes to running itself, is as worrysome as a baby with a tooth. Luckily paupers are rich when rich become paupers. I sit on my Louis xv style and continue to smile while you sell good stocks.

All the same, I am interested, and curious for that true star-light which surrounds you alone. Yesterday closed Joe Chamberlain's Cabinet battle.[1] The newspaper reports leave me muddled about it; but rather suggest a compromise; abandonment of the colonial-empire scheme, and acceptance of 'fair trade.'

I have not yet seen any clear account of Joe's plan, but am curious to see whether Canada is out of it.

If we tide over November and the New Year without any more smash, and if the returning glaciers do not bar passage across the ocean, I shall perhaps turn up to see your grimaces as you writhe in the strong grasp of Colombia and Canada. As everything is, at bottom, a matter of money, I suppose you can always buy your way out, but it will in the end come cheaper to buy Colombia outright, and rent Canada.

Unfortunately for you, you will never again recover that early sense of the good, the true and the virtuous which would enable you to feel the divinity of my Louis xv furniture.

To Brooks Adams

PARIS, 6 October, 1903.

. . . .

Being almost wholly dependent for my own life on the social side, which is necessarily a very narrow and precarious one, I care less about the political or economical sides. In fact, both strike me as things that had better be watched without meddling. The great difficulty of learning the facts, and the greater one of putting them together, stagger me. The conclusions of practical people seem to me rather sensible; to have no conclusions at all.

Your English pupils seem to me to have taken your lecture upside down. Not that I pretend to understand Balfour and Chamberlain!

---

[1] He resigned from the Ministry, September 17, 1903.

For a number of years, after listening to them with what care I could command, I have felt absolutely sure that they did not understand themselves. Their followers have more precise notions, and if I gather their idea, it is a pretty concrete one. My own conclusion from the statistics of fifty years was that the English, having grown very rich, had grown indifferent and cared only to spend their money, which seemed rational. The corrective would come when they had no more money to spend. Then they would have to go to work again, and use their unequalled advantages in order to earn their living. I understood this to be the point of your magisterial lectures to them; but they seem to reject this view entirely. They propose to abandon the effort to think or work, and to lie down on their colonies within walls of protection....

The *National Review* for September contains a volume on the British situation which seems to me as stupid and inexact as anything I have read on the subject, but it is intended, I suppose, as an official platform. Cobden was a burning genius beside such old-English reaction, as it strikes my mind; but perhaps my mind was early forced out of focus by compulsory contact with the British instinct. With me, Briticism is an *idée fixe*....

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS [Friday], 30 October, 1903.

. . . .

I am reading Morley's *Gladstone* with interest, especially the first volume. Having written a good deal of biography myself, its difficulties present themselves to my eyes with some bluntness. The ice is always thin in spots. Gladstone's mind at best was feebly polarised. A weak magnet deflected it. I have read nothing about the wonderful experience I lived through in England, in 1863, that has astounded me quite so much as Morley's Vol. II, pp. 75–86. Gladstone's own biographical note, p. 81, raised my few remaining white hairs stiff with horror. Can it be credible that he could dream such a confession, — however acceptable to a priest in the confessional, acting for a respectable deity who can't be hurt, — could be admitted by a serious critic whose life was very nearly the sacrifice of his deliberate attack?[1] You can tell Morley, if you ever talk with him about it, that one of his readers, who thought he could understand and even accept Manning, finds himself totally unable to understand Gladstone. Of course I mean understanding in any sense of logical consistency. In the Jesuitical sense, it is only too easy.

---

[1] *Education*, 155, 176.

As for Chamberlain, he is just such another, as I see him, only his is a Birmingham Jesuitry. As my brother Brooks and I were among the first to study and open this problem in 1893–97, and as we emptied it to our own satisfaction, I have read Chamberlain's statements and followed his policy with interest. My own conclusions were different. It seemed to me that a country enjoying England's unapproached advantages, and running probably half the artificial power of the world with one third the output of coal, was already protected enough. If she failed to compete with a poor and heavily handicapped people like the Germans, or an isolated, distant and high-priced people like the Americans, it must be for want of energy or of intelligence or of will. If this is the case, you may as well shut yourselves up as not. Nothing will do any good. The only chance was to let starvation and ruin stimulate energy again; but if the energy is exhausted, protection may ease decline. It is an opiate in such a rheumatic state of the system; and at the age of England and me, opiates are sometimes life.

So I stand neutral. Build up the wall, and lie down inside on your colonies! France did it ten years ago successfully, though, to be sure, France lives on our vices — the richest kind of revenue!

PARIS [Sunday], 15 November, 1903.

Before I sail, — and it may be in a week or a month, — I feel as though a kind of pious duty required my writing you a letter of sympathy about Morley's murder of Gladstone. Not that the world will ever know the dead! On the contrary, the world will no doubt regard Morley as giving, rather than taking, life; but to you the double view must be serious. Gladstone was a very decisive element in your life, and came near being so in mine.

Morley has made a conscientious effort, only too visible. The result is to me painful. These twelfth-century, *a priori*, heroic characters cannot and ought not to be sympathetic. Gladstone believed himself to be divinely inspired, a direct mouthpiece and agent of God. Every entry in his diary shows it. Look at the weird extract Vol. III, p. 310. He was pure Cromwell. Such a man should not be sympathetic. He draws his power from another source. He is by essence egotist. The effect on me of the *Life* is to paint the man exactly as he seemed to me, forty years ago, but more crude. I had not supposed him to be so essentially commonplace in mind and taste, or so warped in thought. I can hardly recall two remarks or observations made by him in the whole book that remain in the memory as original, and as for his taste, he had none, except for second-rate porcelain, that I can discover; for I call Homer education, not in him a taste. In fact, he owned it, and this modesty or self-knowledge is his one sympathetic quality; or would be, if it did not smell of the cloister and the hair-cloth.

Of course in him, as in most people, there were two or three or a dozen men; in these emotional, abnormal natures, there are never less than three. When excited, natures appear, one on top of another, till insanity, or absolute dissolution of unity, comes. Contradictory qualities are the law, not the exception. He was full of them. He played parts like a Roman Catholic Jesuit Pope who is trained to deceive himself and is supremely honest in self-deception. This mediaeval type is unintelligible outside the Church and the training.

As a parallel character, one should study the Life of Renan.[1] Both men were trying to do the same thing, — orient their minds to the mind of their time. Both started from the thirteenth century, and neither got to the twentieth; but, of the two, I very strongly suspect that Morley has much more real sympathy with Renan and his honest failure. He at least saw something besides himself. He saw that he could not see.

In short, my impression is that two men gain greatly in the story. One is old Palmerston; the other, John Bright. Of course, Morley's amusing *coups de griffe* at Chamberlain are calculated to delight all parties. As usual, he succeeds in discrediting the Tories better than in defending his own party. As his optimism is an imposed stage-rôle, he is very right to display it with great moderation. A most difficult task, — if not impossible, — and I hope he will be politically stronger for it.

To Henry James

PARIS, 18 November, 1903.

Although you, like most men of toil, hate to be bored, I can hardly pass over your last work without boring you to the extent of a letter. We have reached a time of solar antiquity when nothing matters, but still we feel what used to be called the law of gravitation, mass, or attraction, and obey it.

---

[1] Joseph Ernest Renan (1823–1892).

More than ever, after devouring your William Story,[1] I feel how difficult a job was imposed on you. It is a *tour de force*, of course, but that you knew from the first. Whether you have succeeded or not, I cannot say, because it all spreads itself out as though I had written it, and I feel where you are walking on firm ground, and where you are on thin ice, as though I were in your place. Verily I believe I wrote it. Except your specialty of style, it is me.

The painful truth is that all of my New England generation, counting the half-century, 1820–1870, were in actual fact only one mind and nature; the individual was a facet of Boston. We knew each other to the last nervous centre, and feared each other's knowledge. We looked through each other like microscopes. There was absolutely nothing in us that we did not understand merely by looking in the eye. There was hardly a difference even in depth, for Harvard College and Unitarianism kept us all shallow. We knew nothing — no! but really nothing! of the world. One cannot exaggerate the profundity of ignorance of Story in becoming a sculptor, or Sumner in becoming a statesman, or Emerson in becoming a philosopher. Story and Sumner, Emerson and Alcott, Lowell and Longfellow, Hillard, Winthrop, Motley, Prescott, and all the rest, were the same mind, — and so, poor worm! — was I!

Type bourgeois-bostonien! A type quite as good as another, but more uniform. What you say of Story is at bottom exactly what you would say of Lowell, Motley, and Sumner, barring degrees of egotism. You cannot help smiling at them, but you smile at us all equally. God knows that we knew our want of knowledge! the self-distrust became introspection — nervous self-consciousness — irritable dislike of America, and antipathy to Boston. *Auch ich war in Arcadien geboren!*

So you have written not Story's life, but your own and mine, — pure autobiography, — the more keen for what is beneath, implied, intelligible only to me, and half a dozen other people still living; like Frank Boott: who knew our Boston, London and Rome in the fifties and sixties. You make me curl up, like a trodden-on worm. Improvised Europeans, we were, and — Lord God! — how thin! No, but it is too cruel! Long ago, — at least thirty years ago, — I discovered it, and have painfully held my tongue about it. You strip us, gently and kindly, like a surgeon, and I feel your knife in my ribs.

No one else will ever know it. You have been extremely tactful. The essential superficiality of Story and all the rest, you have made painfully clear to us, but not, I think, to the family or the public. After all the greatest men are weak. Morley's Gladstone is hardly thicker than your Story. Let us pray![1]

---

[1] *William Wetmore Story and his Friends*, 1903.

To John Hay

PARIS, 22 November, 1903.

My first impulse is to enclose your letter[2] to the incumbent of the Colombian Legation here,[3] in order to excite his compassion and to show him that the robber invariably gets his pocket picked, in the act of flourishing his revolver as in the comic illustrations; perhaps a chance of accommodation lies in swapping defective titles; but the spirit of simple dishonesty leads me to suppress my information, and to act as though I had none. Panama and my greenhouse shed floods of light on processes of law.

You know my habits well enough to be sure that I never touch a title with a long-distance telephone. When the law or the government approach me, I run; knowing from my grandmothers that the only use of legs is to run from danger. Unless I am wholly mistaken, all this title business was conducted by James Lowndes. He must have acted for us both. As we never had a title for any of our land in Washington, he must have invented one. Kindly have him arrested and thrown into jail until he produces it. I know no more than Cassini why I should be the victim of cruel injustice and misrepresentation. It is the Chinaman's fault.

When governments take to befouling their own nest, honest Injuns enjoy their fire-water in content. What does the government want a title for? What fun to refuse it a title! What is it going to do about it anyway? It confiscates anywhere, and takes, I presume, by eminent domain, or some other form of theft or robbery. It can't find fifty square feet of land in the world which it has a title to, except of its own creation. All our titles are tax-titles which bears witness to their source. I like the joke much, but if the government can't take what we took, send Lowndes — and Mrs. Lowndes — to Panama toodersweet.

---

[1] Henry James' reply is in Lubbuck, *Letters of Henry James*, I. 438.

[2] 'A man at your time of life has no memory left. I suppose you know nothing about this transaction. Your malignant hatred to me has been satiated by unloading your property upon me, which the Government has confiscated at about a quarter of what it has cost me; and now a still lower depth of depravity, hitherto unsuspected in your nature, is revealed by the fact that you had no title to it. I write this letter, however, solely for the acquittal of my conscience, and neither expect nor desire an answer.' — Hay to Adams, 11 November, 1903. *Letters and Diaries of John Hay*, III. 283.

[3] The Republic of Panama had been proclaimed, 3 August, 1903, and its independence recognized by the United States three days later. Colombia made protest.

So much by way of defiance to unjust and violent usage. The world has no value for an honest man. I am going to volunteer in the Colombian service.

Nevertheless I should have returned to face my enemies in their pen, if it had not been for an invasion of nieces. More nieces than ever swarmed out of a hive have descended on Paris this year. The last one brought four baby boys — including one husband[1] — and has had to be settled on the upper storey of the Eiffel Tower to study cloud-effects for stained glass. Sturgis Bigelow and I have vainly striven to look after the plumbing and the *batterie-de-cuisine*.

Paris is dull, rural, thirteenth-century, and innocent. I have no occupation except to search for ancestresses and Ming porcelain. Ancestresses are sufficiently numerous and cheap, but rather shady in pedigree and doubtful in artistic virtue. Ming vases are plenty, but none good enough. I own all the best. Bigelow has bought the rest.

Please read Harry James's *Life of Story*! Also Morley's *Gladstone*! And reflect — wretched man! — that now you have knowingly forced yourself to be biographised! You cannot escape the biographer. When I read, — standing behind the curtain — these representations of life, flabby and foolish as I am; — when I try to glug-glug down my snuffling mucous membrane these lumps of cold calves'-head and boiled pork-fat, then I know what you will suffer for your sins, and I see President Quiensabe of Colombia avenged. On the whole, I foresee plainly, that the biographers' work on you will be strychnine. You will be convulsive. You and the biographer together will make eternity solemn. When I think how all my friends are skewered and how dreary poor Lowell and Story and Monckton Milnes and Morley and Sumner and Lincoln and Seward and I look in our cages with pins stuck through us to keep the lively attitude of nature, I smile grimly and see you turn ghastly green.

To Charles Francis Adams

PARIS, 8 December, 1903.

. . . .

I am rather surprised to see, on looking back fifty years, how few of our college mates, with all their immense advantages, seem to have got or kept their proportional share in the astounding creation of power since 1850. I should say that ten out of a thousand would cover them. We ought all to have rolled in millions, but nearly every one of my friends in college is now dead, and none was powerful or rich, except Lewis Cabot[1] who married it. Yet we started ahead of everybody. I suspect the loss of our best four years in the war had something to do with it. The infernal ten-year reactions must have thrown out a number more.

---

[1] Bancel and Mabel (Hooper) La Farge.

I am exceedingly curious to see whether the next fifty years will make as little change to us, and as much change to the world, as the last fifty. If I happen to be in the neighborhood, I shall surely call to inquire, but if the individual, fifty years hence, has not more sense than I ever had, in keeping up with the machine, he will not tell me much. The curious thing is that on the whole, I come out rather better than my neighbors, and at least have the enormous advantage of not caring. After all, we were educated politically, and, as far as I can see, the world has made little or no gain politically. We have had no dividends and no profit from our investment. Reform proved a total loss, and abstract morality went into bankruptcy with the Church. All our ideals turned out to be relative.

On the whole, the play, though ill-constructed, was rather amusing, but I don't care to repeat it. You always had more appetite for it than I did. I trust the new grandson[2] will enjoy it. If Elsie is about, she had better come to see me, though uncles were always rather bores.

---

[1] Louis Cabot (1837–1914), married Amy Hemenway.

[2] James Handasyd Perkins (1903–), son of Thomas Nelson Perkins and Louisa Catherine Adams.

XVIII

WASHINGTON

1904

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, 10 January, 1904.

. . . .

I am not quick at catching on to the social tram, and this time the tram seemed to be very crowded and much in a hurry. My habitudes were deranged. Hay has not been out of his house since December 1, and is still too weak to walk round the square. At the same time he is regularly besieged and overrun by his diplomates and colleagues. At any other time the Panama business would absorb all our thoughts, but today the Jap-Russian affair dwarfs everything. I did not try to do anything but pay bills and clear my desk on Thursday, and run in for a cup of hot water next door at six o'clock, but Daisy wanted me to take her to the diplomatic reception in the evening, and I had to go. You cannot conceive how night-mared I was. An Indian from the plains would not have felt quite so ghostly. After an hour's battling with two thousand people down cellar, we were rescued by an usher and run up the back stairs. Received with war-whoops by the President and bidden to supper, we found ourselves penned into the next room with a hundred people who were perfect strangers to me and bowed and smiled and said: 'You don't remember me'; and ended by making me think that my social vogue was boundless. The Chinese Minister[1] in marvelous dragons and jewels embraced me tenderly; Mrs. Whitelaw Reid[2] in a harness of diamonds and rubies graciously allowed me to do homage; Mrs. Patterson,[3] collared with solitaires, received me as a friend of the family; Mrs. Alger beamed on me; the new Mrs. Frank Emmons[4] accepted me; Bammy Cowles expanded; Alice Hay was positively radiant with her young maternity; for an hour I was kept rattling with the court, until Miss Hagner[5] told us to assemble in the blue room, and we formed a procession which marched up to supper in the gallery up-stairs.

---

[1] Sir Chentung Liang-Cheng.

[2] Elizabeth (Mills) Reid.

[3] Elinor (Medill), wife of Robert Wilson Patterson (1850–1910).

[4] Sophie Dallas Markoe.

[5] Isabella L. Hagner, social secretary to Mrs. Roosevelt.

I was already a good deal bewildered by this style of royalty, but I was completely staggered by what followed. Nanny had been kept at home by Cabot, and I was stuffed into her place at the imperial table, opposite Joe Chamberlain's daughter, whom I claimed acquaintance with. Root sat at the end of the table between us. Theodore next Miss Chamberlain with Schurman[1] opposite, next me. Old Edward Everett Hale[2] was at the other end. You can see me! Desperate at the outlook, I flung myself — *à la* Wayne — into the mad stream, trying to stem it, and Root tried to help me; but we were straws in Niagara. Never have I had an hour of worse social *malaise*. We were overwhelmed in a torrent of oratory, and at last I heard only the repetition of I — I — I — attached to indiscretions greater one than another until only the British female seemed to survive. How Root stands this sort of thing I do not know, for it is mortifying beyond even drunkenness. The worst of it is that it is mere cerebral excitement, of normal, or at least habitual, nature. It has not the excuse of champagne. The wild talk about everything — Panama, Russia, Germany, England, and whatever else suggested itself, — belonged not to the bar-room but to the asylum. What is curious is that the Russians are talking just as indiscreetly or more so. We are a boys' school run wild....

I've soon learned that the town is hot and smoking with tales of the imperial court, and, curiously enough, our quiet, simple little Edie of ten years ago has flowered into the chief object of attack. One does not know oneself. Tales of imperial etiquette are common as babies. Of course most of it is mere misunderstanding, but I see plainly that 'I' is serious. 'I' does not any longer like frivolous jests. Chaff is out of place.

What is one to do? Play Seneca to Theodonero? Open one's veins and invite Sister Anne and Rockhill to a last dinner? Socially it amounts to this. I have got to hide. Perhaps I may have to run. Yet the politics are so amusing that one wants to listen at the key-hole. I think this place is now the political centre of the world. Everybody is interested, — excited, — and all are anti-Russian, almost to a dangerous extent. I am the only — relative — Russian afloat, and only because I am half crazy with fear that Russia is sailing straight into another French revolution which may upset all Europe and us too.

---

[1] Jacob Gould Schurman (1854–).

[2] Edward Everett Hale (1822–1909).

A serious disaster to Russia might smash the whole civilised world. Other people see only the madness; I see only the ruin. Russia is completely off her head.

Already I am crowded so deep with impressions that I could write a volume....

Tuesday.... Langley and the Rockhills dined with me Sunday, and we talked violently of Russia. Langley said nothing and is very low. He is worried by intrigues and enmities in the Smithsonian, trying to drive him out, whether by his own fault or not....

I found Harry White again at tea next door, and Root. But we are all mixed up. The devil could not tell where we were coming out. As far as I can judge Theodore is going to sweep the board on his foreign policy and Panama, but Hay has elements of great weakness in his department and is wholly unsupported by his diplomates. With him, I've as yet hardly exchanged a word, but the department gossip says that his appointments are failures and that Lloyd is the worst of all. Of course all the Pennsylvanians are under a cloud, and said to be ruined, but you know all that gossip.... Of McCormick the talk is the same. All the diplomacy is Japanese, and exceedingly clever. Cassini is downright raving, and absolutely worse than frantic. Durand[1] is not yet in his plate. Thus far, I see only chaos, and dangerous as you please; no fault of ours, and no mistakes yet; but a close squeeze. We are hanging on by the day. It's rather fun.[2]

WASHINGTON, 24 January, 1904.

. . . .

Society seems to me to be dull. All the talk is about Cabinet dinners, which are the cheapest subjects of jealousy that I've known in my short life; and I never have known or heard of such ceremonies at all until these last ten years. Moody has convulsed our family by asking Miss Patten to his. Theodore is going to abolish the Cabinet-dinner. He has made a *coup d'état* by giving the diplomates precedence over the Supreme Court. Our Edie is going the pace.

---

[1] Sir Henry Mortimer Durand (1850–1924).

[2] 'I did not have time to start him [MacVeagh] on election matters, but I doubt whether he or anyone yet knows much. The trouble will be in Roosevelt's want of money. For the first time since '92 the Democrats will have all the money they want. If Bryan sells out to Tammany on moderate terms, I incline to think Roosevelt will be beaten. The stress of fight will come on Illinois and Indiana, but the cities will decide it. Roosevelt has no friends. I doubt whether he has in all Washington, including his own Cabinet, a single devoted follower; for even Cabot can hardly be called a devoted follower of anyone, except as a kitten follows its own tail. Of course, all the party will pretend to support him, but every man in the organisation will dread his reelection. Half of them, and all the money, will sell him out. At present, I should bet even money on the result. If he wins, I think it will be on Panama if the Democrats dare make the issue.... Russia is in a terribly dangerous state, and a change of administration here would scare our wits off. As it is, we have been scared out of half of our prosperity, and are quite ready to scare worse. The Merger Case, the Russo-Japanese War, the Election, are still to come.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 17 January, 1904.

By the way, Marie Tempest[1] came here this week, acting the *Passerelle*, called *Marriage of Kitty*.[2] I had promised her, in New York, that I would give her my benediction, so I got Sister Anne to get Edie to dine with me, and took the two stage *loges*, and hired Bay and Bessie, and borrowed Lucy Frelinghuysen to give us style. This was Wednesday. We were seven, and very bright and social. Our box was, of course, highly conspicuous, and became a kind of monkey-cage when I went to Marie Tempest's *loge* between acts, and brought her to ours, to be presented. She is an ugly little woman, horribly vulgar, imitating Réjane's worst faults, but clever and bright and capable of being a good actress if anyone wanted good acting. My festival was a success, and I shall end by being a bald-headed *roué*, as you have always predicted....

Tuesday.... In default of Hay, I hardly leave my house, and yesterday afternoon I found myself playing Secretary of State. First, my friend Liang, the Chinese Minister came in, and after looking at my Ming potiches which he knows little about, he talked war for an hour. Hardly had he gone, when Speck von Sternberg walked into my arms, and talked uncommonly freely for another hour. At the end, I felt competent to do nothing as successfully as they. The whole matter was put into half a dozen words by Speck: — 'Where *is* the Russian government!'

Russia is dropping to pieces. The Tsar is almost literally Louis XVI over again. The country either is, or is near, being bankrupt. The whole experiment of the last twenty years has broken down. Revolution is inevitable. War is a gambler's chance. The Jews and the soldiers are fighting over the Tsar, and either peace or war is equally hasardous.

This conviction has turned me into a Russian. I don't want to see Russia go to pieces. Such a disaster would be worse than the collapse of France in 1870. It might throw us all into one big heap of broken crockery. Germany and France would have to scuttle like crabs.

---

[1] Marie Susan Tempest (1864–), daughter of Edwin Etherington.

[2] By Madame Frédérique Rosine de Grésac and Francis de Croisset. The English version was by Cosmo Gordon Lennox.

Yet I doubt whether any action can save Russia. She tumbles about like a sinking ship, and piles up blunders on blunders till she has destroyed all her credit. Japan has already lanced her as if she were a sick whale.

Brooks and I want to find some Jews who will fix for us the proper odds on a few bets: — 1st — That Russia will go to war. 2nd — That she will go bankrupt. 3rd — That Teddy Roosevelt will be nominated. 4th — That he will be elected. As for me, I think — barring the third — that the betting is about even. I'll give no odds.[1]

WASHINGTON, 7 February, 1904.

. . . .

Yesterday Mrs. Brooks Adams escaped from her hospital and went up to Sister Anne's. Our afternoon nurse-club of 'Edie,' Sister Anne and I, will not meet again about her bed, but it was amusing while it lasted. Her account of Alice Roosevelt who would go to Groton, and then have Miss Libby Lawrence to stay here, ended in describing them both dining Thursday at your dear brother-in-law's [MacVeagh], who has achieved a brilliant reputation this winter as having the very worst dinners ever known, supposed to be the effect of Pennsylvania investments. The girls eat something — they say a sweet-bread, and on their return retired to their rooms where Edie found them lying on their beds, in full dress, groaning and green. They remained in bed and misery all Friday till evening, when they got up and went to my friend Nelly Patterson's ball, which was quite lovely, as I was assured by Joe Stickney who is surely a keen critic. . . .

To breakfast, Edwin Morgan, absorbed in his foolish experiment of going as Consul to Dalny. Of all the vagaries I've known in young men, this is the queerest, for either he will never get there, or he will be — figuratively — buried there. The war must wipe out Dalny, if not Port Arthur, indefinitely. I imagine that Del Hay's success at Pretoria has to do with it.

Whitney dead! Hanna dying, or dished![2] Gorman and the Democrats with throats self-cut and well cut. We've done good work this month. Cotton sky-rocketing all round the horizon! Wheat going mad! Stocks steadily going down! John Hay coming up, as he writes me, — probably here as I write. He is doing his three miles walks again. Even the weather has, for the moment, turned decent. I alone am solitary and silent, and avoid the appearance of evil in spite of Chandler Hale and John Lodge. Brooks runs about and instructs the great. I lock my doors and hold my tongue, for I am scared blue. Yesterday I sat an hour with my friend Liang and talked war.[1] Speck sat an hour with me and talked war. We are all about equally scared. All agree that Russia must be mad, and all have special terrors in consequence. Speck is alarmed about Turkey and the Balkans and Austria. Liang is alarmed about China. I am in terror about Russia itself, and look to see the chaos of the Balkans extend to Vladivostok and Hong Kong. Everybody here proclaims loudly that we are going to keep out of it; and in private everybody, especially in the services, says we are going to be dragged into it. We all expect total destruction of the Russian fleet within a week, if it has not already taken place; and the inevitable siege and capture of Port Arthur; the outbreak of troubles in Russia; the upset of Europe and Asia; at least thirty years of readjustment. The situation will be the same if Russia wins, only perhaps slower to develop. We are at the end of the passage.

---

[1] 'I am going to put my Chartres into type; it will serve to amuse me till May. As far as can be seen, I am forgotten or at least ignored. Even Theodore is beginning to understand, I hope, that office and intimacy are incompatible, and that jealousy of personal influence is a necessary part of official influence.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 31 January, 1904.

[2] Whitney died 2 February, 1904, and Hanna 15 February, 1904.

There is no way out of it. If Russia breaks down, France must be isolated, and a victim. Either she must annex herself to Germany or to us. Either way she is sunk. If China goes to pieces, we are in the full maelstrom. Austria, Turkey and the Balkans are equally dangerous, and the finances of Europe are worst of all.

Monday, 8th. For the love of the Holy Virgin, let me get this letter off, by the S.S. *Kaiser* before more bad news comes! Yesterday war broke out, and Baltimore was burned, with my Chartres manuscript and money to print it. Hay came at four to walk, and talked an hour straight, about Russia and the situation. We fought over the whole field, as you may imagine, and differed only as to the measurements of our own dangers. The imminent peril of the finances of the world weighs on my mind more than anything else. I do not see how Russia, which is quite mad and without a government, can avoid a bankruptcy which will, for the time, drag France, England and Germany under water, as well as ourselves. Today has got to see the last battle of bulls and bears in our markets, with every chance of total ruin for the bulls. That I have been as scared as a rabbit for months you know; and now that I see myself on the brink of my own precipice of anarchy, my knees shake and my tongue rattles against all my false teeth.

---

[1] Japan had broken with Russia on 6 February, 1904.

Why is one ever sixty-six years old! Why is not one shut up in an asylum? Why do rabbits run?

My only encouragement is that most well-informed people are as scared as I. If I am a rabbit, Speck is a hare. He is suddenly turning somersaults all over the place to get us to do something; he wants us to guarantee the neutrality of China. That Germany should have waited till this hour before getting scared, gives a measure of the situation. France has been worse, and I fear the reaction of the discovery will overthrow the republic itself.

You see how completely beside myself I am. To my wild imagination we are already deep in another and a bigger revolution like 1789. If Russia's finances are in the condition I think, the smash has come. . . .

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 14 February, 1904.

The devil has raged this year past with a sacred fury. On returning here a month ago I found enough sickness and trouble to scare an optimist. As I never piqued myself on optimism, I liked it little.

That you have been ill is a new touch of the savage Satan. Little as I see you, in the flesh, your portrait hangs always before my eyes, and my mind runs back rather more constantly than ever to the world of troglodytes we were born in.

I had just finished a long letter to George Trevelyan thanking him for his last two volumes,[1] and suggesting that he might next try something modern, say Cheops. No one here remembers anything more than ten years, and they are very very old men like me.

We have become actual to that point that we are classic and read only about Nippur and prehistoric roads, Asia and Alexander the Great.

All this is very well, but the world turns double back-somersaults so fast that I am green with terror. The skies seem to Cock-locky to have fallen, as he has seen them fall several times, at imminent risk of breaking his neck as well as the necks of various universes. I apprehend that my poor Russia, which I know to be a hollow and rotten sham, but very necessary, is finished. I foresee something like a huge Balkan extending from Warsaw to Vladivostok; an anarchy tempered by murders. For six months the Russian government has disappeared. Half a dozen independent governments seem to be running off as they please. One of them has struck Japan. Another is likely to hit the Caucasus or Turkey or Sweden or you. What France is to do, in bankruptcy, I know not, but I tremble for my Ming potiches in the Avenue du Bois.

---

[1] The second part of his *American Revolution,* in two volumes.

Meanwhile we have temporarily got rid of the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain,[1] which is reassuring.

I should have been glad to see Evelyn,[2] but he certainly should be at home. Young men are needed, if they've any good in them. The chance of a very great change in the world, is good, and everyone young should make ready for it, and be good too. I am doing my best, for one.

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, 24 February, 1904.

. . . .

Almost I hope we are getting through this dreary winter, which has never been very cold or violent, but dark and snowy. I have hardly left my house. Only these last two days Hay and I have resumed our walks. As a consolation, these six or seven weeks have been full of interest. Of course I had expected that the presidential election would be the chief excitement, but it has not rippled. Foreign affairs have floated us into such new oceans that our domestic concerns fade out. All the same, your Paris *Herald* probably tells you enough to keep you posted about a situation which is quite without a parallel as far as I know. The stock-markets are about as bad as bad can be. Paris and Berlin woke up last Saturday, and were as scared as I had been. They have shown a stolid stupidity which, for the first time, shakes my faith in Jews. That we can get out of the marsh seems to me impossible. Russia is certainly insolvent, and before another year is out, must be bankrupt if she goes on. The French Republic has made itself a business partner with Russia, and must fail too, if Russia fails. London must then be carried through by us; or we must all tumble together. I do not know that we should suffer permanently, but a few big failures, such as the Steel Trust, might make Pennsylvania even sicker than she is, which is saying much.

---

[1] He had resigned from the Cabinet in order to have greater freedom of action in public affairs.

[2] Evelyn Milnes Gaskell (1877–1931) married Lady Constance Harriet Stuart Knox, daughter of Uchter John Mark Knox, 5th earl of Ranfurly.

You see that Griscom has been driven out of his own Steamship Trust. The Baltimore fire has cost us in these parts some losses a good deal more serious than mine. As it turns out, I have lost only a few Chapters and a month's time, which is annoying enough, but the Insurance Companies have lost their capital. No wonder that our stock market is in the dumps with all this load to carry, but I am chiefly uneasy about my balance at Hottinguer's, for Hottinguer must be carrying, or trying to carry, at 94, millions of Russian securities which are worthless, and which he ought to be only too glad to get rid of at 47. To save half will be pure gain. For six months, Russia has had no government; she has not even had a finance minister. No one knows whether she has any means at all. Personally I suspect that she is bankrupt, archibankrupt, and ruined forever; but I am of course a pessimist. I see only the figures. I wish I could only see my balance, *chez* Hottinguer. As I stand, I can only council take, — or give — with Rockhill, Hay, Speck and Liang or such. Mostly I give, — it is a vice.

WASHINGTON, 28 February, 1904.

. . . .

The winter keeps up its character to the end. Gloom and frost have hung on like heaven. Society seems to feel it. I try to track gossip for you, but it is frozen and damp. . . . Millions are common as dirt, it appears, though they are not floating much into our hands for spending purposes. They have a curious effect on politics. Theodore is beginning to be scared about Hearst[1] who is buying the Democratic nomination like a string of bananas. He and Bryan, it is calculation, can carry the whole hoodlum vote in the critical cities, New York and Chicago, with an immense sweep, and through them may well carry the States. The result may turn on the industrial condition. I hold Theodore's luck to be good against any older man, but Hearst is five years younger than he, and quite as mad. Theodore bid as low as he could for the hoodlum vote, but Hearst easily takes it from him. He will sweep even Boston clean. All my party will go for him to a man.

This is comparatively a local matter, but the real truth is that at last the public is catching on to the extreme dangers of the world's situation, and has reached almost my terrors of a month ago. The stock-markets are standing still, waiting for the skies to fall, as fall they must. The government of Russia has hopelessly broken down, and taken to Eikons. Nothing so grotesque or so tragic has been seen in all history. Every effort makes it worse, and every act is a blunder. We have all known it for months, and the story of Bezobrazoff[1] has been notorious in the diplomatic and financial gossip, but the money-market set up its usual conspiracy of silence. Slowly it is letting out its secrets, but it still hides, or tries to say nothing about the actual present in Russia which is quite hopeless. Our last despairing straw is the chance that the Russians may sink into despair in time to let us make peace for them. Germany is ready to act, and so are we; but Russia is still playing the big baby. Even peace cannot save her. She is under water already, and still loading herself with a deficit of at least three million dollars a day, while surrounded by a complete circle of deadly enemies, and full of revolutions as an ant-hill of ants.

---

[1] William Randolph Hearst (1863–   ).

Worse than her case, to my coward fancy, is that of France. I think now that the Republic must sink with the empire.

In the convulsion, a slight accident may start half a dozen wars, and bankrupt us all. We now count six immediate conflicts: Russia–Japan; Russia–Finland–Sweden; Russia–Poland; Austria–Bulgaria–Turkey; Germany–Baltic Provinces–Poland; England–France–Russia. The Tsar has no control over his officers, and their indiscretions are infinite. The worst is that every Russian word is a lie. You can believe nothing.

Our government wants no better than to help Russia, but you might as well try to reason with an insane Irishman full of whiskey. The Tsar has probably not one person in the empire, man, woman, or child, whom he can trust.

I give him one more month. As I foot up the figures, the scandal by that time will be irrepressible, and the total bankruptcy, financial and moral, will be admitted. What is to happen then, unless we can make peace, passes my nightmare....

March 1. Still steady gloom! everywhere! the skies are brown; the streets sodden; the stock-markets blue; and the diplomates green. Hay went to bed again yesterday with more toe in his gout, and I sat half an hour by his bed-side while he gasped with astonishment at receiving a notice from Russia that she would not permit us to lay a submarine cable from Guam to Japan. What can one do who wants to help Russia out? I am quite hopeless. The poor Tsar is a case of Grant and Ward over again. He has run Russia into destruction, and is sure to try to cover it by embroiling us all. The French Government is already up its tree. The Republic must fall. All this Russian business is rottener than Panama. Be ready to jump! We may, with great good luck, still get round the corner; but, if the crash comes, it will come quick. Since I came home, two months ago, I have written you *crescendo* howls, which have thus far been fully justified by events. Another month of movement equally rapid in the same direction will carry us into sheol. Don't let it take you by surprise, if it comes! Keep your eye on the French stock-market, and remember that everyone in power is now systematically concealing the truth....

---

[1] A conservative and reactionary during these years of increasing unrest in Russia.

WASHINGTON, 13 March, 1904.

. . . .

The White House dinner was Wednesday, with no one outside our family circle except Moody, Secretary Navy, and Alice Roosevelt for half the dinner. The table is a little better this year, and Theodore has stopped talking cowboy and San Juan. Every idea centres now on the election, and he talks about that with all the fluency and *naïveté* of a school-boy. That he is still a bore as big as a buffalo I do not deny, but at least he is a different sort. As it chanced, there had been that afternoon, a sudden explosion of the pent-up fury of the House of Representatives against him. He was discussing it with Lodge and Moody, after dinner, without my taking part. His simpleness was astounding. One after another, all his friends in the House had been getting up on the floor in a frenzy of passion, and yelling 'liar' and 'scoundrel' at him all day, because he had done a little electioneering for himself at their expense. No such scene had ever taken place in Congress. All the wounded vanity of the Congressmen, two years in arrears, broke out, swept Speaker[1] and leaders aside, and lashed itself into fits. The extravagance was all nervous. These Congressmen had seen themselves, as they thought, sacrificed to his selfishness and trampled on by his contempt, till they were mad for his blood. The fun was that he seemed to be quite unconscious of it. Apparently he had no suspicion of the hatred they feel for him. He looked like a sort of Nero or Commodus in his eye-glasses, incapable of conceiving that his followers will murder him. That he has not a friend except Cabot, who is really loyal to him, has been too clear to me ever since I returned, but I am interested in watching his state of mind, because it makes clearer some very interesting characters of history. He is really *déséquilibré* as the French say. In private life such things matter little, but on a throne they are dramatic. He will override Congress, no doubt, and crush the life out of it at the election, for the people like to see Congressmen licked; but he will do it without intending it, or understanding it....

---

[1] Joseph Gurney Cannon (1836–1926).

After a long month of delay, I am beginning to straighten out my Chartres snarl. The spring always sets the clock a-going. I suppose the world must do something, even if it's not sense....

Monday.... Politics and affairs are now beginning really to squeeze us. We have got to take a big bump and get over the rough place. As the spring comes on, things look brighter, but not better. The stock-market is standing dead still. We are running into a big deficit for next year. Europe still obstinately refuses to face the Russian situation, and France pokes her nose into the sand to avoid seeing. Luckily for us, the Democrats as yet show no sort of unity, and we still hope to reelect Theodore without serious trouble. But he is quite mad, and anything may happen from day to day.

What always astonishes me most in governments is their incredible ignorance and imbecile helplessness.

If we here know so little, what can the poor Tsar know! And the Giant Gruffanuff Kuropatkin[1] with his Eikons!

WASHINGTON, 20 March, 1904.

. . . .

Add to all this that the Supreme Court has undecided the Merger Case.[2] With their indecision everybody claims to be pleased, except myself, the grumbler. I see only that the Supreme Court has once more been dragged into politics and been broken down. Poor Wendell Holmes is the immediate victim. Theodore brought him here to do his dirty work, and flattered him and cooed over him; but when Wendell saw what the job was, his gorge rose, and he kicked like a Congressman. His opinion is a mere denunciation of the job, with hardly an effort to mention law. Theodore went wild about it, and openly denounced Holmes in the most forcible terms of his sputtering vocabulary. I am afraid that the White House will know Wendell no more, although Theodore's anger will of course evaporate, and he will do what he can to make up.[3]

[1] Alexei Nikolaievich Kuropatkin (1848–1921).

[2] By a 5–4 vote the Northern Securities Company was declared illegal.

[3] 'Theodore has had the Holmes's to dinner again, but the Merger business is a grand mess. Probably this suits Theodore. He is quite right in wanting to hang Jim Hill and Harriman, and I'm with him there. I complain only that he blunders terribly in his way

What Wayne says, I do not know. He will be terribly perplexed here to go against everybody in this case, but he is making up for it by violent attacks on the administration in regard to Colombia and Russia. Cabot assures me that Wayne will get nothing more, and that his Panama compaign has exhausted the President's patience; but I grin. They are all afraid of Wayne. His tongue is a sword. What checkmates Wayne and all the goo-goos[1] is the rapid progress of Hearst's campaign. Already it is clear that if Hearst does not get the nomination, he will at least control it. I begin to suspect that he will get it. Theodore has no real force but his bull-luck, and luck may not serve against a younger man. Between him and Hearst is a toss-up. Hearst is a true hoodlum, and Theodore is only a hoodlum *pour rire*. If the country really loves hoodlums and cowboys, it will take Hearst without winking....

WASHINGTON, 27 March, 1904.

. . . .

The spring at last has come, after a fashion, though this morning when I drew up my shades, the grass in the square was white with falling snow. Dorothy [Quincy] goes home tomorrow, leaving me alone for the first time. She has had a *succès* if not *fou*, at all events distinct and distinguished. Her Paris dresses are exquisite. She is herself so dressable that she improves her dress. I have taken satisfaction in her calm triumph, but Mrs. Herbert Wadsworth[2] is the means of her reaching it. Except Mrs. Herbert's house, as far as I know, nothing has been open, and although she works very hard, and does a great deal for the young people, the women all laugh at her, and, the men are all afraid of her. Mrs. Herbert's kindness is the more kind because I have never spoken to her, or entered her house. Am I a beast! I am! You knew it long ago, and need not be told; but I am a patient beast and try to do no harm....

My own little life is as monotonous as usual. I see no one except Hay, and we have thrashed out every possible subject of discussion long ago. Nothing has changed in the situation at home or abroad. Willy Hearst is still scaring the hair off the heads of Wall Street, and

---

of doing it. If he had done it right, we would have had Jim Hill underfoot. Now, he is loose and dangerous. John Hay does better. Hay, for a mild man and a harmless one, strikes to kill. He has knocked out all his enemies, from Wayne to Cassini.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 3 April, 1904.

[1] A name for the followers of the Good Government movement of New York.

[2] Martha (Blow) Wadsworth.

driving the goo-goos back into Theodore's arms. I think it very likely that the Democratic Convention will end in another split as in Bryan's time, but no one now denies that Hearst is a force to be dealt seriously with, and whether he can beat Theodore or not may depend only on the state of Europe. Theodore thinks he can carry New York against Parker,[1] but he has not means of guessing Hearst's hoodlum strength. Curiously, this strength seems now greatest in the rural districts.

The war gets more and more *bouffe*. Kuropatkin, Alexieff,[2] Plehve[3] and everybody else on the Russian side pass the bounds of Offenbach's operas. Not a solitary Russian word can be taken seriously. I hope the Russian balloon will not burst before next winter, for no one is yet ready; but it is clear that everyone is getting ready, and Paris is the low-barometer. There they are sucking in gold, always the sign of anxiety. For my own part I doubt whether Russia can put an army into the field in Manchuria, or indeed put it anywhere except into hospitals and graves; but nothing seems likely to prevent the Japanese from taking and keeping all they want. In a few weeks the Japanese will have the whole coast at their mercy, and can dance up the Amoor River and round Vladivostok. Meanwhile the Tsar's government is as mad as ever. They seriously expect to overrun the Japanese and to overrun the Chinese as well. I have not for a whole generation seen such wide and wild difference in the views of governments. It recalls the attitude of Napoleon III in 1870. I am as scared about it as ever, but every month helps the world to get ready and steady. The shock of a collapse either of Russia or Japan will be very serious whenever it happens, but neither will now take us by surprise.

Till next November, then, things may run along somehow. Then we must jump somewhere anyhow....

Outside of this family circle I see hardly anyone except occasionally Speck who is very satisfactory and reassuring. It is curious to note how much Hay and Theodore lean on him without being conscious of it, while Durand seems not to count. Poor Cassini goes on like a Jack-in-a-box, squealing and threatening, but no one will listen till his government shows either sense or power. Jusserand does very well, but the weakness of France and his government paralyses him. Till she cuts loose from Russia he is helpless. Of the other diplomates

---

[1] Alton Brooks Parker (1852–1926).

[2] Mikhail Alexeyev (1857–1918).

[3] Viatscheslaf Konstantinovich Plehve (1846–1904), Minister of the Interior. He was assassinated 28 July, 1904.

I hear nothing. Chartres is still in the fire, or at least not out of it. Printers are my devils.[1]

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 27 April, 1904.

Your letter reminds me that the winter has gone, and that I must be going too, or I shall be roasted. Mrs. Hay is to take me to St. Louis on May 12 to look at the big menagerie there, and return on the 22nd. On the 28th I expect to sail for Cherbourg and Paris. My garret yawns for me on the Avenue du Bois.

The winter has been unusually amusing, a circus as lively as one cares to see, owing to the grotesque dancing of our poor old Russian bear. I got back just in time to see the beginning, and have had a very good seat to watch the whole performance. My respect for the bear and for Europe has not stood the test, but at least the sense of inertia has been strengthened. The Russian bladder I should suppose to be burst. The bear must crawl. He begins to see his own weakness. Nothing has happened since 1870 so epoch-making as the violent changes in Russia since last July. The sudden passion with which he is now throwing himself into your arms is very interesting, but shows the fun of it. George Curzon must laugh. For all this I care little, but I am still very nervous about France, and dread to see her dragged finally under water in the vortex of Russian bankruptcy; for I take for granted that Russia is hopelessly bankrupt, or de Witte could never have been driven out.

Next summer will be a nervous season, and I shall not be easy till we reach next year. Probably our elections will go well. At present there is no sign of change. Yours are another matter. If your friends return to power, you will have all sorts of queer cards to shuffle, and no plain game to play. Still, neither of our countries need worry much, even if business is bad, while Europe seems to be exceedingly ill-balanced. When all the governments begin simultaneously to tell lies, I begin to feel nervous; and wherever we have a chance to touch them now, we never feel sound bottom. They do not know where they are. The Kaiser strangely enough, has now become the steadying influence. He and King Edward are smoothing the waters. We here are nervous only for doubt whether the waters can be smoothed quick enough to save us a wetting.

---

[1] 'Of all Presidents that ever lived, Theodore thinks of nothing, talks of nothing, and lives for nothing but his political interests. If you remark to him that God is Great, he asks naïvely at once how that will affect his election. He is flying every day into fits about speeches in Congress, and is writing letters by the ream to catch half a dozen votes anywhere out West. He writes all his state papers, and ridiculous enough they are, so that I am far from flattered when people come down from New York, the most ignorant parochial spot I know, for its size, and charge me with them. Hay has the sense not to write anything; he has not issued a paper from his department bigger than a telegram, but Theodore writes like a centipede. As yet he has no need to win votes. Wall Street seems disposed to break up the Democratic Party, and the Bryan-Hearst combination can hardly be made to vote for Grover Cleveland's candidate. Theodore could win best by holding his tongue now, and buying Democrats to bolt.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 10 April, 1904.

On the whole, the winter has passed well. We have got over the shock of the Russian collapse, and are prepared for anything. Our industries are not yet happy, but we shall somehow run on for our time. After us, the machine can do what it likes.

Socially men come and women go, but the stream seems to run on, and must amuse somebody. Driblets pass through my house, as usual, and seem awfully far away to me, but I try to appear alive, as grotesque as I may be. If I seem half as rococo to them as they seem queer to me, we get amusement on both sides. On the whole the social result seems to be thought rather flat, as far as one can judge from the talk of one's neighbors. No one seems to set up professionally for beauty or wit or style. They give me the impression of having no standards. The average is good; one would say it was relatively high, but averages are always a bore.

My neighbor, Roosevelt, is a terrible bore, owing to his absorption in cheap politics. He suffers from the insanity of the *idée fixe* to a degree hardly credible in a sane mind. John Hay is sane enough, but nearly as old as I am, and more absorbed. I see him most, and as we live next door to each other, I am at his house more than elsewhere. Of course my chief ally is still Mrs. Cabot Lodge. New allies I have none, unless I count Speck the German. Women are plenty but men very scarce and mostly bores. My artist friends, like La Farge and St. Gaudens, still keep up their intimacy, but the literary and scientific set are dead or dull. They tell me nothing, and seem to have lost relations with all life that is not their particular job of the day. This is what strikes me most about the whole society. All thought is for the day, as it is in the stock-market. No one wants to look far ahead; it is not businesslike or scientific. The contrast with the thought of our youth is sharp. Nothing then counted but posterity.

I see that Lady Catherine has appeared in a volume. Please offer her my compliments.[1] Your account of Charles Robartes seems to me rather what ought to be.[1] You never spoke of George Broderick's death,[2] which astounded me for the property he was declared to have left. Sir John will live to dance over us all, but I knew that before. I am horrified to find Crewe's family pictures for sale here.[3] What has happened? I thought he was multi-millionaire. I am marrying nieces by dozens, but more constantly appear, and babies by scores.[4]

---

[1] *Old Shropshire Life*, London, 1904.

[1] 'You know Charles Roberts. I went to London to see him a fortnight ago. He is on his death-bed and has been received into the Roman Catholic Church, and I found him full of contentment. He married some four or five years ago a Roman Catholic widow.' — From Gaskell, 12 April, 1904.

[2] Died, 8 November, 1903.

[3] Probably at private sale, as the Frick Art Reference Library has no record of such a transfer.

'I am much grieved to hear what you say about Crewe's pictures. The whole affair is lamentable. I believe that for many years he has never looked into his accounts or answered letters and that he has allowed his servants to pledge his credit and rob him systematically. The result is that he has according to some £1500 and to others £5000 a year left, but his new London house (Wharncliffe House that was) is for sale and Crewe is to let. The Yorkshire estates were all sold except Fryston and the park which now are too black and unattractive to be easily disposed of.' — From Gaskell, 13 May, 1904.

[4] He sailed from New York, May 28, on the *St. Louis*.

XIX

PARIS AND WASHINGTON

1904–1905

To John Hay

PARIS, 17 June, 1904.

. . . .

It will not be difficult here. Never have I seen Paris in gayer mood. All our friends are here, and all have to be dined and breakfasted. Not an electric or an auto is to be had. Money flows like Steel Trust.

Most weird is the sight to us of the Napoleonic era. France seems at last altogether detached from international politics. She has discounted Russian collapse, or thinks she has. Her ten milliards are lost, and she don't care. I still think that she does not realise her losses, especially the political revolution; but to me, at first sight, reading the journals and listening to the whispers, it seems as though she were glad to be rid of Russia.

Anyway I've saved my last thousand dollars. Hottinguer may bust now. . . .

To Sir Robert Cunliffe

23 AVENUE DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE, 4 July, 1904.

The consequences of punctuality are fatal. Had your letter been written a day later, I should have had it a month ago. As it arrived here a few hours before my own letter of instruction, it went to America and has just returned.

Not that you lose anything by the fatality, for I am now only a fluttering and venerable white moth, exceedingly irritable and ridiculously explosive, who do nothing but flicker from perch to perch, and damn the universe in general. To my own astonishment the universe seems quite meek about it, and takes its damning with more docility than we ever imagined in our youths.

I left Hay a month ago, well enough, barring years, but damning diplomats as freely as I could do, for they keep him roasting in Washington. We went out to St. Louis together, as my last public service before retiring to the Bois. As far as a simple citizen could gather, the White House was, at that time, fairly satisfied with itself, and in no immediate fear of the enemy. In fact, the enemy is so bitterly divided that each division prefers Roosevelt to its rival.

Hay says he is to go out in March. He affirms it with such assurance that I greatly doubt the fact. My last instruction to him was that he must first make peace, and then perhaps the President would consider his retirement. In the President's intimate circles, the idea of his retreat was not taken as serious.

Yet if Russia suddenly some day gets an idea blown inside her thick skull, she is quite likely to make peace in a moment, and then, as she will certainly be a negligible quantity in diplomacy for ten years at least, Hay can drop out quietly when he has no more to do. By November we shall perhaps see better. I rather look forward to getting all our tight places passed by the close of the year.

As for your affairs, for the first time in ten years, it seems to me your ministry is quite satisfactory. Why the liberals should want to turn it out, I cannot see. I should surely vote to keep it in, if only to shut out the Irish question. Of course, if the liberals are prepared to settle the Irish question, they ought to take the government, but I do not hear of a scheme that will satisfy the party, much less the Irish. Meanwhile you get rid of Chamberlain who is more troublesome than the Irish.

These sons seem to be a curious eccentricity of nature. What the devil nature invented children for, I never could conceive. The old arrangement was so much more economical when this job of education was done once for all, as in the polyp. Still, sons are, and must, I suppose, be endured, although I cannot conceive how I could have been supportable in that capacity. That Carlo's son should be a wallop[1] is curious and interesting, but rational. Only it occurs to me that he will lead a tearful existence if he is going to suffer daily sorrow over all the anomalies of the cosmos.

If your boy likes Vancouver, he had better stay there. Probably it will be a very great commercial centre within his generation. No other part of the world has such prospects. If I were a young adventurer I should take my chances thereabouts, on either side of the land. The Sound will be probably a sort of Mersey or Clyde.

Your happy village of London no longer lies in my path, now that all the ships go to Cherbourg. Even my tailor has transferred himself to the Place Vendôme. Strange as you may think me, I feel no longer the old acute pleasure in vilifying the Britisher. Nothing lasts. I had supposed that at least one favorite old hobby could be ridden into my grave, but the Britisher has broken down like all the rest. He is just like pretty much anyone else. What will the future society do for hobbies!

---

[1] A pun on the family name of Lady Catherine (Wallop) Gaskell.

Wearily I pick myself up and mount the popular machine of the day. After some hesitation I gathered that it was probably a Mercedes, so I got into it, and pound about the world, like any other idiot, sitting *en panne* on the top of every solitary hill in France, and in the centre of every crowded street in Paris. Whatever happens I must die at the head of the menagerie. It is logical. If the generation now being engendered — and it will be numerous if marriages count, — goes on as fast as ours did, it will certainly run into some stone wall at two thousand miles a minute, and break itself up before it dies. This is a little rule-of-three sum which admits of no dispute. One might as well lead the way as drown in the ruck. But I wonder that relatively so few people kick. The end must be mighty near, to judge from the pace.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

23 AVENUE DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE, 22 July, 1904.

. . . .

To compel myself to do something I bought an automobile, a pretty Mercedes, 18 h.p., and hoped to live in it, but, to my great relief and satisfaction, the inspector delays for weeks to give me a number, and the chauffeur always has a reason for sending the machine to the shops. Between them I am quite happy, and never have to go outdoors.

Paris is deserted by all my acquaintance, and occupied by a million and a half Americans whom I don't know, but see every evening when I walk out to the Bois to dine in the open air.

One would think that the whole world everywhere was in *fête*, amusing itself and dancing. No one is willing to face the danger. The French are carefully shutting their eyes to the situation of their friend Russia. You know how scared I have been about war. The situation grows more intense every day, and its interest keeps me awake nights. I am terribly curious to see the end; it is all I care to see in politics now. Russia is very rapidly foundering. At least the old Russia has got its death-blow. Either she must go to pieces, or found a new system. Every day brings a new shock to the old one. It is the greatest event that has taken place in our time, as a catastrophe, — even greater than the War of 1870 and the catastrophe of France. Really I am glad to have lived to see this old chapter closed, and want only to know whether it will end in a big tragedy like Louis XVI, or in a tragicomedy. Never has so great an empire sunk without dragging the world down with it. The confusion will be vast. It already is serious as everyone knows, though no one likes to talk of it. I am glad not to be in Lansdowne's place, and am quite willing not to be in Hay's. The whole world may be in a turmoil before they know it.

With this melodrama to watch, I've not cared for other theatres, and hardly go into Paris at all. . . . I usually play solitaire, but many people think this too much effort, and in fact I generally try to find a lady to do it for me. . . .

PARIS, 27 August, 1904.

I was rejoiced to see your handwriting again, on getting back from dinner last night. It gave me pleasant reflections to sleep on.

I presume that a large number of persons have grown old before me; if I can believe records, which I can't, some considerable number of generations have done it; in fact, all one's ancestors, more or less, should have had the experience; yet I've not yet got used to it, and I much doubt whether they did. Youth I regarded as a dismal failure, full of stomach-ache and unsatisfied appetites. Age is not quite so bad, for it has no appetites left to satisfy, but it is not an unqualified success either.

We must lie down and take our licking like a Russian, and say we like it. Not that it matters what we say, but we do not want to bore ourselves with ourselves more than we have to. You are lucky to be able to read. I find reading, too, a labor. Writing is better. It compels attention. Last year I found a sort of diversion in searching for *Régence* chairs and commodes and portraits. This year I've changed to automobiling, and run about the country hunting 16th-century glass windows. The auto is made for the aged. The sense of going — going — going — in the open air, dulls thought, and induces a sort of hypnotism or mental lethargy, with swift visions of landscape and escape. For my idiosyncracies, only a moderate speed is necessary for this purpose, say between twenty-five and thirty miles an hour. Other people require fifty and sixty to hypnotise them, and I know one man, affected with locomotor, who needs all his machine of 90 H.P. can be made to give.

Anyway, age has found a great future for the auto, and I expect to see machines classed as sexagenarian and octogenarian, when the world gets civilised. At present our world is quite mediaeval and ridiculous. Our roads are tenth-century, and our inns Calmuck Tartar. Thank Time, however, we neither talk nor do exactly the same nonsense as fifty years ago. The next crop of nonsenses will be singularly complicated. Between science and socialism we shall find much new foolishness. By the way, Arthur Balfour foreshadows it, in his Address last week.[1] He is, in my opinion, quite right.

Of course I have been scared out of my senses by the Russian danger. The trouble has been, from the first, that there is no Russian government. A positive promise from one department does not bind the others. One does not know what to expect. This is what caused the war. The army repudiated the treaties made by the foreign department. I take the Tsar to be wanting, mentally, and to have no idea what he is doing. Out of this situation I see no possible escape, nor do the Russians. Fortunately we have detached France from Russia, and as for the Germans, Hungarians, etc., not to mention Swedes, the total disappearance of the Russian Government and army would be the most joyful of events.

All the same, no way is now open except the total overthrow of the irresponsible Tsar, and the creation of a serious government. Fifty years is hardly enough for this, but we ought all to, actively, press it, both by advice and by political avowal.

For my own part, I want a successful Russia, with a peaceful system, not a bomb. Otherwise, America will have to fight, after Japan is done. The situation is as clear as possible, and generally accepted with us. The President would be universally supported if he chose to break with Russia, but, like Europe, we dread the cost and complications. We are not military, and Russia has professed to be the greatest military power of the world. She has bluffed us all, except the Japs. . . .[2]

---

[1] 'On the Future of Science,' Presidential Address before the British Association at Cambridge, 17 August, 1904. *Education*, 457.

[2] 'Evelyn [Gaskell] will need a year or two to rub off the colonial. The type is singularly marked down there. I like the Canadian type best; then the New South Wales; but all are whacking provincials in mind and manner. They all detest America; because Americans are much like them. For my own part, the difference seems only one of bulk and mass.' — To Gaskell, 16 September, 1904.

To John Hay

PARIS, 29 August, 1904.

. . . .

I am always surprised to see how well things go as long as people hold their tongues. From the moment Theodore submitted to be choked, the tide went his way; but he must be nearly suffocated by suppressed loquacity.

The election has not seemed to me, thus far, a matter of anxiety. Trusting to the odds as given by the papers, I have been contented to wait for reasonable emotion. Apparently the stock-market thinks we've turned the corner.

All you need now to rise among the immortals is to make peace and be chosen as foreign Academician. You have a rival here named Hyde[1] who is spending money largely, and wants to succeed Porter as a means. He must be crushed, or you will not get your crown. I know him not.

I know nobody, and rarely speak aloud. Since July 1 I have been alone, but alone as you never in your life imagined. Paris is alive with Americans. I see more here than at Washington, but I know not one. Positively a Paris restaurant in August is an American circus. I've been through the lot, from the Café Anglais to Armenonville in the Bois, ten or a dozen, and either I was the single, solitary diner, or the others were also Americans. Paris is given over to the barbarian. I saw the horrid truth in wandering along the roads of Brittany and Normandy the other day. The seaside was packed with miserable tourists who could not get even a seat at table to eat a wretched meal.

Naturally I have nothing to tell you. The war holds its path almost exactly as we foresaw, but more slowly, and public opinion in Europe seems to me settling to unanimity that Russia is a failure, and must be put on a responsible basis before she can be treated again as sane. Whatever is the result of the war Russia has got fifty years of reorganisation before her. As I am very Russian, as you know, I want you to make peace so that the process may begin. My blood curdles to think of what will happen there if society breaks up; and there is nothing to hold it together except the ridiculous Tsar and the preposterous Church.

The French Government has, I think, cut loose. Even the collapse of Russian credit will hardly shake things now unless it shakes Hottinguer and the Crédit Lyonnais, which is likely. They have had six months to prepare, and will bleed Russia to the last drop before dropping her. Our Jew is very wakeful.

---

[1] James Hazen Hyde (1876–   ).

At the same time I get cold shakes of terror over these wild Russian ships and their Calmuck pirate captains. They are likely to do anything. One might as well put nomad Khirgis Tartars on them, and let them loose. Asia afloat with 12-inch guns!

Paris is droll, but very charming. The press rattle about the concordat as though anyone cared. The funny part of it is that they make so much effort to care, and, with it all, no one raises a finger. Of literature I know nothing; of art, less. Since June I've been victim to a Mercedes, and life has been labor. Every day I've had to find some new place to visit, and have acquired chronic dyspepsia by living at provincial inns. I've run madly through the centuries and have hunted windows like hares. Acres of 16th-century glass have opened before me. I've lived at Chartres, Bourges and Le Mans. From Quimper to Troyes and Vézelay I've ravaged France. Sixty miles before breakfast has been my rule. Ninety is the afternoon stint. You never tried solitary travel. Sybarite as you are, you know nothing of the cold world. I find that a gait of about 25 miles an hour on a straight country road hypnotises me as a chalk line does a hen. It becomes a hazy consciousness; a sort of dream without characters....

To John Hay

PARIS, 8 September, 1904.

As far as a poor Porcupine[1] sees, which is but the length of his tail, you are in pretty deep water, and my humble prayers rise every day to the Virgin to help you through. No such squeeze as this has occurred in my time. The balance of the world is upset, and the whole rotten fabric will certainly fall. The war is over. If it lasts ten years more, it is over all the same. Russia has had her *coup de Jarnac.*

Peace must now be made, and we can trust Germany and France to make it. Their interests require it. My trouble is that having been so strongly Russian hitherto, I am now as strongly German. Just look at it! What is Germany to do? The practical extinction of

---

[1] Hay and St. Gaudens conferred on Adams the name Porcupinus Poeticus or Angelicus and the latter designed in 1904 a medal to suit, which is reproduced in Homer St. Gaudens, *Reminiscences of Augustus St. Gaudens*, I. 156.

Russia for years to come leaves Germany, in the East, face to face with the combination of England, America and Japan. If you were the Kaiser what would you do about it?

I have been strutting round, twisting up my moustache, playing Kaiser in imagination for the past week, trying to think of a way to protect myself. The more I study it, the tighter my quarters become. Of course I can make peace pure and simple, and deliver myself, tied up in a roll, to Japan and England, who, at a flash, could clear out every German interest or possession east of Suez. I can do this only as the result of defeat and helplessness. First I must try to keep my head above water.

You ask, of course, what will satisfy me. Hang me if I can see that anything will satisfy me short of readjusting the world. All China would not satisfy me, since I should hold it only as long as Japan gave leave.

I am not unreasonable. My situation is exceedingly difficult. My true compensation ought to come in Russia, but if I take the Baltic provinces I must give back Alsace. Anyway the Baltic provinces are hardly worth it. Poland would answer, but I've too many Poles already. What I need is the Volga, but it is too far away.

I must therefore insist on protection in China. What can you give me? I asked Takahira[1] this question last spring, and scared him greener than ever. Would I like Shanghai? Perhaps! I don't know! Offer it, and I'll see! but bestir yourselves, and hit on something, or I shall have to act!

Do you mean to refuse me all consideration? If England and you are going to back up Japan in such crying injustice as this, I must throw all my strength for Russia, and bring France into the combination. It will be a fight for life.

You had better pay my price. The aggrandisement of England by this war has been immense. To America, it is all profit. Japan has become the first power in the East. Germany alone is very cold.

---

[1] Kogoro Takahira.

'As far as I can understand, the proposal is to neutralise everything west of the strip I have marked in blue.

'As Russia seems to be suddenly coming a little to her senses, perhaps Japan might think it worth while to go her better and offer to neutralise the coast and railway itself, up to Sin-min-tung, and westward.

'I imagine that Japan will not want to act to the westward of the Liao-Ho further than to control its west bank.

'I wonder what Takahira would say to a hint that he should offer to neutralise everything from the Great Wall to Sin-min-tung, barring the Liao-Ho and eastward.' — A note in Adams' writing, dated 'Thursday' without month or year.

You reply that I get my consideration in Europe where I am now dictator, and that the ruin of the Russo-French alliance ought to satisfy me amply. For the first time, my elbows are free. The facts, as I see them, argue just the other way. The stronger I am in Europe, the stronger I must be in Asia.

I am very shy of suggesting an extension of my concession at Kiau-chau. It is a trap, of which the Japs hold the spring. It is much more dangerous than Port Arthur.

No! if Russia has to give up Port Arthur, England then is bound to give up Wei-hai-Wei, which leaves the Japanese in full control of all those seas down to Hong Kong. Kiau-chau is in constant danger, and is indefensible by Germany. I had better give it up, too.

I am the walking soul of justice and unselfishness, but I implore you to reflect on my difficult position. The collapse of Russia leaves me in the air. I must fall on something. England and America between them must find a soft place.

One thing more! If I dislike one trait of your diplomacy more than another, it is your tendency to intrigue. I bar further intrigue between England and France. I propose to do all that myself.

This is what I did when I played I was Kaiser. I have caught the habit, and can now imagine myself nothing else; not even Cardinal. I am dying to hear that you've squared me, but I cannot conceive how! As I see it, I must save Russia.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 20 December, 1904.

. . . .

Washington is now rather more amusing to me than other places, because I can laugh at all my friends who are running what they call a government. They are droll, like most men who run governments. We have arrived now at that age when we are allowed to laugh, because no one cares what we do as long as we don't ask for money. Your audacity in begging for a University takes away my breath. I am at a loss to learn what function a University now performs in the world. They are ornamental but expensive; and as you say, not one graduate in ten retains a shadow of liberal education. Of course we see it here more clearly than you. For this I could make my mourning with philosophy, seeing that it has always been so in my time, but the flamboyant self-esteem and moral platitude of the odd tenth man reconciles me to the premature demise of Thomas Aquinas and the late Duns Scotus.

Talking of Thomas Aquinas, I have just finished printing my *Miracles de la Vierge.*[1] The book will run up to a pretty bulky size, but I print only a hundred copies, one of which will be for you. It is my declaration of principles as head of the Conservative Christian Anarchists; a party numbering one member. The Virgin and St. Thomas are my vehicles of anarchism. Nobody knows enough to see what they mean, so the Judges will probably not be able to burn me according to law. If there has ever been in the world a greater blockhead than the school-master, it has been the judge. On the whole, I think the bishop has had an advantage over both, in so far as he had a sort of general idea what he represented.

This country is terribly interesting. It has no character but prodigious force, — at least twenty million horse-power constant; about as much as all the rest of the world together, by coal-output. We are running very fast indeed into the impossible, which you can measure on our coal and ore output. I cannot conceive what will happen. Logically we must strangulate and suffocate in just fifteen years, — at the point of 50-million tons annual steel output. Luckily I am out of it, and perhaps it has all been only a dream. I am not sure. If so, Russia has been an ugly one, and turns me green with horror.

All the same, our great managers of industry are dead scared.

The rest is rubbish. I've no news.

To Margaret Chanler

WASHINGTON, 27 January, 1905.

I would like to try a sonnet, but whenever I feel an impulse to Petrarchise, I think of old George Bancroft, and shrivel. *Rendez-moi mes quatre vingt ans!* In this cold world one cannot be stretched out at one's ease longer.

Really, if I dared to talk like Amadis, I should charge you with cruel coquetry, and would write a whole canzonet about it. What did I print my books for, at such vast expense to my vanity? Surely not to read them all myself. When one copy is too much! If I do not go about asking all my friends to take them, is it not because I know by a very long experience that no one, however charming, will read without compulsion? I myself read not — no! not even the Golden Fount or Mount or Count or whatever is longer than half a page. Never should I read my own books! they bore me.

---

[1] *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*, of which one hundred copies were printed.

At *quatre-vingt-dix ans* one objects to risking too much; — one knows how to be a bore, and one knows how not. Silence alone is respectable and respected. I believe God to be Silence. If it pleases you to break it, and see God, you can always become a scholastic philosopher or a Teva.[1] You shall have the volume if you want it, but it was not made to be read. It was made only for my brother Tati to offer to the French Government as basis for a family pension. At least, for that it was printed.

The twelfth century still rages wildly here in the shape of a fiend with tusks and eye-glasses across the way. The Wild Boar of Cubia! I love him. He is almost sane beside his German and Russian cousins, but he is mad enough to suit me. What I love in him most is my own weakness: — he stands in such abject terror of Edith and Nanny! What is man that he should have tusks and grin!

Love by the kilo!

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

EDEN HOTEL, NERVI BEI GENUA, 11 April, 1905.

Once more I write to tell of my return to Europe,[2] and to ask for your news. This time, too, I come as a sort of *garde-malade*, a function rather habitual of late. Mrs. Hay, on my return to Washington last November, appealed to me for help, and I could not refuse. Between us, or rather by her energy, we overrode law and state, so that we dragged Hay to sea.[3] It was full time. Nothing much is the matter with him more than matters to us all, — in his case sixty-six years, — but his heart is influenza'd, and he must take a course of Nauheim. Afterwards, — barring 66, — I know no reason why he may not be as well as ever, and outlive us all. Meanwhile, the season is too cold and dreary for Paris, and so I wait here with him till the doctors let him go to Nauheim, perhaps ten days hence.[4] I shall probably get to Paris towards May 1.

---

[1] *Letters of Henry Adams*, I. 480.

[2] He sailed from New York, March, 18 on the *Cretic*.

[3] 'I know perfectly well that, if it had not been for your thoughtful help and sympathy, Mrs. Hay would never have had the courage to plan this journey.' — John Hay to Henry Adams, 17 March, 1905. *Letters and Diaries of John Hay*, III. 329.

[4] 'My doctor here says there is nothing the matter with me except old age, the Senate, and two or three other mortal maladies, and so I am going to Nauheim to be cured of all

This is all I have to tell. Of the four months in Washington, one might make a long story, for the winter was socially pleasant and simple, like thirty years ago. I rather like these late autumns of life. If one can forget physical annoyances, one feels a singularly pleasant sense of freedom from responsibilities, anxieties and even regrets. One cares so little! The world has gone steadily to the devil for ten thousand years, and it can't matter much whether it keeps up the process another generation after we drop it. What it fusses about is to be comfortable, — a result it can hardly reach. You remember Genoa forty years ago when Robert and you and I were hereabouts. Genoa is now a German port; this hotel contains only Germans; and German taste has literally got worse than of old when it was just German bad. I am in a new world — the world of the next generation, — and it seems entirely satisfied with itself; just the contrary to our world in the sixties. German self-satisfaction would satisfy even poor Matt Arnold....[1]

To John Hay

PARIS, 3 May, 1905.

An attic in the wilderness is as good a place as any other celestial constellation for reading the diabolic squeals of our pigs in Pigsburg. I return the howl in another envelope.[2]

Our dear scholar is bent on fear. Nothing shall calm him. Truly I am myself the biggest coward on earth, and I have lectured for a year on the mathematical certainty of general disturbance when a great vacuum is suddenly made in space. Also I hold that a further centralisation is logically due, and must of necessity tend towards the centre. What strikes me most is that I seem to be wrong.

---

of them. This involves parting with the Porcupinus Angelicus — and I would almost rather keep the diseases. He has been kindness itself — the Porcupine has "passed in music out of sight," and the Angel has been perfected in him. As Sir Walter sings: —

Oh, Adams! in our hours of ease
Rather inclined to growl and teaze,
When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou.'

— John Hay to St. Gaudens, 12 April, 1905. *Letters and Diaries of John Hay*, III. 330.

[1] 'The world of today uses us up fast. The names of yesterday disappear like newspaper flies, and the new ones fly faster than the old. My recent study and reading have turned wholly on the problem how long the world itself will take, at its present acceleration, to break its neck. My first result fixed on the decade 1930–40; but lately the figures show a rapid shortening up. In fact, it might happen tomorrow, according to the highest authorities in physics.' — To Gaskell, 28 June, 1905.

[2] A letter from Spring Rice to Hay, dated from St. Petersburg, 26 April, 1905, unpublished, of which Adams retained a copy.

This happens so rarely that you may perhaps never have noticed a case before, and even I am perplexed to account for it. Hitherto in my life I have always been right; it is other people who are wrong. I suspect this to be now the correct explanation. All that is eccentric, unexpected and irregular, is individual, accidental and negligible. In this case, all such perturbations are due to the individual weaknesses of the two men who stand on top of the heap. You may look over the whole world outside, and you will find no other sign of eccentric energies or inexplicable actions — no! not even in Colorado among the bears. All is orderly, — even the cowboys.

Spring jumps to the conclusion that there can be no revolution among people who can't revolve. How much revolution makes a revolution for Springy, I don't know; but for my simple wants, as compared with eighteen months ago, eastern Europe has done about the most active bit of revolting as Europe has ever seen. One may be sure that it will go on, as long as the conditions, and especially the man, are constant.

The other case is more personal still. For ten years I have sat here and watched the intrigues to detach France from Russia and England and us. Suddenly and violently comes an explosion which flings France beyond all recovery into England's arms. Spring says it is the result of the eastern war. The bank, which is run by the German Jews as the *N*[*orth*] *A*[*merican*] *Review* says (p. 562), suddenly sacrifices all its ten years' profits on the table, and plays a wild *coup* not in the least Judaic. Granting that it means war and a new centralisation, — Holland, Austria, Salonika, and what you like, — it is a wild *coup* still; a false move; a blunder, which betrays the whole vacillating direction of policy. It is mere idiosyncracy. Had the Germans meant it seriously, they would not have made the scandal. If they made the scandal, they have nothing to gain by following it up with open warnings to all their neighbors to prepare for war. I infer that they have other things in mind. Germany's difficulties are always great. My preference is to disregard her manners, — which are, after all, not so bad as those of her neighbors have often been, — and help her all one can. Let her have her way! Why not! She has asked nothing very serious; she has only talked abruptly, and even this is apparent. She has been talking openly enough in private, all along.

I rather agree with Jaurès.[1] What he and I want is to make politics follow mass. We want our Atlantic system, — which extends from the Rocky Mountains, on the west, to the Elbe on the east, and develops nine tenths of the energy of the world, — to control France and Germany as far as it goes. Germany tries, and has always tried, to be independent, and she faces east, south, and west, jumps over our heads, and intrigues with every bankrupt beach-comber, to maintain a continental system like Napoleon's, independent of ours. The law of mass is against her, thus far, and, except in Silesia, she has no real balance to her western strain. All western Germany is American, Atlantic and anti-military. We need only to work with it, and help it to what it thinks it wants; and above all, to remove, as far as we can, the inevitable friction with France and England. This is the hardest job. Fear will not listen, and we can't tell which of all the powers is now the most scared. At any moment we may have a blind panic. Nothing saves us now but the Jew banking-interest.

---

[1] Auguste Marie Joseph Jean Jaurès (1859–1914).

I hope France and England will try to let Germany have her way. As yet she has asked for nothing very serious. The time must come when she will ask for Holland or Austria or the Baltic provinces, or a strip of Poland. Her manners are almost as bad as those of England or France were, a hundred years ago; and this doubles the danger. One cannot discuss the matter beforehand. One hardly sees a means of preparing any solution at all. Yet war would be fatal to everyone, except perhaps to us; and victory would only raise greater dangers and more enemies. What she needs is to emigrate into Russia.

Meanwhile my skies are still cold and my attic is solitude, and that brute of a chauffeur comes daily for orders.

To John Hay

PARIS, 6 May, 1905.

. . . .

When I say that Spring Rice is a victim of chronic and morbid terrors, I mean no special reflection on him. I am far more scared than he, for the madness which worries him has a certain sense and relation, but I see nothing anywhere except fantastic chaos, of which Rodjesvenski and the Russians are the mere accident.[1] The occasional gleams of relation and sequence are terrible, like half-wakening from nightmares. Here is poor Theodore growing old, and conscious! What a self-contradictory, self-annihilating, anarchical idea, — a Theodore, old, and conscious of anything!

[1] The Russian fleet of battleships, commanded by Rozhestvenski, was destroyed or captured by the Japanese on May 27–28, 1905.

The world is going to stop! At this rate, it can't run six months longer. I know why! I made it! It is made to run as long as I do, and no longer. My mind will expire within six months, more or less; and then you will all go too. Really the thing is too obvious for a doubt. You must be aware that Spring is right. You had better resign at once, as I've told you so often, and watch the venerable Theodore run the venerable chaos into the venerable Hades.

My conscience troubles me for fear I may have seemed in my last letter to have spoken unsympathetically of Springy; when the wildest alienists would at once see that I meant well, and really understood his form of lunacy which is not unlike my own. The situation seems to me what it seems to him, only infinitely more complicated, and it is in the complications that I see the only chance of balance. If all are drunk enough, they will perhaps seem to themselves sober.

This comes of brooding in a Paris attic over a useless automobile in a glacial epoch.

To Elizabeth Cameron

PARIS, Sunday, 7 May, 1905.

. . . .

The Nauheim report of John is as good as one could expect. Not that I put much faith in what the Doctor[1] says, — he says that you are one of his star successes, — but his cure shows that John must be doing well, for he has got to three baths running, and at first he was told that he could take them only on alternate days. I infer that he must be stronger than supposed. Mrs. Hay thinks him well enough to be left to himself, and is going to give him his after-cure at Sunapee. They sail on the *Baltic*, June 7. I do not know whether this is public, but there can hardly be much secret about it.

John encloses me a long letter from Springy. The white rabbit is as scared as ever, but he can't be so scared as I am, who have no nervous system left. I see precipices all round, and dread every morning to open a newspaper. The situation is frightfully dangerous. Poor France is in an impossible position between Russia, Germany and Japan. Russia is dropping to pieces, and seems to care no longer what happens inside or out. England is half mad with fear of Germany, and the Kaiser behaves as if he might go off his head at any moment.

And it goes on raining a deluge!

[1] Dr. Groedel.

The truth is that I am homesick. I never supposed I could be so again. Europe is an awful nightmare. It scares me.

PARIS, 13 May, 1905.

. . . .

I am waiting for somebody to drag me to the *Duel*.[1] Otherwise I hear of little, and I find it terribly laborious to go off, after dinner, and see the 3001st variation on the great eternal success of the drama in making the French man contemptible and the French woman vile. They do not need it. It is one of my never-ending puzzles to understand the truth, and what puzzles me most is to be assured by generation after generation of American youth who come here to study, that the whole class of actresses, singers, models and professionals of all sorts speak in the same way of the French man, and are anarchists to a woman. They do not talk so about other men, — English, Scotch, German, — but about their own men they are bitter to murder.

The theme of my 12th-century conversation crops out here again as fresh as ever and as perplexing. You are very good and kind to say you like my talk, — for I deny that it is a book; it is only a running chatter with my nieces and those of us who care for old art. Vanity is a danger I can hardly fear now; on the contrary, self-depreciation has always been my vice, and morbid self-contempt my moral weakness, as it was that of the 12th-century mystics, which is the bond of sympathy between us; but we each recoup ourselves by feeling a calm, unruffled, instinctive, unfathomed scepticism about the existence of a world at all. We are mighty mean shucks, as we are well aware, but we are all that is; we know no other world, and if there is one, we know nothing about its opinions of us. We don't believe it ever heard of us. Among the two or three hundreds of millions of people about us in Europe and America, our public could hardly be five hundred. These five hundred count as one, for census purposes. For my own practical life, the number has certainly never exceeded a score. Anything which has helped to bring that score into closer understanding and sympathy, has been worth doing. Any expression which makes on me the illusion of having done anything towards sympathy, — apart from the effect of making me hopeless, — is as near positive satisfaction as St. Francis or Pascal or I could reach. We never despised the world or its opinions; we only failed to find out its existence. The world, if it exists, feels exactly in the same way towards us, and cares not one straw whether we exist or not. Philosophy has never got beyond this point. There are but two schools; one turns the world onto me; the other turns me onto the world; and the result is the same. The so-called me is a very, very small and foolish puppy-dog, but it is all that exists, and it tries all its life to get a little bigger by enlarging its energies, and getting dollars and friends....

---

[1] By Henri Léon Emile Lavenden (1859–   ).

PARIS, Saturday, 20 May, 1905.

Mrs. Hay's reports from Nauheim are sufficiently good, and John comes here this day week. Apparently he will have his hands full next year, and I greatly doubt his strength. One needs to be a sort of Niagara to deal at once with the Senate, Theodore, the Kaiser and the Tsar. Yet I almost think that things are moving in Russia. The disgrace of Cassini, long announced, seems to dispose of the last of the Manchurian gang, and the collapse of Rodjesvenski forebodes the end. Russia will get a government.

Not that this will help us much. The real volcano now is the Kaiser. More and more I think him verging on the asylum; and openly everyone seems now to agree that the Tsar is feeble-minded. Too much married, is the explanation! Two years ago, anyone who had foreseen the present situation would have been madder than either.

Meanwhile some one seems to be in great trouble, for our stock-market sickens even my fluffy white bear. I dread every morning's report. Everything seems to be wildly prosperous, and every day one is thousands poorer. *Paciencia y barajar!*[1]

[1] 'The *Duel* was good, and for once a serious motive; of course well played, but Bartet's rôle was just a little comical to an American, and the two men were far from sympathetic. You know your Bargy and can imagine him as priest, saving souls, or perhaps in this case, bodies. All these *pièces à thèse* have a certain French convention of theatre about them which makes one smile; but I smiled louder when, on Thursday morning while I was reading my *N.Y. Herald*, Marie ushered in M. [Auguste Emile] Bergerat of the etc., etc., etc., who presented me with the MS. of his new play *Vidocq*, which Coquelin is to produce next winter, and which I am to translate for Miss Marbury. Please do not repeat this! In the first place *Vidocq* is not a work of the twelfth century, or even a *Cyrano*, but just a Gaboriau spectacle of the Conan Doyle type and naïf for babes. Secondly Bergerat is haunted by fear that some wicked American will steal and mangle his precious work, and its whereabouts is to be secret. No whisper of my name is to be breathed. As the drama is very long, and I am allowed only till July 1 to do it, I must work a good deal harder than my habit, and average ten pages a day.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 28 May, 1905. 'In the intervals of all this running and fussing I find repose in M. Bergerat whose infantile devices to amuse a tired world make me doubt whether the world is really tired. Truly a playwright is a wonder of childish simplicity. I have done rather more than half the MS. and find it quite fit for the nursery.' — To the same, 6 June, 1905. He completed the translation by June 11. 'It is rot, but it has taught me some French.' The play seems never to have been put on the stage.

Jeanne Julia Regnault, known as Bartet (1854–).

To Margaret Chanler

PARIS, 2 June, 1905.

. . . .

Your very kind letter of May 11 was followed at a long interval by the volume of Mr. Henry Thode,[1] though I may not understand why he does not go the whole hog Heinrich. I have accordingly perused his Germanity on the subject that concerns us; but as I verge closer and closer to my seven-hundredth anniversary, the instinct to contradict a German becomes obsession. Truly I love all Germans, but they all have Mme. de Stael's single fault. Accuracy is their disease and professorship their antidote. I know not why I love St. Francis better as an Umbrian, but I think it because I do not know what an Umbrian is. At all events I feel almost sure it wasn't a German. Henry has spared us that.

You are wonderful! How can you do such things! If I were really of the Church, the only thing I would insist on would be that all Germans should get out of it. Honestly I think you don't mind. The Church should have been so deeply grateful to Luther and Calvin and Knox and the rest, for ridding her of Germans and Swiss and Scotch and Dutch and all the most disagreeable people on earth! They all insist on our swallowing what they call Truth, which is always themselves *au lard*.

Do you ever read Kant? In the whole history of human thought, nothing so German ever was known. Kant was short of a God, and deliberately made one out of himself in his official character of German professor. His categorical imperative is the Dean of Königsberg. If any German, — not Jew, — had ever been endowed with a sense of humor, Kant would have been the noblest jest of Deity. He is the drollest of all serious solemnities. I don't get over him at all. Old as human conceit is, and weary as I am of it, Kant's simple-minded German-professorial conceit knocks me silly, not on account of Kant but on account of the German Kantists, who still keep it up, as solemnly as in the fifteenth century when the Professor reigned unchecked.

So let's leave our Francis an Assisian, and repudiate the Piche grandpapa. I've nothing against Piche, but I prefer Pica. After all, the southern French in those days were more Italian or Spanish than they were French. In any case he wasn't a Norman! Is it not curious that St. Thomas, just his opposite, should have been both Norman and German? . . .

---

[1] Henry Thode (1857–), a writer on art.

To Brooks Adams

PARIS, 5 June, 1905.

. . . .

If you asked me to find out five hundred persons in the world to whom you would like to give the volume [*Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*], I could say only that, as far as you and I know, five hundred do not exist, — nor half that number — nor a quarter of it.

'As far as you and I know,' and I suspect we know of everybody worth knowing. Thousands of people exist who think they want to read. Barring a few Jews, they are incapable of reading fifty consecutive pages, or of following the thought if they did. I never yet heard of ten men who had ever read my history and never one who had read Hay's *Lincoln.*

Therefore I am inclined to think that I have got to be satisfied anyway with you for an audience, and it is more appreciative in me to say at once that you are audience enough. The reading-world will say what you do better without trying to read than without it. There are already some fifty copies afloat, and I'll bet ten to one that half of them have not been once read. Yet they've been given only to the most appreciative and cultivated personal friends.

Of course there are several hundred thousand persons in Boston and out of it, who are lecture-goers and frequent libraries; and there are one or two million young women who read poetry in Browning Clubs, and mostly come to Paris to study art when they can. I imagine that neither you nor I care much to be admired by these, but in any case they will admire us the more at second hand. We need not lift a finger to reach that class, who are quite passive, and mere reed-ponds of receptivity.

This sounds contemptuous to my fellow men, and perhaps it is so; but I am quite sure that whatever my fellow-men may say about it, or think they ought to say about it, both they and my fellow-women in their hearts agree with it, and will like me better for not being on sale. . . .[1]

---

[1] 'I took the precaution to copyright it, in order to prevent its being copyrighted against me. As for piracy, I love to be pirated. It is the greatest compliment an author can have. The wholesale piracy of *Democracy* was the single real triumph of my life. Anyone may steal what he likes from me, and no one can do much better than has been done heretofore; but I don't want to be made *particeps criminis.* I don't want to steal my own property. I prefer to help him away with the swag. . . . In a year or two, the volume is yours — or my executors — to sell or burn.' — To Brooks Adams, 11 July, 1905. 'For the rest, I care not a straw what they do with it, provided it is done without my sharing in the act. They

To Elizabeth Cameron

PARIS, 6 June, 1905.

. . . .

Hay has not gained strength yet. Paris pulled him down at once. His nerves are gone. He is in no better physical condition than when he sailed.

Loubat[1] made him go to see Robin[2] who gave him a small book of instructions. Hay himself, you know from of old, is a bad patient. He regards himself as done, and expects to finish officially very soon.

Although this must be almost as severe a check to my life as to his, I have foreseen it so long and timed it so exactly that it will hardly be a shock. In fact, it is, in some ways, rather lucky for him. He would never have forced his way out, and it has been clear to me that, since Root went, he would do well to follow. Theodore is his own Cabinet, and especially likes to play with foreign kings. Hay has had no choice but to hold the hats and look on. He had better go out, now that his excuse is good.

It is true that I have said so from the first: — Get out before you are kicked out. Instead, he merely stays kicked in.

Not that Theodore means deliberately to do either, but he uses his friends up with frightful rapidity. His Cabinet is kaleidoscopic. He lets his friend Cabot cut the throat of one after another of his other friends, waiting till he shall himself whack Cabot over the skull. Nothing but confusion can come of a temperament like Theodore's, and the confusion is none the less confused because he rides on it.

I have not meddled. On the contrary I have assumed steadily that Hay would get back to his post. Why should I bother? All the great questions that recalled me to life in 1893 are settled. Even the Russian problem has taken a form altogether new. Everywhere the world is preparing for another start. The confusion is to me quite terrific. I see no way whatever to get out. Russia, Germany, England and the whole East are deliberately upsetting themselves. America knows no more how to run her complicated machine than I know how to run my automobile. Someone has got to break his neck. The Tsar has done it? Who comes next? the Kaiser? and where will our necks come in?

may pirate, steal, extract or repeat whatever they like; I'll not complain; but I mean to retain the right to disavow. The thing must remain Talk, not history.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 28 June, 1905.

[1] Possibly Joseph Florimond, duc de Loubat (1831–1927).

[2] Albert Charles Edmond Robin (1847–1928).

Mine is not worth fussing about, and my complete bewilderment over the monstrosities of this preposterous universe has become such an obsession that I can laugh like only an idiot, but I keep the laugh up with zeal. . . .[1]

To Moreton Frewen

23 AVENUE DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE, July 7, 1905

Thanks for your note. The world seems to be tired of my old friends and me, for we are dying like flies and very few are left. We made a rather poor job of running creation, on the whole and got into no end of scrapes, but no doubt our successors will do better. Anyhow they've got to try. Just now they all seem at a loss to know what they do want.

I urged Hay to live long enough to make peace, but he shook his head. Not that it matters for I imagine that peace will make itself without our bothering; but it would have been a nice climax for Hay's career.

As for me, he and I took life as an amusement, not too serious, and each knew that we were racing for the end.[2]

To Elizabeth Cameron

PARIS, 16 July, 1905.

Your letter of the 2d, at the moment of Hay's death, arrived yesterday. You were more shocked than I, and for the reason that I am so tiresome about preaching. I am a pessimist — dark and deep, — who always expects the worst, and is never surprised when it comes. Hay was by nature another, but never in his life had a misfortune or unhappiness till Del's death. Both of us knew, when we parted, that his life was ended, and that the mere day or month or year of actual death was a detail. We had been discussing it for at least two years. Naturally it surprised neither of us.

[1] 'Wednesday, [June 28], 9.30 A.M. The *Herald* just brings the news of Hay's collapse. Although I could not have prophesied it to a day, I fully expected it this week. From the moment it became clear that the heart was not the organ really at fault, I felt that the diagnosis had failed, and in that case the decline would probably continue. He thought so too. The doctors had been all wrong about him, and had no idea what ailed him. I saw the same sort of physical collapse in my brother John and my brother-in-law Gurney. The doctors never explained it. So I lose two of my oldest friends in one week, for I imagine that Hay's life is as good as ended.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 28 June, 1905.

The London *Times* had announced the death of Sir Robert Cunliffe on June 18, 1905.

[2] Hay died 1 July, 1905.

Pessimists are social bores. Optimists are intellectual idiots. If you want thorough work, always employ a pessimist. The optimist trusts to good luck; he gambles on his cards without calculating them. Luck in life is surely no more in favor of the player than it is at cards. In the long run, in life, one has got to lose. On the whole, Hay was a very great winner, even in his death. Between him and Clarence King, in that respect, the contrast was quite superstitious. Yet King had more *suite*, more chances of luck, more foresight, and vastly more initiative and energy....

PARIS, 13 August, 1905.

Now that you have taken up with Paul Morton,[1] perhaps you can decide what has been to me Roosevelt's worst symptom: — why he let Morton desert? My view is that Morton could not stand the anti-trust measures of Roosevelt, and resigned because he could not stop them. Certainly Morton was the strongest man in the Cabinet. His loss is a very serious one. Taft too is an able man, but not an able politician or diplomatist. He wants tact and foresight. He is the big, blue-grass, limestone Ohio type that we have so well known. He will jump for the Bench. Root is as strongly opposed to Roosevelt's way of treating corporations as Paul Morton or John Hay. If the Peace Conference fails, Root's situation will be doubly difficult, for he has to carry the Monroe Doctrine, and Roosevelt is already wobbling over the whole hemisphere to find a foothold for any doctrine at all. I want to help Root, but it seems to me he is condemned to death like John Hay. He is coarser and younger, but his position is more dependent. He knows less, and he is necessarily a candidate for the Presidency.[2]

---

[1] Paul Morton (1857–1911), Secretary of the Navy in succession to Moody.

[2] 'I am glad that Root is to take the Department, although his position there will be untenable, as Hay's was. Between Theodore, Cabot, the Senate and Wall Street, not even Root can wriggle. He has always opposed Theodore's attacks on the corporations, and he will have to oppose the Senate's ultra-protective, Chinese-exclusive obstinacy. He will be a helpless Presidential candidate, or will go out. The Senate killed Hay.. . I always insisted to Hay that it was his own fault. He kept himself there, knowing he was being killed, because he was afraid of being bored. So am I afraid of being bored, and God knows how reasonably, seeing that I've endured more of it than Hay ever dreamed of, — for he was never bored in his life, — but, bored or bore, I have sight enough to protect myself from political bravos like Cabot and Theodore. I don't hold out my glass and ask for the arsenic. Root knows exactly what he has before him. We shall see how he saves himself.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 9 July, 1905.

To Margaret Chanler

PARIS, 11 August, 1905.

Your adorable letter distresses me a little. Do you know why it is adorable? not because it flatters me, though that would warrant the phrase. I rather think I am beyond flattery. It is saying much, and sounds horribly conceited, but even a Jesuit could scarcely require more self-effacement than I have practised for many many years, not as a penitence but as an education; and at last the thought of others than myself is the first, or at least the steadiest motive I feel. Your letter stirs it up. Evidently you have taken a place in America which you can never get in Europe. Whether a place in America is worth taking no one knows; but certainly you can take no place in Europe that is worth it. I admit that the American woman is a failure; that she has held nothing together, neither State nor Church, nor Society nor Family. She is more of a failure when she tries a mission than she is when she doesn't. On the whole I think she is a worse failure than the American man who is surely failure enough. Yet everything is relative. The European woman of the twentieth century is no stronger. The enormous bigness and complexity of the problem crushes us all. Our fascinating old 12th-century friends had a job that could be handled. There were never enough of them to fill a good-sized church, and the only force they controlled was a horse, without roads even for him. America has nearly a hundred million people running at least five-and-twenty million horse-power equivalent to the power of the whole animal world since Eve. It worries me to see our women run away from the job. They think they improve themselves in Europe, but in reality they feel themselves helpless at home, and smothered by the multitude. You all run away just when you are making speed. Sometimes, I admit, it is the man's fault. . . . I have always stuck to the job, such as it is. My knees knock together with dread and fear of next winter in Washington. I am isolated, superannuated, senile and silent. I have to bottle up my most effervescent antipathies, and am bored to suicide; but I am going on to run the machine alone since my last ally [Hay] has had his life crushed out of him by it. . . .

I do not know what is going to happen in the world, because the sequence of centuries has now brought us far beyond the elements of our old curve, and the acceleration of speed is incalculable; but all my figures lead me to conclude that the present society must succumb to the task within one generation more. Otherwise they will be running infinite power, that is, the stellar universe. The break-down must come with us, since we hold the mass of energy. Naturally I can help nothing, nor you, nor anyone; but at least we might stick together. We are all in the same automobile, and cannot jump....

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS, 19 August, 1905.

It is hard on to fifty years since I first visited Stonehenge. My second visit was from Norman Court, I think, somewhere about forty years ago. That you should make your pilgrimage there now is returning far on our steps.

Fossie Cunliffe's[1] letter reached me last Monday and I answered it at once. From Lady Cunliffe I've heard nothing, and can't write because I don't know how or where to address her. 'Something Lady Cunliffe. Somewhere.'

I am quite alone now in Paris except for a thousand stray Americans who fill every odd corner with their sharp American tones. They have quite driven out our British drawl of fifty years ago, and have almost overcome even the Germans. I know no one to speak with. Every few days I rush out into the country fifty miles to breakfast, see some *vitraux*, and come back to dinner. The *auto* is a great tyrant. I have to invent space for it.

I have applied for rooms on the *Baltic* from Liverpool, November 2, and am waiting an answer. If I sail from Liverpool I shall offer myself to you for a day.

I need not say that I am as uneasy as ever about public matters. Towards autumn I grow uneasy always, but this autumn the process of disintegration in eastern Europe has gone so far that it can go no further without reaching westward. Russia, Sweden, Austria and Germany are boiling like pitch in a pot. I am scared. Our American situation pleases me little better. We all admit that it cannot be run another five-and-twenty years. You are also in the mess. Your people, too, want a little confusion, and I suppose they must have it.

I will send you the volume you want. I had quite forgotten having mentioned it to you since showing you the Abelard chapter.[2] It was meant only for nieces and women, for men no longer read at all, and I've given only to men who asked for it. Indeed I've not given it even to my brothers or nephews. They borrow it from their women-folk if they want it. Of course it is not for the public. What is the public? Just about one hundred and fifty people, I think, who make opinion.

---

[1] Foster Hugh Egerton Cunliffe (1875–1916), son of Sir Robert Cunliffe.

[2] *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*, ch. XIV.

To Elizabeth Cameron

PARIS, Sunday, 20 August, 1905.

. . . .

Of course today I am high in humor at seeing Theodore waltz into the ring to run the Tsar and the Russian Empire.[1] He is, as Sister Anne says, cunning. You know all I have to say on that menagerie. Russia is now sunk, in any case, as I see her. Mr. de Witte first ruined the country, and is now polishing off the dynasty. Eighteen months is very rapid work. I have buried all hope of saving Russia. My worry is now about Germany. I think this is the universal terror. I am merely one of the crowd. What I fear is that Theodore, thus playing the king, and avowedly acting without Secretary of State or Cabinet, will fetch us up somewhere with our heads against a stone wall. He and the Tsar and the Kaiser are a gay Trinity to run the machinery of an incomprehensible future. What would induce you to hire either one of the three to drive you in your, or my, automobile?

What induces men and women to trust their necks to young Walshes at forty miles an hour? Helen Hay tells me that young Vanderbilt broke down under the strain. As for me, I will not even learn to start or stop my machine. At sixty-seven, one knows one's nervous system at least; yet I am obliged to trust myself and you too, in a machine or machines run by three men whom I would refuse to employ in my own service at a dollar a day....

Monday. I was at Versailles yesterday; curious lot, mostly French; Rachel Boyer; Hervieu;[2] Cartier; and Americans assorted to husbands and wives; everyone *en automobile.* Rotten world, but as good as any other now open!...

This morning's *Herald* and *Matin* suit my pessimistic nature. So the war party has driven George Curzon from India[3] and has snubbed our own President in the same twenty-four hours. Theodore has at least one solitary distinction; he is the only opponent whom the Tsar has succeeded in kicking since the war began. It is true, the kick is pretty violent.

---

[1] The Portsmouth, New Hampshire, conference to end the Russian-Japanese War.

[2] Paul Hervieu (1857–1915).

[3] Curzon resigned on a question of appointment and his resignation was accepted 22 August, 1905.

So the corner is turned and we march another stage towards disorder. I feared as much. Hay was lucky. Next winter will be fatal to the weak, if not to the strong. There can be only chaos in the government. I would like to hear Aldrich[1] and John Kean[2] talk to each other about it. As far as I can see, Theodore has touched nothing which he has not deranged. The fault is not his so much as it is the rotten old machine of society which breaks down whenever you try to patch it. My brother Brooks says it must be made to run; I reply that he had better first make his own, and the public's, mind run, for the trouble is there. The power we develope is too great for our minds to direct. A *pneu* busts, and we go into a wall.

Tuesday. Stanford White ran in on me at seven o'clock last night to announce with huge excitement that Payne and Helen have bought the Clouet Henry II from Azay for 130,000 frs. to put up in the *salon.* You remember it perhaps, the mounted portrait, like that in the Henry II room in the Louvre if I remember right.[3] With their tapestry in the dining-room their house will be a Museum. They meant it to be Italian but it is getting to be French altogether....

PARIS, 27 August, 1905.

. . . .

Nothing matters much! I'm a mere fag-end of a tallow-candle, and as for you, what I am, you will be some day. This morning I thought with a shock that it is near nine years since we broke up at Washington in May, 1897. Nine years is an enormous gap in life. These nine years have swept away men and empires and upset science. Another such ten years will set us on our heads and knock all our social systems silly. For that matter, they are silly enough now. Nothing but armies are left of all that we preached in the forties. We are evidently sucking our world dry for one more big effort for a last concentration. There is some writer on the New York *Sun* who has, for years past, duplicated my states of mind so exactly that I regard him as my *double* in the press. You can read him as though he were I.

---

[1] Nelson Wilmarth Aldrich (1841–1915), Senator from Rhode Island.

[2] John Kean (1852–1914), Senator from New Jersey.

[3] The Louvre picture, a full length portrait of Henri II, was by François Clouet. That of Azay-le-Rideau by the same painter is an equestrian portrait. It is described in *L'Art,* LVIII. 246.

This is *à propos* to Theodore's desperate efforts to play with Kings. He loves the amusement dearly, but Kings are bad partners. We have got to support France against Germany, and fortify an Atlantic system beyond attack; for if Germany breaks down England or France, she becomes the centre of a military world, and we are lost. The course of concentration must be decided by force, — whether military or industrial matters not much to the end, but to us it is the whole game, for we are industrial.

Such are my conclusions from the Roosevelt Peace. I wait tomorrow to call them definitive. We were wrong. I was wrongest. I thought Russia still able to make peace. She is beyond effort now, and so are we.

Tuesday. A furious storm descended on us yesterday, and knocked out all our arrangements. I went to meet Miss Brice and Miss Marbury at Henry's, but met only the Eddy family with Spencer in charge who seemed unusually anxious to be civil. Spencer is so *journalier* that one takes him humorously, but he complained of health and said that the climate and conditions of St. Petersburg had broken him up. Certainly he looks old. He knew no more than an Emperor about the situation, and could not even tell me whether Root was in charge of the Department. Apparently the telegrams are signed by the President. He has seen nothing signed by Root. I think I never was more stumped than by the way Roosevelt has dropped the pretence of constitutional government. Hay escaped just in time. Of course the convulsive effort Roosevelt is making will in any case be charged to his political ambition now; and I quite expect to see the Senate charge him with intending a *coup d'état* by cowboys.

Spencer said that George Meyer had talked an hour and a half with the Tsar before getting his consent to the Conference. Does not that give a picture of satire? And to think that no man living, and no woman, except me, is old enough to laugh! Fifty years ago, at school, I was told that the dark ages were long passed, but there never was a droller middle age than George Meyer and the Tsar settling human destinies by themselves, with Theodore Roosevelt sitting on them. About five hundred million people were waiting with their lives and money at stake, to hear what those two jackasses said, and nobody ever suggested that the 500,000,000 should be anyhow consulted. I'm going to die, soon, — thank God!

You are tired of my howls, and well you may be, but for the last two years my howling seems to me justified. Today I am still screaming and yelling with fear lest the Conference breaks up. We must have peace.[1] Things are black here. The *krach* on the Bourse about sugar is bad enough, and I fear an awful scandal today in the Say family; but if another *krach* in Russians follows, France will shake to its centre in the Rue de la Paix. Russia means the Tsar, and the Tsar means that we shall all sink or swim with him. We shall! God save the Tsar Theodore Rooseveltoff!

PARIS, 3 September, 1905.

Nothing shocks me so much as what shocked Robinson Crusoe; their tameness! They haven't a notion what has happened to them. You have heard me howl and squeal like a pig for months past, in deadly fear of what would happen if we did not turn the corner. Now that we have really turned the corner I look about at the world and find it just as stupid as before. Some day the sun will disappear, and I think everyone will go to bed and think they will do well enough without one. The last nine years have been stupendous, and all looking away from Europe; and now suddenly Europe looks round and sees empire transferred to the Pacific Ocean, and goes to sleep again. France is fairly indifferent, and Germany is helpless. For the first time since the world began, we've got down to real business.

To me who live still in the eighteenth century, it is weird to see France, England, Germany and Russia stand humbly aside to let Theodore Roosevelt dictate their fate. For this I suffered martyrdom from Palmerston! Only forty years ago, Europe walked over us roughshod. We have never asked to interfere and never have had any thought of it. We've no more sense than they have, but we've more mass, and a better position. So we suddenly turn our back on Europe, and say that empire has moved over to the Pacific, and Europe is helpless.

England has done the bulk of the work. In reality she has pulled us over. We have been quite passive about it. As far as I can see, it is now accomplished. I cannot conceive what will come of it. You had better ask my brother Brooks. He is sure to know. As for me, I'm done, finished, ended and dead! My world is as extinct as the thirteenth century. I see not six months ahead. I don't care. . . .

While this vast revolution takes place, I've nothing to tell you. The usual change of weather has come. Autumn is here. I loathe the Paris autumn which is gloom and grime and gray. Everyone is hurrying home. Yesterday Helen Brice, Miss Marbury, Miss De

---

[1] The treaty of peace was signed, 5 September, 1905.

Wolfe, Looly and I had a parting breakfast at La Rue's. I've taken passage provisionally for October 28, on the *St. Louis*....

To Charles Francis Adams

PARIS, 23 September, 1905.

I receive this moment Jack's wedding-card,[1] and, as I do not know his address, I enclose to you my small offering on the occasion. Will you kindly see that it reaches him.

I am sorry not to have seen the young people. It is rather a joke to think that I am probably to them much the same sort of figure that Uncle Sydney [Brooks] and Uncle Edward [Everett] were to us. I do not see myself that way, and it makes me laugh.

Weddings come thick among nephews and nieces, but one can hardly have too many. I am only sorry to know nothing about the new adoptions. It is my fault and loss.

You have taken to Egypt for your winters which seems to me uncommonly sensible. The devil has hitherto tied me to Washington because I was mad enough to build a house there twenty years ago; but my ties there are growing so weak that a little more strain might break them. Egypt would be then my preference. No other country approaches its advantages for people as old as the Pharaohs. One can turn into a mummy by natural growth. I ask no more.

Not that anything prevents it here! As far as interest or interests go, I've nothing to prevent my turning mummy, and of course have nothing to tell you, and less than nothing to talk about. It is rather grim, but my nervous system got knocked out long ago, and mummies need none.

To Anna Cabot Mills Lodge

23 AVENUE DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE, 7 November, 1905.

You are infinitely kind to write sweet letters on every sort of subject except those on our minds, but this is our little play in the world, where one is best off when dumb and, if possible, deaf. Yes! I suppose I shall open Congress as usual. Why not! If any one were to come and take me by the ear, and lead me off to statesmen in the moon, I should go readily, but, lunatic for lunatic, the Washington type has to me the merit that I have known him drunk and have known him sober, for fifty years, and drunk or sober there was never anything in him — but himself. One can exist, more or less, in the atmosphere by violently holding one's tongue, and I suppose you and I can go on doing it, as we have done so long; but if you could manage to unearth one human companion of the male sex, more than three years old, you would save imminent risk of asphyxiation to yourself and others. . . .

---

[1] John Adams (1875–), son of Charles Francis Adams, married Marian Morse, 5 October, 1905.

The revolt of the American woman has taken portentous proportions. Willy Hearst is a long way behind. If you want to know the American, come here! You'll never see him at home. There she says she just adores Chicago. And I guess our poor husbands believe it. The French say that there is always a shade of ridicule in the position of husband. I am getting to think there is more than a shade of ridicule in the position of male. The American man is — a chump. . . .

To Charles Francis Adams

PARIS, 4 November, 1905.

Thanks for the book-plate.[1]

Your discovery of its meaning is very interesting to me, because I never could understand how the old man induced the Herald's College to patch it up for him. I have always meant to get a Heraldic explanation. I understood the shield to be Boylston. There were no quarterings, and why not? He had a right to at least a dozen quarterings through the Boylstons alone, I imagine. The stars are rays — from Boylston? Had he the intent to claim the stars as his? The legend is, I think, a little altered from Tacitus. Did not Germanicus say: '*Libertatem, amicitiam, fidem, præcipua humani animi bona, retinebis*'? Which certainly applied to a people rather than to a person.

At one time I leaned to the idea that he meant it, not for a personal seal, but for the Legation seal while he should be minister. As first minister he had to invent something.

To Theodore Roosevelt

Private & Personal. [PARIS], 6 November, 1905.

You have established a record as the best herder of Emperors since Napoleon. I should long ago have written you my gratitude, had not men — and women — taught me to hold my tongue before my betters. On public affairs I am still a scholar, not a professor; and when I think I know enough to help you, I will do it; but for the present I am bothered most by private matters. You have taught us here to herd Emperors, but also you have shown that, of all cattle, Emperors are most easily herded. I need your views about the relative docility of Kings, Presidents of South American Republics, Railway Presidents and Senators; but mostly and immediately about Mr. —

---

[1] See Massachusetts Historical Society, *Proceedings*, March, 1906. A more detailed history of the Adams book-plate will be found in Henry Adams [2d], *A Catalogue of the Books of John Quincy Adams' Library*, Boston, 1938.

Of Mr. — I know of my own knowledge only that he has held official station under the United States Government and under His Holiness the Pope. I had hoped to know no more of him. At the cost of a shock verging on apoplexy, I have been obliged to hear that he is about to sail for New York on the 18th, in the *Amerika*, and that after transacting some private business, he hopes to visit Washington.

If you think it necessary to let Mr. — enter your fold and frolic with your lambs in the Senate and House, I shall still have to ask you what your neighbors on La Fayette Square are to say about him if asked; for this is a case where we must carefully conform to the Law, and particularly to the Prophets, of the White House.

I am not concerned about my own social relations. You know that I have none. My fear is that the sudden appearance of Mr. — in La Fayette Square might give public annoyance to persons whom we would rather protect than expose, — among others, to his harmless wife. The press is pitiless. You know how audaciously violent our newspapers are, when they are seized by virtue; a sublime spectacle; but loftier than convenient for those who are underneath and receive the filth.

Possibly a word from you, conveyed in private through a proper agent, — by preference in the church hierarchy, — might prevent the visit to Washington. You know all about it. I know next to nothing.

I hope to reach Washington as usual in time to help you open Congress and exhort the impenitent. I have now no one else to help.[1]

---

[1] 'Between men, as you know, there is only one unpardonable crime. No man is a moralist, he cares very little what another man does; but he is awfully strict about his club and his person. If a man is under ban, and tries to break the ban by forcing himself on one's privacy, that man is *hors la loi*. The decision is final. Argument or discussion ceases. This is the case where men habitually use personal violence.

'The situation on Tuesday was trebly trying. I have taken three days to get back my self-restraint, but I am still under such remnants of horror and disgust that I dread going back to the scene....

'I need not say that the person in question must not dream of coming to Washington. He will infallibly be insulted and probably be struck. The mere scheme is mad.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 3 November, 1905.

XX

WASHINGTON

1906–1907

To Anna Cabot Mills Lodge

WASHINGTON, 1 January, 1906.

I return the Cabots[1] with many thanks thrown in for the Dwights, Eliots, Mills's, Bullards, Coolidges, Parkmans and all the rest of Beacon Street, with the Ticknors at the top and Park Street at the bottom.

Truly it is quite awful as a moral vision. I yearn for St. Simeon Stylites or sin. The first half-volume so charming, so light and vivid, so full of harmless fun and picture, — fading slowly slowly slowly out into streaks of cloudy-gray Cabots. Let us take an oath and keep it, never, never, never, to think kindly of anyone or do good to a worm. The act will turn and smudge us. I loathe mankind.

Indeed Boston cankers our hearts. I feel it in me. We lived side by side for years, and she seemed a worldly friend of every day. I was of the same loaf. I recognise the strange disease. I'm just like a Cabot. So are we all. Sturgis Bigelow, Brooks, all all all, nothing but Cabots, and run Art Museums, and change our wills walking down to State Street!

Oh World, Oh Life, Oh Time.

To Margaret Chanler

WASHINGTON, 11 January, 1906.

Talking of Triangles, do you remember what Browning said on our matter? I meant to have quoted it, but it would have murdered my Triangle. To you it would be much more convincing; but it is the musical or harmonic triangle, and had not the advantage of being sung by God in the stones, as the Triangle in the crystals. It is in Abt Vogler:

> But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
> Existent behind all laws, that made them, and, lo, they are!
> And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
> That out of three sounds, he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.

---

[1] *Letters of Elizabeth Cabot.* Boston, privately printed, 1905.

> Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is nought;
> It is everywhere in the world — loud, soft, and all is said:
> Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought:
> And there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head!

I think it the best that Browning did, but the miracle is so common that we never notice it. A painter does the same thing with color; a little blue is the third element that gives value to the rest. Simple arithmetic is the same thing. One is a simple idea; two is only two ones; but three is something quite different and irreducible. The miracle of the Infinite!

I mention this by way of a five o'clock chat. This town is now agog with the usual midwinter lunacy. Mad as monkeys they all are, rushing about to leave cards in fours as per livery-stable carriages. Nobody ever comes near me till April, so I can play penitent like a Grand Seigneuress at La Trappe. . . .

To Charles Franklin Thwing

1603 H STREET, 19 February, 1906.

I found your card and was sorry to miss you. I wanted to chaff you unmercifully about your Hay memorial,[1] but I reflected and was mute. Only too well I knew that if I were in your place I should do the same thing. What is the use of talking about it? Does not our dear press and our pure legislature resound with virtue, and denounce graft? They got the money and can afford now to kill the men they blackmailed? Colleges and churches are at least clean of hands. They get precious little money, and kill nobody but themselves.

I thought of Hay's wrath at being used that way, and smiled, because at my age friends never die, and I never admit that anyone is dead, if they were mine. We are a big majority on the other side, and can afford to laugh. I laugh most at the idea of my giving money to anyone but a street beggar. The self-conceit of money-giving is a marvel. Mr. Rockefeller may properly give. So may anyone else whose means are double his demands; but we modest wretches who never have enough to make our nieces a square meal, and who write history too, would show culpable vanity by giving. Come along soon, and I will lecture some more.

---

[1] The plan of a memorial to Hay came to nought.

To Elizabeth Cameron

For news I know what is in the papers. I would be ashamed to know more. It is quite enough. I think there are signs that people are getting tired of playing honest, and are ready to begin the old games again. I've never known honesty to be good policy more than six months. We shall see what Judge Hamilton says, but it comes very expensive. — 10 March, 1906.

I have nearly enough of Washington too. People seem to me very cross and ugly. They always are at this season, but I find it more and more irritating to me. Everything is unsettled. Cabinet, Diplomacy, Congress, Coal and Cabot who looks shrunken and bent. I want to send everybody home to rest. About six months complete silence is what we all want. — 13 March, 1906.

Poor Speck is gloom on black. And now Mrs. Bellamy has jumped in. Apparently Edith Roosevelt can no longer protect her. The Church seems to be a bull-fight where our martyrs are tossed.... He [Lloyd Griscom] says that Bellamy lost Theodore by refusing to go to St. Petersburg, and that Theodore has threatened vengeance ever since. — 19 March, 1906.

As it seems likely that the President, Cabinet, all the Senators, Congressmen and Bank Presidents will have to go to the Penitentiary for election expenses, I regard the country as safe. Roosevelt must go first. He deserves it for starting the shindy. — 28 March, 1906.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 23 April, 1906.

. . . .

Your old friends are of the heroic age. Sir John is Shakesperian. Here I am alone. Everyone is dead. Yesterday I was struck by seeing my own name in the columns of the *New York Times*, mentioned as *the late* H. A. *Tant mieux!* At least it is over, and *nil nisi*. Please read Horace Walpole again and note his ridiculous affectations of age — and everything else, for that matter. I pardon nobody for bad Gothic and Venetian taste. Yet I once read Ruskin and admired! We even read Carlyle and followed! Lord, but we date!

My winter has been more mundane and yet more solitary than ever.

Politically I am extinct. Domestic reform drivels. Reformers are always bores, as we knew in our youth, except when we meet our Gladstones who are worse. Theodore Roosevelt is amusing at least, and I find him exceedingly conservative, but he scares the timid wayfarer into fits.[1] He talks of measures that ought to have been taken of course fifty years ago, and that all Europe adopted in our youth; and all our shop-keepers shudder. Talk of bourgeois, shop-keepers, middle-class and Philistines! Come here and study them! Nobody ever knew them till now!

To me, it is all one. I listen and assent to everybody. Why should I care? San Francisco burned down last week, and I have been searching the reports to learn whether the whole city contained one object that cannot be replaced better in six months. As yet I've heard of nothing. Only the Stanford University at Palo Alto was a very charming group of buildings, and I'm sorry it is hurt. Yet San Francisco on the whole was the most interesting city west of the Mississippi. I was fond of it, and my generation made it. It produced many of my best friends, and had more style than any town in the east.

What is the end of doubling up our steam and electric power every five years to infinity if we don't increase thought power? As I see it, the society of today shows no more thought power than in our youth, though it showed precious little then. To me, the whole lesson lies in this experiment. Can our society double up its mind-capacity? It must do it or die; and I see no reason why it may not widen its consciousness of complex conditions far enough to escape wreck; but it must hurry. Our power is always running ahead of our mind.[2]

23 Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, 1 November, 1906.

Thanks for your farewell note. The compliment which the Minister paid you is your due, and yet not the less gratifying, since dues are not always paid. It pleases me, as much as it does you, to see my judgment in men affirmed by the world, and I am not disturbed by the Privy Council affair which seems to me natural and reasonable. I think the P[rime] M[inister] is right. If he took into the Privy Council anyone outside of the servants of the Crown, he would upset the institution.[1]

---

[1] 'The President shows evident fatigue. Everyone seems to admit that both parties are wrecked. As long as Roosevelt is on their backs they will stay wrecked. Afterwards they will begin again, no doubt with a new socialist element, as in Europe. Fisher Ames, a hundred years ago, said that our system was a raft on the Connecticut River. One's feet were always under water, but the raft couldn't sink.' — To Brooks Adams, 8 April, 1906. 'I can offer you no prophetic wisdom from here. No sleeping dogs do I kick, and waking ones I avoid. Especially Senators! The *N.Y. Times* yesterday mentioned me as *the late* H. A. For once the newspaper struck right. I am encouraged to see such flashes of truth.' — To the same, 22 April, 1906.

[2] A letter from Henry Adams to Whitelaw Reid, dated Paris, 14 May, 1906, is printed in Cortissoz, *Life of Whitelaw Reid*, II. 335.

I am much more in doubt as to your refusal of a peerage. I should have refused, certainly, for the same reasons, but I have no family to decide for. Your children are poor judges of their own interests, and you must in effect always decide for them. Lord Houghton's case was our chief lesson in this line of life. What is the market value of a peerage today? What will it be, fifty years hence? The market has its values for this, as for all other assets, and till one knows what this value is, one cannot know what one is refusing.

In our youth, the old or new levelling doctrines led us to the self-denying practices of Stoicism and Jesuitism. In age, I incline to think that science — the science of a mechanical theory of the universe — regards the Stoics as merely a form of self-conscious misconception both of oneself and of mankind. The true ideal of the future is the average, as the socialist sees it; and if the average includes social values, the future inclines us to accept them.

I admit that they have no values for you. At our age, all responsibilities merely wear out our nervous systems. I have seen it with all my friends. One by one the heavily weighted have broken down. Yet a peerage cannot be a very severe weight; though, if I remember right, the West Riding has hardly its share of them; but I think of it forty years ago.

Personally I am rather glad not to have to learn a new name for you. I am always forgetting my friends' titles.

I shall be again on my way before you receive this letter, and look forward to another winter of vanishing interests. I have won all the political stakes my youth played for, and have seen every object more than attained. The next game belongs to its own players, who seem to see it fairly well. What no one can see is the effect of indefinitely cheapening mechanical power. Costless energy will be a condition new to nature. I worship it in the form of a bomb. Others call it the auto-bus.

---

[1] 'Your letter announcing your acceptance of the honor of the Privy Council followed me on my devious route to the south of France, and was the first news I had of it. You know already how much I approve of it. Honors have no great value in themselves, but at the end of life they serve as a sort of artistic finish like the *flèche* of a tower in the twelfth century church. Life is not quite neat without it. I am sorry that my own government has debarred to itself the use of this distinction, but perhaps it saves us disappointments and jealousies.' — To Gaskell, 10 July, 1908.

To Margaret Chanler

WASHINGTON, 23 November, 1906.

. . . .

My dreary hours of ennui last summer were drifted far back of our twelfth century. I read nothing but third and fourth, — fascinating and lurid, — full of St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. John Chrysostome and the Alexandrines. It is highly amusing, but for edification, not to be recommended. On the whole, one would not be an early Christian. Indeed, if the saints' language about each other may be trusted, one would rather not be a saint. Even dogma, in the atmosphere of Constantinople and Ephesus, lacks charity. I mention this only to excuse my disappearance from our twelfth century, which by comparison, seems so modern. The eastern patriarchs were more amusing than our mild western beatitudes, and the way they murdered each other helps out Chicago manners.

You are going to Paris, — *nicht wahr*? — you and Mrs. Wharton, and will find the Church persecuted anew, but the humorous side very much in evidence. My Church friends were dumb. You can imagine Suzanne Carroll,[1] Mrs. Bellamy Storer, Mrs. Walter Gay and Bessie Marbury, in face of the *non possumus*. My business in life is now that of a retired father, with charity to all, but the worst of retirement is that *ennui* has no resource but humor. The American *possum* is not *non*, and can always climb a tree when he must, but he makes one laugh at his expression of features.

Nothing matters much! if I could find the proper classical expression for this maxim I would have it engraved on the door of the White House and embroidered on the President's pajamas. But we are learning. . . .[2]

---

[1] Suzanne Bancroft, granddaughter of George Bancroft, married Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

[2] 'After a revolting voyage, the worst I ever saw, I reached these shores early this month and began the familiar habit of looking on at a crowd of people doing nothing but shout and abuse each other. My personal interest in it is nothing since Hay's death and the peace. Roosevelt I never see, and still less care to talk with. My house is mostly frequented by women, children and anarchists who make no noise and are not in politics. Our only object is to put everybody to death. Once begin, and I see no one to spare. All should perish. This is, I believe, sound theology.

'You should have gone into your new Cabinet. To me it seems a queer lot, but I am almost as old as some of them.' — To Gaskell, Washington, Christmas, 1905.

To Charles Francis Adams

WASHINGTON, 20 February, 1907.

I am sending you a volume which contains a certain number of personal allusions which you can identify from the index. Will you oblige me by glancing over them, and in case you object to any phrase or expression, will you please draw your pen through it, and, at the end, return me the volume.[1]

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 4 March, 1907.

. . . .

I shall stay here as late as possible, but shall no doubt return to Paris in May, and fully intend to come over and make my last *tournée* of English friends in July or August. Though not quite 85, I am quite as old as Sir John, and quite as heavenward bent as James Bryce. Further, I have to ask your permission for certain reminiscences which are taking shape in my mind, and which are meant as my closing lectures to undergraduates in the instruction abandoned and broken off in 1877.

Bryce has arrived, and sat with me an hour yesterday afternoon, singularly like the boy of twenty-two that I last knew. His escapade is foolish, for no man has a right to break into a new profession at seventy, even in order to break out of a mess that he himself helped to make; but I do not pretend to deny that your present government seems to me a mess that I should break out of also, if I were in it.[2]

The Esmé Howards[3] are already quite at home, and Lady Isabel has captured her place in society without an effort. Once more my house has become almost more English than American, and my table is as frequented by the young men as in the old days of Cecil Spring Rice. With painful effort one builds up these little domesticities only to have them pulled down by political change.[1]

---

[1] The acknowledgment was characteristic. Writing 25 February, 1907, Charles Francis Adams said: 'I yesterday read the first chapter — Quincy — of the *Education*; it is charming, to me uniquely delightful! But, as I read it, I couldn't help thinking that it was written for me alone of the whole living world. I already could detect the full subtle flavor! Curious! that old Boston and Quincy and Medford atmosphere of the 40's; and you brought it all back out of that remote past! But you're not a bit of a Rousseau! That Faneuil Hall oration of E[dward] E[verett] on J[ohn] Q[uincy] A[dams] — Why didn't you let out your own most vivid recollections, — the impossibility of the school formula — "Please, Sir, may I go out?" I see it all! And it was nearly 60 years ago!

'Lord! how you do bring it all back! How we did hate Boston! How we loved Quincy! The aroma of the Spring, — "Henry greedy, cherry-eater" — and you and I alone of all living, recalling it all!

'Well! you gave me a sensation — and a pleasant one! Do you remember John's experiment at blowing up a cow-flap? Oh dear! Oh dear!! I'm a boy again!'

[2] Bryce ceased to be Chief Secretary for Ireland and was appointed Ambassador to the United States.

[3] Esme William Howard (1863-), married Isabella Giustiniani-Bandini.

To Theodore Roosevelt

WASHINGTON, 11 March, 1907.

Trained to abject submission under the iron heel of despotism, I shall submit to your tyranny willingly if you only pull the boy through and yourselves. You have given us a 60-horse power Daimler-Mercedes fright, and have shaken our nerves like a railway collision. Please consider our future under Fairbanks! I don't want — any more than Charles II did — to begin my travels again.

Having passed your censorship, and Cabot's, and Speck's, I have a greater than you all to face — Charles Eliot's! I am still trembling before him as though I were always an undergraduate, while the thunders and lightnings of my own family are as gentle cooing of doves. If they scold or sneer, I can happily suppress the whole thing, as is my wont; but Charles Eliot's sentence will be damnation forever.

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, 13 March, 1907.

. . . .

Mr. Cameron writes me a note granting the *imprimatur*,[2] and the President and Cabot have also passed the permission; but I am far from willing to publish, and am driven to it only as defence against the pressure to write a memoir of Hay, which I will not do, not on my account but on his. All memoirs lower the man in estimation. Such a side light is alone artistic. Yet I would gladly wipe out all that is said about his friends and contemporaries if it were possible to keep an atmosphere without it. If any of them from the President and

---

[1] 'James Bryce is as garrulous as I — almost — and has three speeches a day to make till his chariot tips him out. I've told his wife to stop it, but she pretends she can't. He loves it. I am glad it amuses him, but in my timid nature, silence seems easier and more respectful. I don't think much of liberals and reformers. Being myself an advanced anarchist, I find Trades-Union-philosophy a farce. Nothing but blood suits me. I've tried to educate President Roosevelt to my level, but his is a narrow nature, and he enjoys nothing but fisticuffs. Man is deadly dull.' — To Gaskell, 15 April, 1907.

[2] The *Education.*

Cabot and your husband downwards would hint a wish to be left out, I would do it gladly; and still more gladly would omit myself. To gibbet myself for a friend's sake is no agreeable thing, and must be disguised by all sorts of ornaments and flourishes, landscape backgrounds, and weeping Magdalens.

Thus far, no one has objected, not even my brother Charles as yet, or Brooks, though I expect protests from them, not so much on their account as on mine. They will certainly point out to me what I am pointing out to you, — that my art fails of its effect. In that case I can still suppress the whole thing, and stand ready to do so at a moment's notice. Cabot is the worst treated, but is lamblike, and John [Lodge] weeps that I have spoiled it all, and hopelessly ruined its good discipline for him, by concluding that he 'interests.'[1] . . .

To Henry White

1603 H STREET, WASHINGTON, March 26, 1907.

Your letter of the 10th arrived yesterday, and the package has just come. I have barely had time to read over the letters.

Naturally as a sub-editor I am greatly tempted to print everything, but am worse bound to advise Mrs. Hay against it. Although I imagine that Cabot knows what kind of treatment to expect, a good many others, like Whitelaw Reid, would be unpleasantly surprised. Even governments like England and Russia might find certain epithets keen.[2]

And yet — ! What do you really think? I fear I can hardly resist the letter of May 22, 1903, about Cassini–Lamsdorf and the secret treaty. Russia has so gone by the board since then that no one but Cassini would be affected. I would pay handsomely to hear Cassini tell his own story about the Manchurian business; for I feel confident it would be more severe than Hay's. More and more I suspect that Cassini was deliberately sacrificed by his Manchurian gang, but I doubt if he will ever tell the story.

As for the Senate as a whole, Hay's comments were so general and so free that an editor had better not try to conceal them. A dozen letters are on end in the heap, each more bitter than the other. Everyone knows how Hay felt and talked. The best way is to show him justified.

---

[1] *Education*, 420.

[2] 'For Mrs. Hay's sake I have been toiling over the material for a "Memorial" of Hay, but cannot complete it before I sail. As now collected, the letters and diaries will make a fairly continuous autobiography of a couple of volumes, and perhaps another may still lurk unfound — even two or three more, if the various ladies would consent to show up. The further question of publication rests with Mrs. Hay, and will go over till next year. In any case, my part is quite mechanical, and Mrs. Hay's name will alone appear.' — To Gaskell, 15 April, 1907.

Mrs. Hay is still in California, and I shall turn over to her the whole material I have sifted out from the mass, since she went off, for her to take opinions about it during the summer. As soon as this is done, I expect to sail for Paris, say about May 1st, or earlier if any of my habitual lady protectors carry me away under their kindly wings. I am old and imbecile, and need coddling. This work over one's friends' dead bones is not cheery. Not that anything matters much now, but the constant load of depression is wearisome. To beguile my mind with cheerful and juvenile gaiety I can only cast up quips and jests with my last surviving contemporary, my neighbor Sam Ward —[1] now ninety-odd....

The general impression of this town is that we all feel tired. Three or four persons close to the President have assured me that, for the first time, even he complains of fatigue, and shows it. Wall Street shows it a little too much for good manners. As I pass my life trying to avoid knowing things, and am now quite without means of hearing anything, I can give you no notion what is passing over my head, but I suspect it to be chiefly fatigue and a free saturation of ignorance. The President is trying to find out what effect a dose of hard times and unemployed labor will have on the Republican vote. For the first time, he is transparently hesitating.[2]

---

[1] Samuel Gray Ward (1817–1907).

[2] He sailed from New York, April 27, on the *Philadelphia*.

XXI

PARIS

1907

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

23 Avenue du Bois de Boulogne,
Paris, 10 May, 1907.

Once more I find myself pitchforked across the ocean into this inconceivable kettle of absurd humanity, and the only change is that I feel each time more bewildered than before by the fact of my own continued existence, which seems now to connect back with nothing. This world has no relation whatever with my world, and I go on living in dreams, whether in the company of Presidents and Senators at home, or of the spring models and automobile fiends here. Before sailing, I mailed to you the volume I had already announced, as my last Will and Testament, which is intended for you to strike out whatever you find objectionable, and return to me. As I have to ask the same favor of everyone else mentioned by name in the volume, the process is slow; but as the volume is wholly due to piety on account of my father and John Hay (the rest being thrown in to make mass), I am wholly indifferent about what shall be struck out, and almost equally so what shall be left in. You may lop liberally at your will. Indeed I am only waiting for the smallest objection from any one of my family — or of Hay's, — to suppress it all. Thus far they have not dared squeak. Even the President and Cabot Lodge bow the neck in submission. As my experience leads me to think that no one any longer cares or even knows what is said or printed, and that one's audience in history and literature has shrunk to a mere band of survivors, not exceeding a thousand people in the entire world, I am in hopes a kind of esoteric literary art may survive, the freer and happier for the sense of privacy and *abandon*. Therefore I stop at no apparent *naïveté*....

I hear of little done in my absence. One or two books. No music. No pictures. A drama or so: but no *clou* or surprise. My doctrine that the human mind is steadily weakening as in a saturated solution of a salt, holds here.

I left things in America much as I find them here, — much noise and no progress. All the great and impending social or political issues are more impending than ever, but Roosevelt has merely embroiled them, without plan or solution; and I do not see that your government, or the French, German or Russian has done more. Probably there is no solution — only expedients.

PARIS, 15 May, 1907.

Your letter received yesterday comforts me much, — perhaps more than anything else could do, — because you are, I think, the last person whose judgment I have to ask and accept without appeal. Of course I want to quit our world kindly and civilly, like a man who has been well treated and wishes to treat others well; but one never can judge what others will think or feel; and what is most kindly meant is often most hardly taken. I have a very poor opinion of our time, which began with vast hopes and a lofty programme, and has ended in a *cul-de-sac*. The debate in the French Chamber yesterday, — that in the Lords last week, — the last German election, — the doings of the Douma — the beating-of-the-air by Roosevelt — all show that our movement of fifty years ago has brought us to an *impasse*. We do not know what we are at. We are waiting for a new pull from without, — a new influx of power. To say this without offense is delicate today, but, thirty years hence, only this will be worth having said. Montaigne said it to his generation, who did not much like it, though poor Montaigne's generation was passed in no such self-glorification as ours.

If you consent to pass the volume with only proof-corrections, you relieve me of the fear of responsibility to anyone any more. Only the scientific people remain to alarm me, and they are, I think, as much alarmed as I. This being the case, you need not bother yourself about returning the volume. I had meant to call them all back, expecting large changes or omissions; but thus far, no changes of any consequence have been asked, and no omissions. The President tells me that he means to keep the volume, whatever I say; and the various ladies not only refuse to return it, but clamor for more copies. Even Cabot Lodge sends only one or two corrections of proof-reading. My brother Charles threatens notes and comments, but Brooks and Mrs. Quincy[1] refuse to bite me. Mrs. Hay and her children have suggested no change. Therefore it will not much matter whether the present volume is withdrawn or not. It will not make a scandal even if generally read.

---

[1] His sister, Mary Adams, wife of Henry Parker Quincy (1838–1899).

Anyway it will remain where it is until we can get the Hay's 'Letters' published; and even then I prefer to publish the *Mt.-St.-Michel and Chartres* before this last volume. Then I shall have survived, buried and praised my friends, and shall go to sleep myself. *It is time.* You can inscribe, on my gravestone, your: — 'Quid nequeat.'

Paris is as Vanity-Fairy as ever, and more American. I lead a hermit's life, making no new acquaintances, and hearing of none to make. Apparently I have reached Ambassadorial rank, for no other class tolerates me, and this only as a hanger-on. I have not the energy to order my machine down stairs. Everybody now has one — or two. I can find no companion.

It is *bête,* but — who is not? [1]

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS, Thursday, 23 [May], 1907.

The other day I received your *Memorials of Brooks's,*[2] and now comes your letter of the 21st. Thanks for both. I have gone over the Brooks's volume with much care and curiosity. I am rather astonished to see a number of people alive whom I thought dead, and dead whom I thought alive. I am also interested to look over the list of original members. Apparently the Club took in everybody of rank and fashion, including boys like Fox, Carlisle, Fitzwilliam, Fitzpatrick, all less than twenty years old; and even Pitt barely twenty-two; but the list makes one very curious to know what would have been a similar gathering in other countries. Such a Club in Paris at that time would have been impossible, I suppose; even now, the French are strangely unclub-able and unsocial; but it would have given an idea of the men. On the whole, I think, Horace Walpole gives the clearest notion of the thinness of French society — its want of numbers and movement, — of wealth and occupation. I am struck by the want of houses. Hardly one country-house in France would be considered more than a second-rate house in England. I think this must partly account for English society coming so little to France. Except royalty and the Fermiers, no one here was rich enough to waste money. They spent more than their incomes. Even the Paris *bourgeoisie*, and their *esprits forts*, — the Geoffrins, Espinasses and Du Deffands, were simple beyond our ideas. Paris was a village. Even the Duc de Choiseul seems to have wasted his wife's fortune very easily.

---

[1] 'Before you were fairly started, I received a big lot of papers from Whitelaw Reid — Hay letters — which will keep me busy for weeks. They are interesting to me — more so than my own *Education*; for he did what I set out to do, only I could never have done it. Almost do I pity Whitelaw when I watch him struggling with Grant and Hayes and the rest, with Dana and Godkin and Greeley on his back. But he carried Hay through, and deserved all the return Hay made to him. It was an awful squeeze. But on the whole, to my mind, he appears better than Evarts and Schurz, who swam higher.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 5 June, 1907.

[2] *Memorials of Brooks's, from the Foundation of the Club, 1764, to the Close of the 19th Century.* London, 1907.

This brings me to Mme. de Prie! Simple enough was she too, and her portrait is still my search. If you look into the Index to H. W's. *Letters* (de Prie) you will see that Mme. du Deffand left him this portrait, and that it remained at Strawberry Hill to be sold with the other *bric-à-brac*. The Cunningham note does not say who bought it; but I presume the Catalogue must show and every great Collection must have the Catalogue. I thought of writing to Sidney Colvin[1] about it, but decided to go to Agnew or Colnaghi[2] or the South Kensington, the first time I came over. If this portrait can be traced, it would enable me to upset de Nolhac and everyone else.

If it is the Van Loo portrait, it should be about the best thing the French ever did. That it was so, is fairly supported by Walpole's enthusiasm.

I want a photograph of it, if it is still known to exist.[3]

---

[1] Sir Sidney Colvin (1845–1927), keeper of the department of prints in the British Museum (1884–1912).

[2] Henry Martin Colnaghi (1821–1908), picture dealer and collector, as was Agnew.

[3] Some years before this date Adams had purchased a portrait which seemed to answer to that left by Madame du Deffand to Horace Walpole. The subject mildly interested him from time to time, but he appeared never to have been satisfied of its authenticity. The notes of Cunningham to Walpole's *Letters* did not go far enough and, thanks to the Frick Art Reference Library, all doubts can be solved. The Walpole picture appeared in the Strawberry Hill Sale Catalogue, 1842, as item No. 52: 'A portrait of Madame De Prie, with a bird, in crayons, a charming picture,' but without an artist's name. It was bought by Earl Waldegrave and was included in the sale of his property, 14 May, 1920. It was then sold to 'Smith,' evidently the sale-name of some dealer. The Adams picture thus could not have been that at Strawberry Hill. The original gave rise to many copies, more or less faithful, and under various names: *La Femme à l'oiseau*, *La Femme au serin*, etc., and has been engraved by Crépy fils, Chéreau le jeune and Taylor, an Englishman, after a sketch by S. Harding. Even the artist is in doubt, for it could have been made by Carle Van Loo (1705–1765), Jean Baptiste Van Loo (1684–1745), César Van Loo (1743–1821), or François Van Loo (1732–1827).

To Elizabeth Cameron

PARIS, 20 June, 1907.

. . . .

Three Weeks is the title of Mrs. Glyn's[1] new purple volume, and the ladies are screaming with laughter at it. I have it, but I guard myself from reading.

Gradually I am working through Whitelaw Reid's papers.[2] They are more interesting for Whitelaw's life than for Hay's, but I could make a screaming novel out of it — to bust *Democracy*.[3] The curious form of gambling deserves immortality. Whitelaw, controlling the *Tribune*, won all the stakes down to '97; when Hay, by a third gamble (Hayes, Garfield, and McKinley) won out, and Whitelaw got left. In the interim both had put up money on Sherman and Blaine. I would give six-pence to know how much Hay paid for McKinley. His politics must have cost!

23 AVENUE DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE, Tuesday, 25 June, 1907.

. . . .

I stayed over till Monday alone, and Mrs. Gay took me to see Coutances. The water and wood struck me much. The house is poor, — and Jew! The *bric-à-brac* — *boiseries*, tapestries and *singeries*, — excessively rare and fine; costly to a fault; styles to despair; but a large Louis XIII house without an entrance or a stair-case; and in every guest-bed-room a bath *beside the bed*. Of course electric lamps and telephones attached both to bed and bath and everywhere an inch of space could be spared. Even at Newport, it would seem American-mad, but funny. In the heart of France, — and a rather French France, — it is *plutôt anarchie*. It wants only the bomb.

---

[1] Mrs. Elinor (Sutherland) Glyn, married Clayton Glyn.

[2] In a letter, undated, written to Whitelaw Reid on these Hay letters, Adams said: 'As editor I have always strained liberality of assent. No editor ever spared any one of my family that I know of, and, in return, we have commonly printed all that concerned other people. Whether this state of war ever injured anyone I do not know; but it lasts to this day, and makes me rather indifferent to conventional restraints. On the other hand we have never willingly hurt anyone's feelings, and yet have sometimes been compelled to do it.' Cortissoz, *Life of Whitelaw Reid*, II. 386.

[3] 'The other day I was reading *Democracy*, that novel which made a great furore among the educated incompetents and the pessimists generally about twenty-five years ago. It had a superficial and rotten cleverness, but it was essentially false, essentially mean and base, and it is amusing to read it now and see how completely events have given it the lie.' — Theodore Roosevelt to Henry Cabot Lodge, 2 September, 1905. 'I have not read *Democracy* for years, but I remember when it came out it impressed me as very clever, probably more clever than I should think it today, and also extremely sordid in the view which it took. Events have shown singularly how worthless it really was as a study of our political society.' — Lodge to Roosevelt, 7 September, 1905. *Correspondence of Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge*, II. 189, 191.

After it, Le Bréau seemed harmony itself, even in Yankee hands. Mme. la Comtesse Gay du Bréau was in very good form and excellent health, and they obviously enjoy their new rank and position in the country. But it is curious; — Vaux, Coutances, Le Bréau, the three great houses, all in the hands that one flatters in calling new. The corridor of Ritz's can scarcely beat the pace, only Mrs. Perry, the Duchess Matty[1] and Suzanne are wanting, and would complete the *meubles*.

The weather is good for outdoor life in the country, but depressing for in-door life in town. I am, like Ruth, a little sick at heart among the alien corn; but have got done with my Reid letters, and have nought to absorb me....

To Henry James

PARIS, 6 July, 1907.

I am sorry to have missed your visit, for I had hoped to see you quietly as of old; but I seem to see nothing any longer as of old, and I suppose the fault is in me, though the speed is not. If you enjoyed your Italy, I have no complaint to make, even of myself; though my own late visits to Italy have been rather in the nature of floggings. You would have got a sniff of youth and fun if you had practised the Latin Quarter a little with your nephew, where they are as young as they were in the Second Empire, and — as I maintain — don't know a good wine from a bad one. Come again!

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS, 17 July, 1907.

. . . .

I am still planning to come over in the first ten days of August. The visit turns on Whitelaw Reid's leisure, for my business is with him, and requires a day or two at Wrest.[2] When he can make room for it, I do not yet know, and have forborne to write to ask while he is swamped by the season's ebb....

---

[1] Mattie Elizabeth Mitchell, married François Alfred Gaston, duc de La Rochefoucauld (1853-   ).

[2] Wrest Park, Ampthill, Bedfordshire.

Just now I am a victim of nieces. They swarm like honeybees, and just now are having babies in the same style. This morning I've a letter from my sister Mrs. Quincy announcing her grandmothership, — a girl, it seems.[1] Three other nieces have budded into flower and fruit since I came away, and two more are notified as coming due.

If I were invited to a re-incarnation in one of these many new births I should be horribly puzzled what excuse to give. 'Mr. H. A. has the honor . . . and regrets that owing to . . . he is obliged to decline. . . .' I have no idea how to fill in the blanks, but I am clear about the declination.

I am less clear about our politics and their superficial appearance of imbecility. The assimilation of our forms of government to the form of an industrial corporation — a railway or bank — seems to me steady though slow. Your plan to set aside the Lords is such a step. It will strengthen not the Commons but the Ministry and Crown. Roosevelt is doing the same with us.[2]

PARIS, 19 September, 1907.

Having started me on a hobby, you cannot escape. To me a hobby is worth £10 per diem or thereabouts. I am only in despair that they run off their legs so quickly.

As I thought my character as a rider of hobbies involved in explaining why I made an assertion when I was not certain, so I thought it involved in finding out how much I thought I had seen. I send you a few more photographs to add to the others, in order to show what my idea was in risking such a broad contradiction. As I imagine mediaeval architecture, the sky-line was always roofed over, and the *chemin-de-ronde* was an enclosed passage in which the crenellations admitted light, though they too were always shut, like the ports of a ship, wholly or partially. I conceive that the mediaeval architect no more imagined a *chemin-de-ronde* without a roof than he imagined a church without one. Viollet-le-Duc[1] says that the timber-hoarding of the city walls or curtains was taken down and stowed away, in times of profound peace, but the timber of the château-roof must have been permanent. The roof was at least half the architecture, and you can see how they were studied. The stone was the skeleton that supported it. To me, — being but a seeker of beauty — the mediaeval architect must have always designed his walls with their roofs, and thought of them so, just as he thought of his own skeleton with its flesh on. If he crenellated his church tower, he brought the wooden spire out to cover it. Perhaps a city wall might be left exposed in peace, but it had to be covered in war, if only to prevent scaling, or shooting the sentinels.

---

[1] Dorothy Quincy Nourse, born 6 July, 1907.

[2] 'I rather judge that our dear Theodore is coming in for a furious storm of hatred. Already copper has gone to the devil and my own little dividends are cut off one fourth. Steel must follow. The rails and, at last, wages will feel it, and I suppose poor Theodore cannot complain if he is held to be the cause of all.

'Whitelaw Reid reports the tone to be very bitter among his visitors, but Hepburn says that Theodore in his heart wants another term. I notice that Theodore himself says he would take it only if unopposed. He wants both nominations.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 11 September, 1907.

'I am going to comfort and encourage my fellow-countrymen by assuring them that total ruin is at hand, and that next year we shall have no incomes and a socialist President. They are scared to fits already, and selling everything they have, so they will enjoy my society. The art of being agreeable is known only to the old. *We* say always the right thing.

'For myself, I've already sold all I have — except my Chinese porcelain and am open to a bid for that.' — To Gaskell, 14 September, 1907.

These are my excuses, which do not at all exclude the chance that I am quite wrong. I could find you somewhere a photograph of the old double-shutters that closed the *créneau*, but you will find it all in Viollet-le-Duc. What I care for is only the roofs and their lines.

I passed Sunday *chez mon ambassadeur* in the country, and we[2] went about calling on the neighbors, among the rest at Dampierre which you would have enjoyed. The Duc[3] showed me the house and the library, with some striking family archives. I had no idea that the place was so intact and rich in art. He had letters in masses from Kings — Louis XI downwards, — and was very nice about showing them.[4]

---

[1] Eugène Emmanuel Viollet-le-Duc (1814–1879).

[2] Henry White, Boni de Castellane and the Leghaits were of the party.

[3] Honoré Sosthène Marie Charles, duc de Luynes et Chevreuse (1868–   ).

[4] Extracts from letters to Whitelaw Reid, dated 27 September and 7 October, 1907, are in Cortissoz, *Life of Whitelaw Reid*, II. 387, 388.

XXII

WASHINGTON

1907–1908

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 13 November, 1907.

We all arrived on time in spite of a very nasty, wet and rough voyage,[1] and I found things in New York rather less violently mad than I feared, though it was quite mad enough. Being of a timid and pessimist nature, I see always the worst, and find it always worse than I see; but the ruin which began in New York, as an acute outbreak of rabies, has now spread over the South and West in waves which seem to grow as they expand, until all industry fears a standstill. Here we have protected ourselves by sacrificing our *hinter-land*, and I suppose we can live, so to speak, on our fat for a year; but heaven alone knows how the poor are to be carried. But of that, you will know in Europe quite as much as we. I imagine the acute stage will soon begin on your side. If you escape, cross yourself and thank God.

The tales of individual ruin are terribly pathetic and strike very close on all sides, but at first one must try to save only society at large, which is having a severe strain, only just beginning. Our Presidential election comes just a year hence; and till that is over, we can expect no steadiness.

Meanwhile I have shut myself up in my house in this still-deserted village, and try to study curves and functions, and hold my tongue. Of news I have none. Life goes on more quietly than ever. The winter starts cold and inclement, which is sometimes a good sign here. James Bryce wags his beard hard, and his wife is cheery and young. The world has not yet returned, and peace will last another fortnight....

---

[1] He had sailed October 26, on the *St. Louis*.

To William James

WASHINGTON, 9 December, 1907.

Of course you have a right to the volume you want.[1] In fact it was printed only for communication to you and a few others who were to help me — I fondly hoped — to file it into shape.

If I did not send it to you at once, as I did to Charles Eliot, it was because I feared your judgment more than his, but since, now, I must, let me explain.

Weary of my own imbecility, I tried to clean off a bit of the surface of my mind, in 1904, by printing a volume on the twelfth century, where I could hide, in the last hundred pages, a sort of anchor in history. I knew that not a hundred people in America would understand what I meant, and these were all taught in Jesuit schools, where I should be a hell-born scorpion. I need not publish when no one would read or understand.

Then I undertook, — always to clean my own mind, — a companion study of the twentieth century, where I could hide — in a stack of rubbish meant only to feed the foolish — a hundred more pages meant to complete the first hundred of 1904. No one would take the smallest interest in these. I knew they were safe. So was I.

Unless, indeed, you got hold of them! In that case, I was rather inclined to weep and wail in advance, for I knew your views better than my own.

With this I send the volume, which, as personal to me, is all in the last chapter. I meant to bid good-bye with graceful and sympathetic courtesy. The devil take it! I feel that Sargent squirms in the portrait. I am not there.

---

[1] James had asked for the *Education* in a characteristic letter, dated 7 December, 1907: 'Don't you think that after this dark abyss of time and separation you owe me the approximation of letting me have a copy of your autobiography? Approximation, and *reparation!* for, seeing a copy last summer at Molly Warner's house, I hastily looked in the index for the word "James" — did *you* never perform a similar act of egotism? — and found myself accused (along with others) of having made of Cambridge a conversational desert, or words to that effect. Properly only blood could wipe out such an insult, but you are an old man (70, by the living jingo, and I who have during all these years still considered you as about 40!) so that in consideration of the volume I will compound the injury.

'I may add that autobiographies are my particular line of literature, the only books I let myself buy outside of metaphysical treatises, and that I have the most extraordinary longing to read yours in particular.

'Pray indulge me in this appetite, and believe me, wishing I could see you sometimes, yours always faithfully.'

In the library of Henry Adams in the Massachusetts Historical Society is a copy of William James, *Principles of Psychology*, 1902, containing annotations by Adams. They were collected and used by Max I. Baym in 'William James and Henry Adams,' *New England Quarterly*, x. 717.

You, at least, and your brother Harry, have been our credit and pride. We can rest in that.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 16 December, 1907.

. . . .

I have already been at home so long that Europe seems a dream. How quickly one's mind fades! The situation here has defined itself very regularly without complications. As yet I see no reason to fear anything worse. We are getting to the bottom so rapidly that I think another eighteen months or two years ought to see us normal. We have to get past our elections first, but that can hardly make things worse. On the whole, I hope we shall escape with our present punishment, which is quite bad enough.

The reaction against Roosevelt, socially, is violent, and, like all Presidents, he will probably find himself, in his last year, a severely dethroned king. . . .

To Charles Francis Adams

WASHINGTON, 13 January, 1908.

Your letter of the 11th about the Honorary Membership[1] rather staggers me, not merely on account of the honor, although this is something more than I am used to bearing, but chiefly because I am at a loss how to show a proper recognition of it. I am afraid you will have to help me. What ought I to say or do? The official acknowledgment should be, I suppose, expressed in a more or less set form which you can give me; but how about Mr. Rhodes?[2] Luckily I do not know him personally, and am therefore free to write to him, if such a step is proper. It seems to me that, as your letter is more or less official, I might properly use it as a ground for telling Mr. Rhodes how highly I appreciate his good opinion.

Seventy years are a chemical solvent of the strongest kind. One thinks of life only as a thing to quit, and one is quite absorbed by the wish to quit it with an air of a gentleman. The first pose of a gentleman is, I am told, consideration of others. If you can help me to a *beau geste*, pray do so....

---

[1] Of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

[2] James Ford Rhodes (1848–1927).

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 14 January, 1908.

. . . .

The winter is half over, and has been thus far only autumn. I am now wondering whether I shall go to China in March, and so round. Twenty years ago I should not have hesitated.

Of news, our little world has not much to show. New York is so much pleased to get back to cheap money, that they quite forget how they have throttled all the industries to do it, and how they have got to do without income next year. Luckily most of us are the better for economy.

This morning's paper tells that Farnam has won his prize.[1] The airship is complete. On my acceleration-law, this step is next to the last. I wonder whether we shall live to see the end. Lord Kelvin shaved it close, but just missed it. If I were a competent chemist, I think I could smash up our doddering old humanity in five years, but I can't say what would be left behind. It could scarcely be worth much less than our world was. I find it here quite too utterly null. It has *no* mind.

Tant mieux! We have no right to grumble. The world treats us better than most. My pretty 100,000 nieces are kindness itself.

To Charles Francis Adams

WASHINGTON, 17 January, 1908.

. . . .

One more question! Owing to Mr. Rhodes's connection with the diplomatic civil war, I had hesitated whether I ought not to ask him to look at what I said on that subject in my *Education*. Although I have no idea of publishing, I have all the stronger idea of consulting. My notion of work is that of work among workers, that is, by comparison, correspondence and conversation. Ideas once settled so,— as you see in Darwin's Life, — anyone can explain them to the public. I have kept the *Education* out of sight for a year to allow for objections among the parties interested. No one has yet expressed objection, and I feel free to ask wider advice and suggestion. If you see no impropriety, I would like to consult Rhodes.

---

[1] Henri Farnam (1874–), who won the grand prix d'aviation in 1908 by the first aerial voyage from Bony to Reims.

If you are bored, imagine what I am. The effort to worry through the seasons becomes a sort of nervous prostration. I can't recommend you any of my experiments. Both Washington and Paris are hard and exhausting efforts of endurance.

To Margaret Chanler

WASHINGTON, 29 January, 1908.

Before we wander again apart, let me again thank you for the *Mathematics*.[1] I have read, re-read, ploughed and wept over it, till my howls perturb the neighborhood, but the bounds of my ignorance have become steadily vaster and my hyperspaces more habitual. In brief intervals of rolling on the ground and tearing out my grey locks of hair, I discover that I am a pupil of Ernst Mach,[2] and an enemy of Poincaré;[3] that I am mathematical in method, since I do not assume immutable order; but that Mr. Keyser agrees with us about 'the eternal reign of the law of Form.' These are great things. I don't believe you knew that you were so sublime. You have illuminated but crushed me, for I now see that we can do nothing without mathematics, and that my babblings are quite vain. All that we have said must have been said by Mach and Poincaré, but we can never read it. It lies there, as in the bosom of hyperspace, inaccessible to other space or mind.

I forgive you, but the miserable game is played out. I am not competent to play it, without studying at least ten years before being qualified even to begin a single post-graduate course. Yet I feel a weakminded consolation in thinking that, if we did not reason, we still divined mathematics. I think I will now burn the *Education* which has served its purpose in educating. Did I ever show you my poem on Chartres?

[1] Probably Keyser's *Mathematics*. New York, 1907.

[2] Ernst Mach (1838–1916), author of *Space and Geometry*.

[3] Jules Henri Poincaré (1854–1912).

WASHINGTON, Monday, 3, 1908.[1]

. . . .

I get no answer to my appeals to my own historian horde. I have sounded silently in every direction for years, and the air is dead as dogs. Only the mathematicians show life. How you have had the genius to discover them I don't know. It must be one of those instincts which lie beyond the masculine range of thought. You have done it, and now you can really help me. I need mathematics horribly.

Will you do this? You will know best how. In order to spur my Professors of history, I have drawn up a sort of circular to send them with the *Education*; for their minds cannot act unless directed, like static electricity. I want to induce some mathematician to read this circular and correct its errors in statement. Could you manage to induce Professor Pupin[2] to do this? He will not do it for me; — *bien sûr*; — I know men. He may do it for love of you. All I want is to know whether there is any flagrant error in it. Can it be risked?

I sent you the Prayer. Now this! You *will* be bored.

WASHINGTON, 8 February, 1908.

Thanks for your care. I am not at all surprised at my scientific heresies. It was for that reason that I have tried so hard to get your help. Science is far worse than the Church, and its changes are much more rapid. I dare not stir a step without two Cardinals to protect me.

We culminated here last night in dinners and balls. New York has swept over us. We are a wreck. From now, as usual, the cross season begins. Everybody will be irritable and ugly. Everybody will say nasty things of everybody else. Everybody will be going to rest cures.

Well! What then! I am certain that man, and woman, have done the same things for ages, because I am so tired of it.

I am still discussing China in March. To get away far from this presidential election is a sort of genial hope for moral purification. In that case I shall get to Paris about July 1st. Otherwise I shall get there early in May. But I've nothing to do when I get there. . . .

---

[1] A letter without month or year. It is placed here, as it seems to be a forerunner of the letter that follows.

[2] Michael Idvorsky Pupin (1858–).

To William James

WASHINGTON, 11 February, 1908.

You are as kind as possible, to write me a long letter. I am grateful, for I can find no man to play with. The American is a singularly unsocial animal. For social purposes, — as far as I have read the records of society, — he is the most complete failure ever known; and I am the champion failer of all.

As for the volume [*Education*], it interests me chiefly as a literary experiment, hitherto, as far as I know, never tried or never successful. Your brother Harry tries such experiments in literary art daily, and would know instantly what I mean; but I doubt whether a dozen people in America — except architects or decorators — would know or care.

I care little myself, and have put too many such *tours-de-force* into the fire, to bother about explanation. This will probably follow the others, for I have got it so far into shape that I can see the impossibility of success. It is the old story of an American drama. You can't get your contrasts and backgrounds.

So fully do I agree with you in having no use for time, that I expect soon to dispense with it altogether, and try the experiment of timeless space; but I am curious to know what our psychic friends think of it. Are they bored in space as much as I am in time? Lodge[1] is less clear on that point than I could wish.

WASHINGTON, 17 February, 1908.

As a wit and humorist I have always said that you were far away the superior to your brother Henry, and that you could have cut him quite out, if you had turned your fun that way. Your letter is proof of it. Did you ever read the Confessions of St. Augustine, or of Cardinal de Retz, or of Rousseau, or of Benvenuto Cellini, or even of my dear Gibbon? Of them all, I think St. Augustine alone has an idea of literary form, — a notion of writing a story with an end and object, not for the sake of the object, but for the form, like a romance. I have worked ten years to satisfy myself that the thing cannot be done today. The world does not furnish the contrasts or the emotion. If you will read my *Chartres*, — the last chapter is the only thing I ever wrote that I almost think good, — you will see why I knew my *Education* to be rotten.

[1] Sir Oliver Lodge (1851–   ).

You do not reflect that I am seventy years old — yesterday, — and quite senile. It is time to be gone. I want to burn the *Education* first, but it does not press. Nobody cares. You do not even care to come on here to see real greatness, like the President.

WASHINGTON, 21 February, 1908.

If you really want the thing — which is to me exceedingly difficult to grasp in the circuit of my imagination, — I am proud and pleased. As I have measured the mass of our social movement, nothing can now deflect it, and it matters not a straw what anyone says or does. To me caring only for the future, and intensely bored by our present and immediate past, the whole interest falls on the next thirty years. At the end of that time I might begin to set a value on what has been said. At present I want only to watch.

The *Chartres* [*Mont-Saint-Michel*] I sent to the College Library. The three last chapters are alone worth reading, and of course are never read. I have no more copies....

[Enclosure in Adams' writing.]

I forgot to say that when you have done with the volume — and have entered on the margin such damnatory comments as we lavish on our own works[1] — I should be grateful for its return. They are only proof-sheets and I have so few copies that the people whose names are trifled with have become more numerous than the copies.

To Theodore Roosevelt

WASHINGTON, Sunday, 8 March, 1908.

I find I was a year out in my statement about J. Q. Adams' seat in Congress. He left the White House, March 4, 1829; he accepted the nomination to the next Congress in September, 1830; was elected in November, and took his seat — in principle — on the 4th March, 1831. In other words, he did not leave public life at all, but stepped from one post into the other without other interval than the law required.

You will find his *Diary* interesting reading at that time. His course was sharply criticised, and I need not say it was sharply defended.

Of course, below attack and defence was the main fact, carefully ignored on both sides, that he — like others of the name — could not endure being bored. The vice of ennui is worse than drink, but I hope that our better natures nowadays are not affected by it.

---

[1] Compare James' opinion of his own *Principles of Psychology* in Perry, *William James*, II. 48.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 30 March, 1908.

. . . .

There are comforts in being seventy years old. I don't bother about big things. Little things alone worry me. Quantity takes place of quality. This town is an instance. Every day is a little dribble of society and nothings. People drop in to dinner by the half-dozen, but I see no one and know nothing. No one seems to know anything. No one seems to care.

I look across the Square into the White House, and do not even care to go over and ask the President how he is getting on with his canvass for Taft. I don't even care to ask Taft whether I can help him. Yet I care as much as anybody.

Augusta Hervey is on my mind as much as most. She sent me some time ago a very nicely written article on Wenlock for publication in some magazine. I wrote back for illustrations, without which no article has a chance of acceptance. She has not replied, and I am at a loss to know whether to supply the illustrations myself or wait to hear from her. As I sail soon, waiting means six months.

Summer has come, and every bush is in flower again. It is the pleasantest moment of the year, and I don't want to go away. The Bryces come in to dinner on the 1st. Lady Isabella [Howard] writes a note to say that she and her husband are coming to dinner on the 6th. I suppose I must myself ask the Humphry Wards [1] who arrive at your Embassy on the 8th. My brother Charles has brought his family here to live in a huge house which he bought two years ago.[2] When I reflect upon myself as a *Monument Historique*, I wonder that the Government does not take charge of my repairs.

I do not know yet whether my political party is going to be turned out of office, but I've foreseen for a year past that yours was no good. Such leadership is always fatal. It is the mystery of Multiplicity, that I wrote a volume about. The trouble is that, at the acceleration, the human, or social, mind is torn to pieces. Unless it can find a new Unity — called commonly an Object — it is all over the place.

---

[1] Thomas Humphry Ward (1845–1926) and Mary Augusta (Arnold) Ward (1851–1920). See Thoron, *Letters of Mrs. Henry Adams*, 166.

[2] 1701 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W.

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, 21 April, 1908.

Your letter and your daughter's have come in, and I have varied my last moments of letter-writing by listening to you both. On the whole I rather envy you both. Always at this season when the break-up comes, my nervous system goes to pieces, and I develope nervous dyspepsia and general collapse. Every year I think it worse than ever before; which shows the feebleness of memory that characterises the instinctive idiot. The most trying part is the effort to hide it, and to tide over the days till the flight.

I am now within forty-eight hours of my hegira, and am looking forward with relief to sea-sickness in three or four days.[1] But I look forward with terror to repeating the effort next year, and wish I were Taft for a rest. Still, I don't know how Taft will feel in 1922, when he will have reached my years. Anyway I have held out so far. It has been a stupid strain, and except for your help I should have broken down a long time ago.

Luckily there are lots of others worse broken than I, not to speak of the killed outright. The Specks are away, and I am glad to be spared the farewell. Nanny goes today to New York to see Constance and Gussy sail on Thursday. I shall see her there, I hope, to talk of Europe, but she will certainly sacrifice her time there to Bay at Nauheim and Gussy at some other cure, and I shall get as little good out of it as she. I hear not a word of La Farge; and Mrs. Fred Jones has ceased to write, or to acknowledge anything for the last six weeks. Even you are not so sprightly as you have been in days of more difficulty, and no one is quite gay except Mr. Cameron and the President and my brother Charles. As for Brooks, he has now reached the point where he sees the end of the world within touch, and calculates that it will fall on him before he can escape. Moreton Frewen himself has occasional accents of doubt.

As always, too, people are growing cross and spiteful. Congress is all by the ears, and everybody disgusted. Society is ill-natured and spiteful. Perhaps even Mr. Bryan is in doubtful temper, and Mr. Hearst is not doubtful at all.

---

[1] He sailed April 25, on the *St. Louis*.

So I think you are not so badly off as you might be, and that a long physical rest may be better than La Fayette Square. If you can train yourself to contemplate a barnyard and think of absolutely nothing, you will do nicely, and the pigs too.

About October, all will be right again, and we shall forget that anything was wrong.

XXIII

PARIS

1908

To Henry James

PARIS, 6 May, 1908.

Mea culpa! Peccavi! Parce, frater! It is but a form and a phrase, yet this volume is supposed to be lent out only for correction, suggestion and amendment, so that you are invited to return it, with your marginal comments whenever you have done with it. I need hardly tell *you* that my own marginal comment is broader than that of any reader, and precludes publication altogether. The volume is a mere shield of protection in the grave. I advise you to take your own life in the same way, in order to prevent biographers from taking it in theirs.

Also — you being a literary artist, and therefore worth the trouble of fore-warning — I note for your exclusive use the intent of the literary artist — *c'est moi!* — to make this volume a completion and mathematical conclusion from the previous volume about the Thirteenth Century, — the three concluding chapters of this being only a working out to Q. E. D. of the three concluding chapters of that. This is only for my own horizon; not for your confusion.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS, 12 May, 1908.

. . . .

My first week of return here has taught me very little. As yet I cannot see that a leaf has stirred since I sailed six months ago. Paris seems to my jaded senses quite unusually stationary except for an irruption of *Directoire* fashions in dress, rather curious, but not very new. I see that the virtuous and chaste horse-coopers at Longchamps mobbed the women who wore them last Sunday. It seems the dresses were divided skirts, with *maillots* underneath.

Your man Asquith has gone and been and done it this time. It is not my business, for it will take some few years to spread the pension-system over the world, and even then it will hardly be much worse for America than our army-pension system; but it must, I think, break down armaments, and force Europe into some agreement about war-expenses.

I am by no means enthusiastic about the world of my youth, — or yet of my middle age, — and I read Mme. de Boigne[1] with singular calmness and no regrets for Louis Philippe; but the flatness of the future prospect tempts me little to linger. The new equilibrium is now defined as socialistic; an indefinitely weak solution of the salt of mind. *Tant mieux!*

To Elizabeth Cameron

PARIS, 14 May, 1908.

. . . .

Tomorrow I dine with the Gays. I hope it is because they want me, for it is certainly not because I am ornamental. I have had a cold, and it is cold anyway, — so cold that last night Mrs. White and the ladies were driven out of their salon into our smoking-room for warmth.

I tried an hour or two of Jeanne Granier at the Vaudeville the other evening, but found it enough, without the Third Act. Edith Wharton[2] and Henry James had the same experience with La Vallière[3] at the Variétés; but Mrs. Wharton saw Mary Garden[4] appear at the Grand Opera as Thaïs, and says it was a full and uncontested success. It seemed never to have occurred to her or anyone there to question the power of Mary Garden's voice. Droll! We were told so habitually that she had not voice enough, and now she has simply taken possession of the Grand Opera without a doubt of it.

Mme. de Boigne's fourth volume has made success. It is to me very interesting, for it comes down to 1848, and gives me my first idea of Louis Philippe and the Orleans family. Among the vast number of elderly people who regret the good old times, I hardly remember to have ever met anyone who enthusiasmed over Louis Philippe, and I see why, from Mme. de Boigne who did.

Harry James has been painted by Blanche.[5] Who is Blanche? He was at the Embassy dining last night, but I know his work no better. The *Salons* are as usual growing worse and worse every year, according to Mme. de Ganay. I told her that I began with that understanding just fifty years ago, and that as far as I could see, the worseness varied only in its quantity; the quality averaged much the same even this year when neither Besnard[1] nor Flameng[2] exhibit, and the Jean Bérauds[3] and Boldinis[4] are ordinary. Sargent too is absent. Minot says that Sargent insists he cannot any longer paint; he has lost his faculty. Sargent must, I fancy, be about fifty to fifty-five[5]; — it is a pity to reach that stage so early; at sixty it is natural....

---

[1] Charlotte Louise Eléonore Adélaide d'Osmond, comtesse de Boigne (1781–1866). *Récits d'une Tante, Mémoires.* Paris, 1907–08.

[2] Edith (Newbold Jones) Wharton (1862–1937), married Edward Wharton, of Boston.

[3] Eugénie Fenoglio, called Eve La Vallière (1868–1929).

[4] Mary Garden (1877–).

[5] Jacques Emile Blanche (1861–).

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS, 20 May, 1908.

The Coke[6] has arrived, and many thanks for it! I wonder how many books of interest to me wholly escape my attention nowadays, in the mass of print that dilutes our mind. Coke was one of our friends in days when we needed friendship, and could show our gratitude.

I wish I could send you an equivalent, but I find here only the fourth volume of Mme. de Boigne, which you doubtless have. It has made success. All the women are hard on it, because they say it is malicious and full of *potins*. Especially they resent its allusions to the Duchess of Dino.[7] To me, this point of view is what interests. Mme. de Boigne is an Orleanist who sees even her Orleanses as they must have seemed to themselves. Her few lines about Montpensier are killing. As for the Talleyrands, Sagans and Castellanes, the best that can be said of them all would be worse than anything in Mme. de Boigne.

How well she has done her most difficult picture — that of the Duchesse de Berry.[8]

I put Mme. de Boigne high in the ranks of Memoirs.

The *Salons* and Theatres are not talked about. Even science is mute. I have not started an aëroplane, or even bought a new automobile. But I am *vieux jeu.*

---

[1] Paul Albert Besnard (1849–1934).

[2] Léopold Flameng (1831–1911).

[3] Jean Béraud (1849–   ).

[4] Jean Boldini (1845–1931).

[5] He was 52.

[6] *Coke of Norfolk and his Friends*, by A. M. W. Stirling, London, 1908.

[7] Dorothée de Courlande, duchesse de Dino (1792–1862), niece by marriage of Talleyrand.

[8] Marie Caroline Ferdinande Louise, duchesse de Berry (1798–1870).

To Elizabeth Cameron

PARIS, Tuesday, 2 June, 1908.

The Brices have just dropped me at my door, after six days of very hard touring; and I find on my table your letter of the 24th from Roslyn....

I've a notion that I passed last Wednesday morning with Mrs. Cooper Hewitt,[1] visiting Mme. Langweil, lunching at Paillard's and going to Mme. de Ganay's pastel-show at Georges Petit's. I dined at the Pavillon Elysée with Mrs. Winty [Chanler] and Laura and young Le Roy King.[2] It was a run-about day, without stops. And the next morning at 9:45 sharp, the Brices stopped to pick me up, and we tore down to Evreux to lunch; then on to Conches to see *vitraux*; then round to St. Pierre-sur-Dives to see a *flèche*, and so to Falaise to see Gwilliam the Conqueror's mother (they still keep the *w* down there), and at near eight, half-frozen, to Caen to dine and sleep. The next morning we did our 12th century at Caen, and in the afternoon some fifty or sixty kilometres to a remote Abbey called Cérisy-la-Forêt that I have been trying to visit for years, like St. Pierre-sur-Dives where I was stopped on the road five years ago by running over a laborer and having a long debate with him afterwards. I was repaid for all my sufferings of travel by seeing these two things which complete my 12th century pilgrimages; but we picked up an interesting *château* or two on the way, and some showers, and got back to Caen to dine with the Winty Chanlers and Laura who came down by train to join us.

On Saturday we autoists started off at ten, leaving the Chanlers to follow by a shorter route in a hired machine, while we went round by St. Lo and lunched at Coutances. Having a fine day, a lovely apple-blossom country, perfect roads, and a delightfully easy Renaud 20–30, we got on sweetly, and did our Cathedrals to a charm, and the rest of the trip to Mt.-Saint-Michel in such good time that we could walk and boat round it before dark, and see the *Marée* and receive the Winty's who turned up in good season. You don't know the Mount, I think, and you would find it no joke, — an awfully fatiguing pigsty. Mme. Poulard has sold out to a joint-stock company, and the company is not improved or likely to improve it. By immense luck the evening was warm and fine, and so was the next day, — Sunday —

---

[1] Peter Cooper Hewitt (1861–1921) married 1. Sarah Work, and 2. Mrs. Maryon J. Bruguière.

[2] Le Roy King (1884–   ), of Newport, R. I.

which we devoted to doing our Abbaye thoroughly, all by ourselves with a sympathetic guide and plans, till they learned all about it, and got it by heart in time to start off at four o'clock for Vitré, the Winty's by rail, and we *en panne* to cheer them past; but we got to Vitré all right for dinner, and yesterday did Mme. de Sevigné, the Château of Vitré, and the Church at Champeaux with some interesting renaissance Italian work, in time to get to Le Mans and tear through the Cathedral; dine and sleep at Chartres; and today give a long study to the glass and get to Paris at five.

Few tourists can do more or better than that in a week. I am hot — for it has turned to summer heat — and dirty, and am about to take a bath, and am doubting whether I can drag myself over to hear Blair Fairchild[1] produce some music tonight *chez lui*; and the Harry Whites send me a big card for a late function tomorrow.

Truly I am a new man! I do not recognize my world. Even Mrs. Winty — whom I have sainted and raised to a halo — hardly knows me. Not that I pretend to have been saintly myself, for I hate pigging and planning, but *enfin!* it is done!...

PARIS, Tuesday, 16 June, 1908.

. . . .

All my American letters are full of wailing, except Mrs. Hay, who writes as calmly as ever though worlds dissolve. Today the Convention meets. In my dark state of temper, I foresee a violent election, and the overwhelming triumph of Bryan, and have fully arranged my affairs for it. I am also more and more sharply conscious that my own tether is not long. Now and then, the spring suddenly breaks down and whirs. I go by the head as yet, but of course the heart is the spring. As I have often told you, I bade you all good-bye on my seventieth birthday, and the rest is mere supplement. Among your many tribulations you can console yourself by counting all us others who are far ahead.

For a weird contrast between awful sick-beds, and exaggerated age with its dreary forebodings, I can think of nothing more startling than the scene I witness here. For the first time I am near enough to touch it, and wonder. When my last letter broke off, I was being dragged by the Brices to the second effort for *Pelléas*, and this succeeded. We dined again at the Anglais and found ourselves in a mob of Americans at the Comique. The Blair Fairchilds, Mrs. Winty and

---

[1] Blair Fairchild (1877–1933), married Edith H. Cushing (*d.* 1920).

Laura, Le Roy King, Mrs. Van Vorst, and ourselves, all in a bunch. *Pelléas* bored me as usual, but Maggie Teyte[1] had a fair success. To us who had for five or six years talked to perfectly deaf people about the immense superiority of Mary Garden to any other artist here, it is droll now to hear everyone speak of Mary Garden as an ideal. You and I fought her battle against all the Warders and Marburys and Harry Higginses, till her prime was over; and now they pick her up.

Except for this contrast with Mary Garden, Maggie Teyte would have been a brilliant success, and indeed she did it very nicely. Still, I was mighty glad to get to bed.

Saturday I passed with Mrs. Cooper Hewitt hunting *bric-à-brac.* We found plenty, but what we found most was the fall in prices. The dealers are wild to sell. They say they are doing nothing. They drop 25 per cent. eagerly for an offer. All objects of luxury, such as lace and the stock of the small people, are to be had at cost. There is actual distress in that class. Yet one does not see it in the streets. Mrs. [James] Lanier, who plays chiefly with Mrs. Hewitt, had me to dine at Ritz's on Saturday evening, and Ralph Curtis. The rooms were fairly full. . . .

Sunday was the Grand Prix. I escaped to Versailles after breakfasting at Laurent's with Looly and Ward [Thoron],[2] and walking them through the *Salon.* At Versailles I found Miss De Wolfe and Ann Morgan,[3] and the Winty Chanlers came out; but what surprised me was to find myself seized by a pretty and very pleasing little woman who talked intimately with me about Tati and Tahiti, and at last revealed herself as Mrs. Truxtun Beale. We had some rather close talk after that, and she showed a certain sense of humor which I enjoyed.

On getting back to the Avenue du Bois, I found an immense crowd and when I got to Ritz's at half past eight to dine with Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Lanier and Mrs. Norrey,[4] I was aghast at the mob of Ritzians. Tables were laid through the corridor to the door. I could scarcely penetrate to the cloak-room. The ladies were loaded with diamonds, and the hats were stupendous. Mrs. Norrey, who was quite unknown to me, and whom I took for Mrs. Lorillard, astonished me by sweeping the big room with contempt, and demanding to see somebody intelligent. Norrey hardly seemed that type; but the remark was just. Intelligence was not the character of the crowd, but I found at last what the real trouble was. The Grand Duchess Cyril and the Vladimirs were giving a dinner in the side room behind screens, and everyone in the crowd was pleased or furious at being asked or neglected. Mrs. Hewitt brought down a story of Harry Lehr's[1] shouting furious abuse to his wife because she was not asked, that would have gratified the Grand Guignol. When we got chairs in the corridor after dinner, all the ladies were being 'sent for,' and paraded past us. One resplendent figure in full diamonds stopped over with me with: — 'Oh, *mon cher cousin!* How do you do!' Of course it was Suzanne, who stopped to greet me in order to have the pleasure of cutting the ladies I was with. She too was 'going on' to the Grand Duchess' ball. I can give you no idea of all these wonderful toilets. My brain reeled.

---

[1] Margaret Tate (1889–). 'Larry Butler will be interested in this tremendously ambitious effort of the young girl whom I first heard at his rooms sing *Du premier jour* with a mastery that astonished me.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 9 June, 1908.

[2] Ward Thoron (1867–1938), son of Joseph and Ann Barker (Ward) Thoron, married 1, Elizabeth Warder, and 2, Louise Chapin Hooper.

[3] Anne Tracy Morgan (1873–).

[4] Margaret L. Morgan, who married Adam Gordon Norrie?

Anarchist as I was, the whole scene seemed so far away, — so absolutely La Vallière and Variétés and Offenbach — that I could not feel angry enough to throw a bomb, and came away quite amused; but it made the climax of my season — at least here, for I am horrified at getting a note from Whitelaw Reid this (Wednesday) morning, begging me to come over to be present with the wedding-party in the Chapel Royal.[2] What under the sun can I say or do? . . .

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS, 18 June, 1908.

I wonder whether you would care to read the *éreintement* of a historian? I think I will send you Aulard's little book on Taine.[3] It is a piece of eviseration, but it makes me cold to think of what would be the result of the same process applied to me. No man's mind and memory are comprehensive enough to carry the relations of a long story. I cannot even rewrite a chapter without greatly changing it, and I think I never have written a chapter less than five times over, unless it were from sheer collapse. If I went on forever, I should always do it differently, and of course each version is a correction.

---

[1] See Elizabeth (Drexel) Lehr, *'King Lehr' and the Gilded Age*, 239.

[2] Jean Templeton, daughter of Whitelaw Reid, married, 23 June, 1908, John Hubert Ward, son of William Ward, Earl of Dudley.

[3] François Alphonse Aulard, *Taine, Historien de la Révolution Française.* Paris, 1907.

Such a scorching as Aulard gives would skin anyone. He admits it, and tries to deprecate attacks on mere blunders. . . .

Our world rides fast, as the ballad says.[1] Your government has upset the whole tub of socialism on us, and mine is plunging into an unknown ocean. I suppose my friend Taft is being nominated now while I write. He is a charming fellow, altogether the best man I have ever had a chance to support; but I have grave doubts of his election. Apparently my doubts are shared by other people, for I cannot see a sign of improvement in confidence. The cutting down of expenditure goes on, and insolvencies are beginning on a great scale. No one will spend money. The Parisians complain bitterly. They run a mile to ask you to enter their shops, and they knock off twenty per cent at the suggestion of an offer. The place is full of Americans, but they don't spend. Their money must be accumulating, but it is quite likely that, if the election seems close, people will economise still more. And meanwhile the laboring class is squeezed flat. Many hundred thousands have no bread.

No one knows what may be the political effect of such a situation, but it makes everyone cautious. For my own part I wonder only that society is so calm. Fifty years ago, we should have had riots and fury. . . .

There is more and more comfort in feeling oneself the oldest man alive, and ready at a moment's notice to quit. Paris always fosters one's most anarchistic tendencies, and one sees so little in society worth saving that one does not feel much regret at not saving it, but the poor things can't help themselves and don't seem much to want to. Men and women, French or American, seem to me almost equally dulled and helpless. They give no reaction. . . .[2]

---

[1] 'Die Todten reiten schnell.' Gottfried Augustus Bürger, 'Lenore.'

[2] 'In the intervals of these fatuous follies, I sit long hours alone, glaring at a pile of new books, and trying to play I am alive. I have just waded through another fat volume on *Truquage* by [Paul] Eudel who wrote the previous one; and I wanted to make it an Appendix to illustrate the last chapters of my *Education*. One's mind dissolves before his dissolution of art.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 24 June, 1908.

'You see by the printed headlines of this paper [Grand Hotel Victoria, Bagnères-de-Bigorre] that I am in the Pyrenees. I have been running about France as a flea jumps, never stopping since the 25th June; and have left nothing unseen, so that I shall never know where to go hereafter for the old. I catch this moment, at seven o'clock in the morning to scratch this line. At ten I hope to be at Lourdes, at noon in the Cauterets, at six to reach Pau — on the 19th we are due in Paris.' — To Gaskell, 10 July, 1908.

To Elizabeth Cameron

PARIS, 26 July, 1908.

. . . .

I do not invite conversation, — I regard myself now as a mere bald-headed *marcheur* in one of the front fauteuils at the opera, with no function but to go to bed at 10:30 every night, — but I can still listen and wag my head. Cabot talks. It rasps my temper as much as it did five years ago. Now that Theodore has hauled him by the hair through every sort of bramble-bush and scratched out his eyes, he is lost in admiration and wonder at what a great man Theodore is. This does not worry me, though it somewhat bores me; but its result is senatorial to a point that reminds me of a book you never read, because it was published in the early days of the republic, — *Democracy!* The attitude of cowering and abject wonder before Roosevelt, leads to a patronising and indifferent air towards Taft. This will last until Taft lays the whip over the senatorial hide, — like Roosevelt, — and then, *da capo!*

PARIS, Friday, 31 July, 1908.

Am I going off my head, or shall I lose the last vestige of mental balance soon? Or is the world as wild as it reads? The newspapers are quite crammed with cries of dissolving societies. Turkey is suddenly rotted out. Persia is worse. India is dreadfully uneasy. Russia is exhausted with convulsion. And now we have almost daily social disturbances in or about Paris, and strikes with violence at all our doors. All this does not upset us as much as the automobile does. The death of young Sands strikes this house, for his wife had her second baby only six weeks ago in the apartment below me, and still occupies it. The Harry Whites telegraphed me to come to Méridon today with the Lodges. I telegraphed back that in view of the Sands' funeral, I took for granted they would not want me today. They replied that I was to come all the same. I am going to telegraph that I would rather not come till after the funeral tomorrow. It is a strong hint to an ambassadress, but I am old enough now to have my own way, and I don't care to be left all day at Méridon while they come up to the funeral, nor do I want Mrs. Vanderbilt to think me a brute or White a block. I do not yet know what the Lodges will do, but I have notified them of my intentions.

It reads so like the last chapters of the *Education of Henry Adams* as to make me giddy. I seem to hear everybody echoing myself. . . .[1]

PARIS, Tuesday, 11 August, 1908.

. . . .

After two hours at Laurent's, I came back and fell asleep and read Electricity till seven o'clock when Lindsay came up, bored by being shut up with his chief[2] in a closed auto for hours, but evidently wanting to discuss a letter just received from Martha. I reiterated my views, and told him to wait patiently; for either we shall all glide into smoother water before November, or we shall all go to wreck. He sees, even more clearly than I do, the gamble, for his diplomatic world is stirred to the bottom by the Mahommedan break-up, and they are all cackling under their breath about what will happen. Austria is ready for armed action; so is Bulgaria; and we can guess about Russia. Bertie won't let Lindsay out of his sight; for, as usual, the Embassy is shorthanded. We need our best diplomacy now, and our best, all round, leaves much to be desired.

Harry White sent me a *petit bleu* at six o'clock to dine at the Embassy, and I went down there at eight to a picnic dinner with Cabot and his two boys, sister Anne being still unwell. Mrs. Harry was on her way to Vittel for a cure, and they were bidding good-bye to the Lodges. Mrs. White is fat and fair; never so well and fresh; but takes a cure for precaution. Of course our talk ran over a wide field, but seemed to be almost vapory to me for want of definite ideas about anything in the future. That Taft is to be elected is the single fact taken for granted. Six weeks hence, if this campaign is like others, everybody will be sure of Taft's defeat. So with return of prosperity; regeneration of Turkey; and subsidence of social disturbance. We shall know next November, as usual, what the next year will promise; but, as yet, the path is obscure. It always is so, when the ups and downs of activity occur. To me, the moment looks like a supplementary chapter of my *Education*. I see only explosion by law of logarithms, which Martha had better study. . . .

---

[1] 'I imagine that, like me, he [Brooks Adams] feels a certain lassitude in travel and does his work more or less with an effort. Possibly, — also like me — he begins to hide himself a little, for an instinctive wish not to betray the advance of years. At all events, he shows no love for Paris or for the passing show, and rarely invites my intimacy. We are too much alike, and agree too well in all our ideas. We have nothing to give each other.' — To Gaskell, 7 August, 1908.

[2] Francis Leveson Bertie (1844–1919).

PARIS, 25 August, 1908.

. . . .

Then this morning brings news of Speck's death. Of course we are not surprised; of course we have expected it for years; of course and of course, this, that and the other; — but it is all the same another lopping of my ears and eyes, which have been lopped clean to the nerve already. Next March I shall be the deadest man in La Fayette Square.

If George Meyer goes to the Treasury, who can go to the State Department? I have tried to thresh it out with Cabot, but he has not even a suggestion to make. I suppose Taft will find some other lawyer, like Choate or Root, to stuff in there. The American political and social mind has never yet got beyond a county court. Olneys and Clevelands are its highest flight of aspiration and breadth.

All the same, this Taft campaign is furnishing me with another and a decisive figure in the curve of my *Education*. In twenty years, our society has swung round a very sharp circle. The curious thing is their total want of intelligent consciousness and memory. Mosquitoes think more. . . .

PARIS, 8 September, 1908.

. . . .

Lindsay and I dined at Ritz's a week ago, surrounded by all these Ritzians, and talking chiefly diplomacy. He was much amused at hearing that Esmé Howard was to go to Vienna, an appointment which was for the joint benefit of economy and foreign wives. He would not decide which gained most. Of course Esmé's childlike church-turn shut him up within a narrow circle of appointments, but Vienna is one of the most expensive places in the Service and the least genial for Italian wives.

Lindsay himself goes to London in November, and meanwhile has to take afternoon walks with his chief. Life, from that point of view, offers few charms.

As for me, I still sit at my desk and read about rays and phases and forces and fads. My ignorance grows apace, but I have no one to tell about it. . . .[1]

---

[1] Extracts from letters to Whitelaw Reid, dated 9 and 13 September, 1908, on the *Education*, are in Cortissoz, *Life of Whitelaw Reid*, II. 388.

To Margaret Chanler

PARIS, 4 September, 1908.

. . . .

I am facing another awful catastrophe in my social existence in Washington. La Fayette Square is to be as archaic as the Roman Forum. Andrew Jackson and I sit there alone, wondering why we too are not removed as cumberers of the soil. Nothing beside remains. Round the decay of that preposterous wreck, the bare and level streets stretch far away. Not a friend have I left.

Even the Roosevelts will be gone six months from today. Poor dear Taft can bring nothing to take the place of what has gone, because he can find nothing to bring. The despair that drowns me is due to the failure of all your generation to fetch on a new one to amuse me. I beg you all, one after another, to bring me a new man. You bring me charming women in plenty, but when I ask them for men, they look blank, — they don't even blush, — they don't know what a man is. Then I ask the Lodges, father and sons; the Roosevelts; Henry James or his brother William; John La Farge or his sons; or the whole covey of Chanlers, — when I ask them to tell me who is their agreeable and amusing companion, they say they have none; that I know everybody that exists.

It can't be! The men we want are surely there. They will turn up just to spite me when I am dead. I wring my few remaining hairs with fury that they do it on purpose. I abuse with outrage all my young acquaintance; and the only result is that my brother Brooks comes here and drives me wild by telling it all over again to me as a discovery he has just made.

I hate to poison your mind, but I feel a blue fear that Rome will not be Rome to you any longer. It seems to me that even from here, I feel a change — not only in myself. Still, I shall be glad to hear that your spirit of unfading youth supplies the lost freshness, and that you are rich enough to make good the losses that we poor ancients suffer. We are bankrupt. One is not ten million years old for nothing.

As for science, it has become lovely and metaphysical and idiotic and delightfully human. It is much more passionate than our friend St. Thomas. Did I tell you how deeply I was touched — in my own sense — by Lord Kelvin's dying confession, — that he had totally failed to understand anything? I, who refuse to face that admission, am delighted to have somebody do it for me by proxy. There is rather a suggestive volume by Emile Boutroux[1] on *Science and Religion* in Gustave Le Bon's Scientific Series. It came out last March, and tries to state the situation in my own terms. The French are making great efforts to deal with the question of Unity, and as they have a sense of it — which the English and Germans never had, — their study is interesting. Sometimes I seem almost on the point of seeing where it must come out; but, as in Scholasticism, and in Philosophy in general, the last Unit is so big that it crushes man, and we don't like to be crushed. We object to being left to build spiderwebs on a dynamo.

And now this morning arrives your volume, or Hanna Thomson's[2] volume from you, which we will discuss hereafter. That is to say, if I have any longer the power of talking, for it leaves me at times, so that my mind refuses to do more than muddle, and lie on its back like a baby, mumbling at intervals. I think our American and English writers do no more. Muddle and mumble is all I can gather from them. We are back in the babies. . . .

To Elizabeth Cameron

PARIS, 15 September, 1908.

Yours of the 5th arrives with much more punctuality than the hands of my clocks. Your account of the situation is as bad as possible. We have foreseen it precisely as it comes. I should not console her much by telling her that she is not alone. As our time comes, we all face more or less the same certainties. The absolute inevitability of it, which young people cannot understand, — or old ones either — is to me the most fascinating part of it. I have already told you that I had got my first warning. With me, as with many other fools and some geniuses, the weak spot is what is known as Broca's[3] convolution of the brain, which contains the shelves of memory. Suddenly or slowly the shelves close and can't be opened. Mine have been closing normally and slowly, but one day in July I happened to go into Audrain's[4] place to ask a question, and, to my consternation, my French tumbled out all in a heap. The words came without connection. The man looked at me queerly; I mumbled something, and got out into the street; by the time I got back to my rooms, the paralysis had passed; but I knew quite well what it meant; and was not surprised when I told Austin about it, to find that I knew more than he did. The thing may be a mere momentary upset, and never recur. The more likely chance is that my Broca's convolution is slowly hardening, as I have seen it in so many cases. In my experience, as in my father's case, or R. W. Emerson, or your uncle John, or old George Bancroft, the average time is about ten years, the last five or six being more or less helpless. If I can get two years more, without a breakdown, I shall do well enough, but I doubt it. The margin is wide. M. Broca might shut up in seven days or seven years, but he is sure to do it in the end, and meanwhile keeps me much on the watch. Luckily for me, the process is generally placid and painless. Poor Speck would have been glad to exchange, and perhaps even Charley Rae would have preferred it. What surprised me most was to find, a few days ago, in the *Life of Faraday*, that he, the most active-minded Englishman of the century, and the greatest genius, suffered for five-and-twenty years under the steady loss of memory until he died quite senile at seventy-four. Let us be grateful we are not geniuses.

---

[1] Etienne Emile Marie Boutroux (1845–1921).

[2] William Hanna Thomson (*d.* 1918). The volume was probably his *Brain and Personality*, New York, 1907.

[3] Paul Broca (1824–1880).

[4] A dealer in antiques.

Meanwhile I get out of life all the quiet and beauty I can. After the great storm, some days of great beauty have come, and I slip off into the country to enjoy them. Sunday I went to Versailles where were various callers amusing themselves as they might.... Yesterday I suddenly took the train to Chartres and once more studied my windows to see whether I could correct anything in my account of them. The sun was intense and tried the glass severely....

Another active exchange of letters with Whitelaw Reid has been started. He wrote to ask for my *Education*, which I sent him, and he added a pressing invitation to Wrest, which I declined. He finds his palaces a little solitary now that his children have flown. I don't wonder; but his is a happy temperament and simply satisfied with the great merits of the world he owns.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS, 27 September, 1908.

I hasten to acknowledge your letter from Tillypronie. Though almost as stalwart as Sir John at eighty-eight, I still feel that this infernal racket is playing the deuce with me. Especially my memory and mind are as slippery as monkeys. I am so scared at their tricks that I daren't leave home. I've seen this process so often that I know quite well what it means. If I take care of myself and avoid strains mental and physical, especially women, wine and anxieties, with good luck I may be able to go about alone for some two years more; but I may have to protect myself at the shortest possible notice. . . .

I notice, too, that while everybody in Great Britain lives indefinitely, I have now buried everyone past eighty in America. Man or woman, I know no one, now, older than my own generation. Last winter swept all the old people away.

The subject may seem a little lugubrious, but it interests me on account of my theory, that, on the physico-chemical law of development and dynamics, our society has reached what is called the critical point where it is near a new phase or equilibrium. In America, we do not stand the pressure. Neither the individual nor the society is any longer stable. We have got to go up or go under. Probably in England, enough of the old society exists to mask the process more or less; but in America it is flagrant; especially in a general election, where you see all the forces of society, moving at a tremendous pace, and without the faintest conception of what they are doing. The spectacle resembles that of swarms of insects changing from worms to wings. They must get the wings or die. For our salvation, Mr. Wilbur Wright[1] is providing wings. He will also have to provide a new insect to use them.

I would have much liked to talk with Lord Kelvin about it, but he too said with his last words that he had failed to make a magneto-electric-etherial theory that would stand up; and this is the same problem as mine. The solution of mind is certainly in the magnet.

It is useless to talk, of course, and especially because hundreds of people are working, experimentally and mathematically, on the same subject. I am waiting for their results, and am rather annoyed to have only two years to spare, when I probably need at least ten, at the rate they go.

Then their infernal mathematics handicap me to a degree that practically throws me out of the race. The French physicists alone are making really a considerable effort to state the problem in a literary form, and if it weren't for them, I could not even see it. For I find Sir Oliver Lodge, curiously enough, quite unintelligible. The only man who seems to me quite honest about it, both with himself and with his public, is Gustave Le Bon;[2] but even he has not ventured into the social *mélange*. He can't tell me whether our society is now a solid, a fluid or a gas.

---

[1] Wilbur Wright (1867–1912).

[2] Gustave Le Bon (1841–1931).

On these books, I have been laboring some six hours a day, all summer, and now with nothing accomplished, I am preparing to emigrate again. I have taken rooms on the *Kaiser Wilhelm II* for October 28. This will bring me to New York the day after election. Either we shall be then out of the woods, or we shall be in convulsions. . . .

To Elizabeth Cameron

PARIS, 29 September, 1908.

. . . .

We shall skip election-day and be spared the campaign which Mr. Hearst seems to have made as dirty as that of Garfield and Blaine. I wonder whether anyone cares for Foraker's mishap. Or whether anyone is surprised at all. We all knew our Standard Oil pretty well, as we knew our Union and Northern Pacific, not to speak of our P. R. R. We knew that they all selected the senators and made them work. I imagine that fully half the Senate are chosen in that way, and do the same jobs. But I shall be curious to see how the public expects to run it any other way. Or whether it will really affect the vote. It seemed to have little effect in old days, and I mark no expansion of morals. The great interests must be represented in every world up to Heaven.

Well! it concerns me little, for my education covered those points long ago. I am now far beyond that. I have run my head hard up against a form of mathematics that grinds my brains out. I flounder about like a sculpin in the mud. It is called the Law of Phases, and was invented at Yale.[1] No one shall persuade me that I am not a Phase.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS, 23 October, 1908.

. . . .

I write merely to tell you that after this week, my address will be again at Washington. I am going back to attend the funeral services of another long bit of history, — the career of my youthful friend

---

[1] By Josiah Willard Gibbs (1790–1861).

Theodore Roosevelt, — and to help, I trust, the christening of my other young friend Bill Taft. He is the only thoroughly satisfactory candidate I ever had; — at least in one respect supreme, in that he will, if elected, certainly outlast my term.

I shall land in New York almost exactly fifty years to a day from the first time I sailed from it in 1858. There is a sort of artistic satisfaction in rounding up these periods.

All the same, I have never been so busy in running errands for friends as this autumn. One after another my favorite ladies have come and carried me to dinner and shops and even once to the theatre; but there I struck. The theatre is too much!

I have worked, too, like a dog; that is, with naps at frequent intervals. I have read and re-read and tried desperately to understand, and have re-shaped all my mental habits. It is no joke. The formulas of physics and chemistry today are in a different mental horizon from those of our time. Even mathematics talk a different language.

Anyway I am off, and wish you and yours a comfortable winter.

XXIV

WASHINGTON

1908–1909

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, 16 November, 1908.

Your letter and Martha's and Lindsay's surprised me by telling me what I knew already, for the engagement was as certain to me as though I had witnessed it. Martha was entirely absorbed in it and in him. She had long ago made up her mind, and only found a sort of pleasure in holding off the idea and looking at it and hemming and embroidering it, as women — and men too — like to do.

Meanwhile I was thinking not so much of them as of you. But if I know Martha, she will keep you sufficiently occupied. I have been amused at a description of her by John Hay in a letter to me from England some dozen years ago.[1] Mrs. Hay has got three volumes of letters printed, and in a chaos of initials you will jump on your own and Martha's with amusement....[2]

Here, of course, Alice Warder's young man[3] is the excitement. You probably know him. Ellen Thoron is very enthusiastic about him, and says that he is just the person to make her second husband much rather than Alice's first.

---

[1] 'She seems to me a rather humorous, middle-aged woman, who, before speaking, asks herself how she shall best convey the impression that she is a sweet, serious and charming child of five.' Hay to Adams, 4 June, 1891. *Letters and Diaries of John Hay*, II. 219.

[2] In a note from Mrs. Hay, dated February, 1908, and enclosing some material for the memorial volumes, she said: 'You see I have suppressed all names. I thought it best, as it seems to be personal.' The volumes were put into type during the summer, Mrs. Hay reading the proof, as Adams was in Europe. When the three volumes were printed, Mrs. Hay had carefully suppressed all names, even of places, leaving only the initial letter of each name.

A somewhat similar publication appeared in 1811 in a pamphlet entitled: *A Letter to a Great Character*.... Printed and published for the Public, 1811. It comprised a summary of some seventy letters exchanged in the period 1803 to 1812 between John Adams, William Cunningham and his son, William Cunningham, Jr. The Advertisement rather ingenuously states that the Letter was 'not addressed to Mr. Adams,' but the object and the compiler were soon recognized. The younger Cunningham made a 'few alterations, to strengthen, not embellish,' and entirely suppressed the names mentioned in the letters, not even leaving the initial letter of the name. The *Correspondence* in full was published by Cunningham, Jr., in 1823, through the agency of Jonathan Russell, acting for William H. Crawford, as a campaign document against John Quincy Adams. So far as we know the first issue (1811) and the Hay volumes stand alone in the suppression of names.

[3] John Work Garrett (1872–), of Baltimore.

I prefer Lindsay, but *chacun à son* young man. . . .

To Theodore Roosevelt

WASHINGTON, 16 December, 1908.

If you were talking last night as President, I have nothing to say. Whatever the President says goes! The authorities used to say that Parliament had the power to do everything except make a man of a woman. Some day we will put that into the Constitution as an Executive Power — not requiring confirmation by the Senate. In regard to most of us elderly people, I admit that there is little or no difference between an old woman and an old man, even when Senator. Not for a moment would I challenge the fate of Pulitzer[1] by affirming that there is — for I am with you on that as on other points.

But!!! After March 4, should you allude to my bronze figure, will you try to do St. Gaudens the justice to remark that his expression was a little higher than sex can give. As he meant it, he wanted to exclude sex, and sink it in the idea of humanity. The figure is sexless.

Such is life! When you are 1,235,452,000,000 like me, you will repent too.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 17 December, 1908.

Many thanks for the Kirkstall[2] which I have studied and expect to study to my great advantage. Thus far I feel relieved to find so little rebuke of my ignorance.

Not that ignorance seems to matter! I come back here constantly renewing my astonishment at the vastness of our placid ocean of ignorance that drowns me on all sides, and that I cannot even sink in. I cry wildly for help, but no one brings it, and my fellow voyagers on these dim seas, say as a placid matter-of-course, that I need not expect to be taught. There are only workers, but no teachers.

The self-complacency of the workers is noble. When I try to calculate how much their job has grown since we were boys, — about five hundred times, I calculate, — I grovel before the men who run it. Certainly they are no stronger than our predecessors, or hide their muscle well. Yet the machine seems to run fairly easily. We are hair-combing our society today for two or three men competent for Cabinet office, and we can't find them; but it won't matter.

---

[1] He was elected a member of the Ananias Club.

[2] Possibly a history of Kirkstall Abbey.

James Bryce wags his white beard as lustily as ever, and Sir George Young has turned up, on a visit to his son who is Secretary at the Embassy. At the same time Ronald Lindsay who is to marry my girl, Martha Cameron, has come over, and is staying with me. He is a very charming fellow, much resembling his far-away ancestral friend, Quentin Durward, in the earlier chapter of that ilk; but he is going to play the devil with my surroundings. At our age, nothing can ever be replaced. I am deadly solitary though never more surrounded. But perhaps the marriage may draw me to England more frequently than of late, and may bring me to sight of you, in your grandparental dignity.

Theodore Roosevelt too is going off; another great loss to me; for, though I saw him seldom, he was always my next neighbor, and we were constantly touching each other in many ways. He kept us amused. Whatever charges his enemies made against him, they never included that of dulness. His successor is a very good fellow, but will make a model President. What is final, he will — or his term will — outlast me. I give myself two years to lose my faculties to the point of hopelessness. Four years will more than finish it. I could do more if I were not hampered by this incessant hankering to be done with it. Ennui takes the life out of us.

Everyone is so damnably kind and forbearing, that there is absolutely no justification for discontent. As for America, it is the ideal fruit of all our youthful hopes and reforms. Everybody is fairly decent, respectable, domestic, bourgeois, middle-class, and tiresome. There is absolutely nothing to revile except that it's a bore.

Enfin! we made it so.

To Sir Ronald Lindsay

WASHINGTON, 16 January, 1909.

. . . .

I want to say a word about Philander [Knox], but I haven't a word to say. With about fifty years experience, foreign service, social habitude and the help of half a dozen very intelligent and superior women, he will make a highly competent Foreign Secretary. He has all the natural intelligence and practical administrative knowledge. As it is he will be what God pleases. I don't know what it will be, but I know Pennsylvania and Ohio, and will risk a guess that everybody will be satisfied and pleased — except me. I have the misfortune of coming from Boston.

In my youth, when boys talked in language more expressive than is in use now, boys used to say, as a proverb, that every fellow must skin his own skunk. I have always had skunks enough of my own to skin without going abroad for them and I will leave you to skin that Balkan skunk as suits your sense of smell. It seems to be becoming very odorous. . . .

My last vision of fun and gaiety will vanish when my Theodore goes, and it will not need Martha's departure to leave me in hopeless gloom. *Tout passe! tout casse!* and now that Theodore has broken everything, *tout lasse!* Never can we replace him.[1]

To Raphael Pumpelly

WASHINGTON, 9 March, 1909.

You will not doubt that I have devoured your two volumes[2] with acute interest and curiosity. Our old discussions of the scheme have by no means lost their interest, at least to me, and my perplexities before the problem have not at all diminished. Now that I have finished reading, and studying, the mass of new material you have brought up, I have sat down to think about it, and to recall what I had originally expected.

I find it not so easy to recall what I expected, or the picture I imagined, but I think it was that of cave dwellers on a higher level, and of stations on a main trade-route between India and the fan-like world to the east, north and west.

---

[1] 'I send you my last plaything; a study on the lines of my last two volumes. I have worked so long and so hard over my dynamic theory that I am inclined now to follow up the lines of John Stuart Mill and Littré, to see where they lead. Rather to my amusement I find that they bring me out, not at 1927 where we both came out on other grounds, but at 1917, ten years earlier. It may well be. The dead ride fast.' — To Brooks Adams, 3 February, 1909. 'The paper is a mere intellectual plaything, like a puzzle. It is not meant to be taken too seriously.' — To the same, 10 February, 1909. This 'plaything' was an essay on 'The Rule of Phase applied to History,' dated 1 January, 1909. It was offered to the *American Historical Review* and declined as not entirely suitable to its readers. Adams never made any further effort to have it published and it was not until its appearance in 1919, in Brooks Adams' *Degradation of the Democratic Dogma,* that it became known. While accepted as a suggestive study, its mathematical formula has been rejected as invalid.

[2] *Explorations in Turkestan,* Washington, 1908.

The actual result seems to me quite different. You have discovered what seems to have been a sort of colonial outpost, without mother country; without a beyond; without trade; and without enemies, dangers, or even wild animals of any serious peril. Yours is a sort of Garden of Eden; it realises the Book of Genesis.

This discovery fills me with wonder. Apparently I am obliged to choose between two or three theories. If the oasis-desert was cut off from India, China and the West, by ice or water, and had an isolated development, with a slight relation of origin with Persia, we are obliged to look elsewhere for the great routes of relation between East and West, along which the successive races of men and animals must have passed. Where can we look? It was not to the north, for all that region was under ice or water. As far as I can see, it must have been to the south. The Persian Gulf, and the line of the Euphrates must be the place to look for the earliest civilisation of the West.

Even then we are left adrift about the civilisation of India and the East which, on this theory, seems to be quite independent.

I regret greatly that you have not at least hinted your Arian [Aryan] theories or theory, because I cannot see room for any, unless it goes back to preglacial times. If Persia was the Arian home, and the Persian Gulf its focus, I can understand a little better than I did, the possibility of an Arian branch having got into the Pacific Ocean; but I do not understand how we could have been ignorant of our Persian ancestry, or how our ancestors travelled north.

The trade-route theory, as I understood it, seems to be killed. There was no trade! The oasis theory takes its place, and this oasis-civilisation is barren at both ends. We can see neither where it came from, nor where it went to. We are thrown back on Nippur and Persepolis. If you and I were forty years younger, we might make a new start there, and if we did not solve the problem and settle the human race, we might at least close another source of error. Somewhere in the valleys of Shiraz, hard by the tomb of Hafiz, we shall find our happy home. I burn to start.

In serious and sober truth, nothing would give me more satisfaction. The prospect of slow decay here in this hive of peccarys gives me dyspepsia and loathing of food. I should delight to set up a Persian establishment and live on sherbet and poetry, while watching you dig for pots. The great Darius should be our ancestor, and Alexander Iscander our companion. I cannot comprehend how I have so obstinately refused to see my real aim in life....

XXV

PARIS

1909

To Margaret Chanler

PARIS, 11 April, 1909.

On arriving here, the first news that strikes me is that of your brother's death.[1] Today comes that of Algernon Swinburne. The world crumbles fast. I did not need to be reminded of it, and still less to remind you of it, who have always felt life and the joy of living more keenly than we cold New Englanders could ever conceive, and who hunger for sympathy as every natural being should. I would like to find some expression that would relieve sorrow, but I never found any form of it that would relieve my own; and in all the trials of bereavement, the only comfort I ever got, from condolence, was the sense that I was not alone, — that others were suffering too, — and that the army of sufferers had a common watchword which helped them to help each other without other expression. You must take mine for granted. As I am now in the very front rank, and terribly tired of the march, I can only whisper the word to you, and pass on.

Having arrived here two days ago, I have as yet seen no one, and heard nothing except from newspapers. I left your Washington friends rather dispersed and depressed. The old social régime is almost swamped. The new one is not exhilarating. Cincinnati and Pittsburg are the ideal product of a thousand years of nature's effort to attain perfection. As for me, I am left somewhere behind among the Miocene monkeys.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS, 2 May, 1909.

So you have got your medicine! I am too ignorant a capitalist to understand it, but I can console the British land-owner by the reflection that if he will only grow old enough, he will not mind being taxed out of existence. Nature has done it already. Merely my forced abandonment of vices, not to speak of virtues, has — I calculate — cheated my governments out of fully half what I paid at thirty.

---

[1] Francis Marion Crawford, died 9 April, 1909.

The process of levelling down, — of growing laterally instead of vertically, — is one which has been going on since the star-fish first crawled — if they do crawl, — and is near completion. We have now only to cut off the heads of a very few more poppies, and our dear friends the socialists will alone remain. I am glad to see every country hurrying the process, for I am curious to know what sort of society can be duller than this. As it shows itself to me, at home or here, it has not only lost its old features, which were ugly enough, to be sure, — but has taken on no new ones, and is a formless lump of globular lumps. This is, I believe, what the socialists say, and I think they are about right. I have been to the *Salons* and the restaurants and the weddings and the little private talk-talks; and have seen nothing but what the socialists see. I try to read, and to walk, and to hunt *bric-à-brac*, and to smile like my sweet President; and the whole impression is one of regret that I can't jump a hundred years, and see what worse rubbish can grow. You will have a bad attack of moral dyspepsia if you come over here. You will growl like a venerable Bengal tiger. As for me, I smile.

What does it matter? I've been studying science for ten years past, with keen interest, noting down my phases of mind each year; and every new scientific method I try shortens my view of the future. The last — thermo-dynamics — fetches me out on sea-level within ten years. I'm sorry Lord Kelvin is dead. I would travel a few thousand million miles to discuss with him the thermo-dynamics of socialistic society. His law is awful in its rigidity and intensity of result.

You talk about imbeciles being gloomy reading! An absolute imbecility of social mind is worse. I wish I could think it was all my own, but every newspaper and Mr. Bernard Shaw and about a million socialistic orators yesterday howl it.

The consequence is that I've no news. Everybody is more or less on edge — irritable in a feeble way. We have no interests except weddings. I have no amusement but hunting up wedding-presents. Half a dozen ladies whose daughters have left them, expect me to hold their hands. I growl meekly with ambassadors, and weep softly with their wives. We talk of oriental politics and taxes. Also of Germany and wars. Secretly I doubt whether enough of the primitive energy still exists to fight one real war. The society does not look it. But they may have energy enough to fire off missiles one or two hundred miles away.

The best book I could send you would be a bound volume of *Le*

Rire for 1908. Nothing of a serious sort has been shown me. Even Edith Wharton cannot help me, though she abides among the high-lights and talks only with *gens d'esprit à la Louis Quatorze, chez Ritz.*

PARIS, Sunday, 6 [June], 1909.

Are you bold! To face calmly a touring-trip of a fortnight in these old haunts where everything suggests what we don't like, is next despair, so courageous is it. Why can we not invent a fresh variety of youth to look at! As for me, if my own feelings are to rule, I shall be here to welcome you, but my doctor says I've got some unknown nervous irritability which has worried me since arriving and, for some time, cut down my sleep; so that I am waiting for him to get done with his ridiculous experiments before sending me, as is always the end, to some ridiculous bath. He knows, and I know, and I know that he knows that the only successful bath for me is that of Odysseus, of the western stars until I die, but of course we must play our little parts to the end, as we were paid to do at the beginning *per* contract....

Hats are quite abnormally hideous! That fact I gather from America at Laurent's; and that is all I gather. The streets are more dangerous than a battle-field. The shops contain nothing worth buying, except at £5,000 apiece. You can always give Mary a pearl necklace, and I will show you some nice ones at about £20,000.

In my desperate search for amusement, I have struck on your friend Lord Kelvin who began his career in 1849 by proving that the universe, including our own corner of it, was flattening steadily, and would in the end, flatten out to a dead level where nothing could live. Kelvin was a great man, and I am sorry I did not know enough mathematics to follow him instead of Darwin who led us all wrong. Our early Victorian epoch was vastly *naïf*! But I want Kelvin's writings, and I know I can't read a page of them. Is it not exasperating to see what one wants, and feel one's incapacity to seize it? . . .[1]

---

[1] 'You were good to give me another glimpse of you. One's youth still has glamour, and mine owes most of it to you. I do not know that I care to live over again any part of my life, but if I did, the part connected with Wenlock and you would be it, — the most pleasure and the least pain.' — To Gaskell, 29 June, 1909.

To Elizabeth Cameron

PARIS, 26 [June, 1909.]

. . . .

Idiocy cries in every salon. Your dear Mrs. Philander Knox[1] is here, and is, or was, at Méridon, which is well enough; but she says that Philander is coming over — just offhand — for a little pleasure trip to see his friends the Leishmans[2] in Italy. Philander says that Willy Phillips seems to know about it, and will look after affairs. Meanwhile the blackest rumors circulate underhand about the Leishmans' position in Rome. You know what Rome is, and how the assassin lurks round every social corner. The Leishmans are to be assassinated. It will be a case of McNutt[3] over again in some other form, probably a feminine, this time. Since they invite it, one can hardly interfere; but, unless gossip is all out, I gather that Straus[4] is fully as ill-seen in Stamboul. Also I gather that tempers are high-strung in Washington, and the Taft régime is on the social nerves. The war on the Roosevelt section has gone to a point of scandal. At times, I feel some slight comfort in the thought that I have nothing to lose, and that our régime has gone into literature, — or possibly into oblivion. La Fayette Square cannot well be hit harder.

All this gossip has come to me lately, for, strange as it seems to me, our Embassy here was ignorant of everything, and the Whites could tell me nothing, — nor the Reids either, as you know, — till the evil tongues assembled from all quarters, to sing scandal at Ritz's or Columbin's here. Even now you will notice that I repeat nothing. I describe only a situation, and wish I had the energy to write another novel.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS, 5 July, 1909.

The *Contes* arrived two days ago, and I divined that you were its author, since I knew that no one else had the taste to discover it. In fact I had no idea how exquisite these Eisen[5] illustrations were, not only in execution, but in reproducing these last refinements of decoration and costume. Style vanished from the world after Louis XV died, and only the *disjecta membra* survived till our early Victorian epoch which drowned us. An additional interest is lent to the copy by Lord Sheffield's book-plate. I take it for granted that he was the Sheffield who loved Gibbon and hated America, which gives him a double tie to me. I've not the slightest objection to him for hating America, and I embrace him warmly for loving our amiable Gibbon. That he should have delighted in La Fontaine is a third tie. A man who loves La Fontaine must be a good and virtuous citizen.

---

[1] Lillie (Smith) Knox.

[2] John G. A. Leishman (1857–1924) and Julia (Crawford) Leishman.

[3] Francis Augustus McNutt (1863–1927).

[4] Oscar Solomon Straus (1850–1926).

[5] Charles Dominique Joseph Eisen (1720–1778), whose La Fontaine plates were published in 1762 and won the favor of Mdme. de Pompadour and the title of *dessinateur au roi.*

The volumes are quite delicious, and I imagine that Paris can hardly supply as good a copy....[1]

To Elizabeth Cameron

PARIS, 1 August, 1909.

. . . .

I am sorry you cannot make some successful effort to conquer your insomnia, but I am grown callous to all but *foudroyant* catastrophes. If you last five years, you will outlast me, and I ask no more of the universe. Only, at times I begin to wonder whether the flowery old trap of a world is going to last five years. The whole shell seems to me sometimes caving in. If it were only English Dukes and myself, I could face it with calm, but Orville Wright[2] and Blériot[3] and Bill Taft, Lloyd George and the Paris theatres, seem to me to pass bounds. Ward Thoron went to see *Le Roi*,[4] and drew from it the moral that I had done.

To solace the last moments of my expiring society, I have bought Raffaelli's[5] colored print called *Les deux petits Anes*, because the two small donkeys are wonderfully like me and my brother Brooks; and I have also bought my little Boucherian pastel-girl smelling a carnation, because I want something decadent and refined and soft and pretty and ante-20th century, to hold me up against Boldini.

---

[1] These volumes were lost in the closing of Adams' apartment in Paris.

[2] Orville Wright (1871–   ).

[3] Blériot, Louis (1872–1936).

[4] By Gaston Arman de Caillavet (1869–1915). Robert Pellevé de la Motte-Ango, Marquis de Flers (1872–1927) and Emmanuel Arène (1856–1908).

[5] Jean François Raffaelli (1850–1924).

To Henry James

PARIS, 3 September, 1909.

Your letters, few as they are, have always the charm of saying something that carries one over the gaps; and when you describe Bay Lodge as a great and abundant social luxury,[1] you paint a portrait rather more lifelike than anything Sargent ever did. You paint even a group, for I believe we are all now social luxuries, and, as for myself, I am much flattered if regarded as bric-à-brac of a style, — *dixhuitième* by preference, rather than early Victorian. Nothing matters much! Only our proper labels! Please stick mine on, in your wonderfully perfect way, and I will sit quiet on the shelf, contented, among the rest.

As for what the newspapers report as the realities of life, I grow every day too detached to feel them, and as for the volume you mention — which I did, in fact, at one time, mean to recall in order to give it completion of form, — I do not care what is done with it, as long as I do nothing myself. Bay Lodge's experience last winter completed and finished my own. When his *Herakles* appeared absolutely unnoticed by the literary press, I regarded my thesis as demonstrated. Society no longer shows the intellectual life necessary to enable it to react against a stimulus. My brother Brooks insists on the figure of paralysis. I prefer the figure of diffusion, like that of a river falling into an ocean. Either way, it drowned Bay, and has left me still floating, with vast curiosity to see what vaster absence of curiosity can bring about in my Sargasso sea.

Mrs. Wharton in spite of her feminine energy and interest, is harder hit, I think, than I by the loss of Bay Lodge, but she has, besides, a heavy anxiety to face in the uncertainties of her husband's condition. We are altogether a dilapidated social show, *bric-à-brac* or old-clo' shop, and I find smiling a rather mandarin amusement. Mrs. Wharton has told you about it, no doubt, but she will not have cared to dwell on it. . . .

I speculate occasionally on your doings and interests, and those of your fellow Englishmen, if you have fellows still; and I have even gone so far as to ask such insects to return, from time to time, after penetrating the hive, — Mrs. Wharton, the Ralph Curtises, Berenson, and such, — what they have found in the way of wax or honey to store or consume, leaving small particles for me; but the sad heart of Ruth was nothing worth mentioning, compared with the small crop of gleanings that I have effected among that alien corn. As usual, I got more active information from Berenson than from all the rest, and yet Berenson, — well! Berenson belongs to the primitives.[1]

---

[1] 'I was cheered by a letter from Henry James about Bay Lodge, with the usual delightful largeness of expression: — "I recall him as so intelligent and open and delightful, — a great and abundant social luxury." No one but James can make such strokes of the pen. Bay was indeed a social luxury *s'il en fut*, but, for that matter, so is Harry James too, and so are we all, — only not great or abundant.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 4 September, 1909.

God be with you all the same! though I associate only with aviators, and talk of the North Pole with proper scepticism.[2]

To Margaret Chanler

PARIS, 9 September, 1909.

Thanks for your letter of August 25. Among the props of life which have fallen, or are falling, you are a column of support without match. My summer has been mostly an effort to keep pace with the ruin, — if one can keep pace with ruins, like other wrecks, — and I have no one left but you to serve me for a fixed star to measure my altitude. Bay is a crushing loss, but I am almost worse demoralised by the fear that his death will sweep Nanny and Bessie and Cabot and the whole family beyond my range of touch and feeling. No one can foresee what swath time's scythe will cut, when it starts in with a swing like that.

Well! being a poor bit of materialised *Energetik*, I have no resource but the old one, taught by one's brothers in childhood — to grin and bear it; nor is this refuge much ennobled by calling it stoicism. The defect in this old remedy is that it helps others not at all, and oneself only by a sort of moral suicide.

I try to busy myself with our favorite philosophy, but I rather agree with you and your friend Bergson that St. Thomas said all there was to say. On the whole I think I like to keep my milk and my flies separate. Bergson does not much amuse me. I like my Schopenhauer and I like my Kelvin — I like metaphysics and I like physics, — but I don't much care to reconcile them, though I enjoy making them fight. What I like most in the schoolmen is their rule of cutting infinite sequences short. They insist on stopping at the prime motor at once. Bergson and all the speculators who follow Kant, start with Space, and then merge that Space in Thought, and are bound to merge that Thought-space in Hyperthought-space and so on to infinity like our friend Keyser; but become scared and stop, without explaining the reason for stopping. They give me no sort of help. Time and Space are conditions of Thought, and so far good; but I can reckon an infinite hierarchy of them in mathematics, one just as good as the other, — concepts of concepts, — and why, in space, should I stop?

---

[1] Bernard Berenson (1865–   ), married Mary W. Costelloe.

[2] 'The Harry White episode is as obscure as ever, but he inclines — and I agree with him — to think that it is mixed up with Mrs. McCormick's, and other feminine antipathies of Mrs. White. I have believed from the first that it was Cincinnati against the East, with old jealousies to help, from every quarter. My information is due to the incredibly feeble and ineffably incompetent appearance of Taft himself; for I had thought him a strong character. Apparently we are to face a fat mush for three years, and not even a woman to make him amusing. He told Rockhill that Mrs. Taft would be able to do no social work before the end of the winter. I suppose Mrs. Knox and Mrs. Frank MacVeagh will do it. It matters little.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 6 September, [1909].

I have not seen Keyser's last paper;[1] it will be an amusement for winter; but I have been amusing myself with a fable for instructors of history. I've a notion of printing a Letter to Professors. Pure malice! but History will die if not irritated. The only service I can do to my profession is to serve as a flea.[2]

I like best Bergson's frank surrender to the superiority of Instinct over Intellect. You know how I have preached that principle, and how I have studied the facts of it. In fact I wrote once a whole volume — called my *Education* — which no one ever saw, and which you must some day look into, — borrow William James's copy, in hopes that he may have marginally noted his contempt for me, — in order to recall how Education may be shown to consist in following the intuitions of instinct. Loeb calls it *Tropism,* I believe; which means that a mother likes to nurse her own child.

No! on the whole, I won't make you go back to my destroyed volume; but will some day get you to read Fabre's[3] dozen volumes of *Souvenirs Entomologiques*; the most fascinating and bewildering of anti-Darwinian philosophies.

I am glad that you mean to resume your duties in New York society. Except for women, society is now an infinite solution; a mere ocean of separate particles; and you can help it to one little centre. I own that the centre will do nothing; but it may play itself to be real.

---

[1] Cassius Jackson Keyser (1862–).

[2] The first suggestion of his *Letter to Teachers of History.*

[3] Jean Henri Fabre (1823–1915).

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS, Monday, 8 [November], 1909.

I am glad to see your handwriting again, — gladder still that it brings no bad news. As for me, I have discovered a new activity for my age; I have passed a whole year holding the hands of all the ladies in trouble, and sitting by the beds of all the men who have broken down. Certainly the calamities of one's friends are a positive joy. I've not been so much amused and occupied for ages, and am looking back with real enjoyment on my summer. Not that the young people have been forgotten! They cover me with roses; but they themselves fade horribly fast. Fifty years hence, I doubt they're holding hands with me.

I met Sir Alfred Lyall the other night at dinner with the Harry Whites, and had a long chat with him. Clemenceau[1] and Lépine[2] were there, very amusing. The Frenchman has his merits as a talker. All my friends are now being kicked out of power as hard as possible, and I make the most of them while they last. Evidently my reign is over. I wish only that my successors in America were as clever and cynical as Clemenceau, and — I was going to say — Lloyd George, but for all I know he may take himself as seriously as an American senator.

Northcliffe[3] is quite right. The American is a bore. I am writing a little book on the subject which I mean to explode under my colleagues in history next winter. The poor beggars will answer that they are not the only bores, which is true enough; but I shall have my fun. Don't you wish you could talk so to your Board!

I can hardly sail before Christmas, and may get over as far as London, but doubt.

To Henry Osborn Taylor

23 AVENUE DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE, 22 November, 1909.

Your kind letter of the 2d finds me still in Paris, comforting the rich, and vituperating the wretched, as befits a child of wrath. From day to day I put off my steamer as though it were a monthly bill for taxes. Sometime I shall find myself at sea; I feel confident that the day of sea-sickness will come, and that the sun of New York will dawn again; but I still linger here, as one lost.

---

[1] Georges Benjamin Clemenceau (1841–1929).

[2] Louis Jean Baptiste Lépine (1846–1933), director of the Paris *Préfecture de Police.*

[3] Alfred Charles William Harmsworth, Viscount Northcliffe (1865–   ).

Thanks for your flattery. Of course, I love nothing so much as flattery, and am furious with no villain so much as at a critic. Murderers are meritorious compared with men who tell you the truth; not because truthtellers always murder, but because one always thinks one could do it better. Murder is so easy, and art is so long!

I have written you before — have I not? — that I aspire to be bound up with St. Augustine. Or rather, I would have aspired to it, if it were artistically possible to build another fourth-century church. It cannot be. The *Leit motif* is flat. One can get one's artistic effects only by flattening everything to a level. Perhaps that is why I so love flattery.

As for the readers whom you suggest, I would gladly encourage them to read, if I had the impudence to think anything worth reading. As for Sherman Evarts, he has a right to the volume [1] anyway, and has only to send for it; since it was put in print only to enable the persons named in it, to object or reject or correct whatever concerned them. Any person whose name is mentioned in it, has a right to it. Thus far, no one has objected, or has made any objection that has come to my ears, but I still hold myself ready to strike out whatever is objected to, by anyone authorized to object.

Really nothing matters. No one cares. In another generation, the proportion of *us* to all, will be as unity to infinity. I am satisfied that it is immaterial whether one man or a thousand or a hundred thousand read one's books. The author is as safe as the seventeenth-century clergyman who printed his Sermon on Righteousness, — his pet sermon, that his congregation so much admired!

Thus far I have never given a copy of the *Education* to anyone. Occasionally some bandit, like Theodore Roosevelt, has told me that I need never expect to see his copy again, but this is piracy — and *force majeure*. Theoretically all the copies are to be recalled, for the corrections, or, as time goes on, I doubt more and more whether the volume is even worth correcting. It served its only purpose by educating *me*. If Mr. Potter [2] should hear of the book, and want it, I should be delighted to send him a copy; but I cannot think it. Even my regard for his father cannot inspire me with such a flight.

As for your wife [3] — it's another matter! When a woman says anything, it's so! I've said it in print, and stick to it. *They* may not be right, — who is! but the man is wrong.

---

[1] *Education*.

[2] Arthur Bayley Potter, son of Thomas Bayley Potter.

[3] Julia Isham, of New York.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS, 28 November, 1909.

The book arrives with your letter, by the same delivery, and I am overcome by its magnificent dimensions. I am concocting a letter to Sir John about it.[1] What can I send him in return? Can you suggest anything that would please him? I have been here so long that everything seems old and mouldy, but you can see in perspective. If it were I, probably, I should enjoy a volume or two of *Le Rire* better than poetry or drama or biography; but I am not laird of Tillypronie.

Upon my word, your swagger about Henry III was quite *dix-huitième;* but I wonder whether H. R. H. knew off-hand who Henry III was. I admit that I can't recall at a moment's notice what happened to him, but have only a vague impression of bad luck about all Henrys. I hope you gave a short commentary in a volume or two, on her lamented grandparent, whose memory must be a poignant regret to her.

I am sorry I could not have sat up the chimney and looked on. Paris is dull and common, compared with Shropshire. I run about among my friends, holding everybody's hand with unctuosity, calling everybody by the wrong names, and asking about all the children who never existed. Then I go into fits of laughter at their meek embarrassment, and ask what their names are, anyway, and how the devil they come to know mine. There is really something very droll about one's dotage. The rôle is so confoundedly familiar, as played by the past actors, that one feels horribly tempted to make fun of young Hamlet and Laertes and Ophelia, and ask straight out before the audience what sort of idiots they take themselves to be, that they should think they could teach something to Uncle Polonius.

I wish Shakespeare had lived long enough to draw an old man from his own point of view. The drama lost its greatest creation when Shakespeare died young. At about 75 he would have been worth reading.

---

[1] 'Sir John had a pleasant visit at Balmoral and the great cookery book should be out directly. I shall send you one of the special copies if Sir John does not, as there is a pleasant engraving of Lady Clark in it.' — Charles Milnes Gaskell to Henry Adams, 6 November, 1909. Of this *edition de luxe* only twenty-five copies were printed.

Wasn't Hofer[1] a book-seller, or was he only an inn-keeper? He deserved to be shot in both capacities, but nowadays we can shoot only limited-liability company directors. My own disgust with the trade is such that for twenty years I've preferred to be my own publisher, which is rather good fun, and does not cost much even now when all costs are doubled or trebled. I am going to print a little volume as soon as I get home, wholly for the amusement of worrying my dear Universities and irritating my rival professors, and making grimaces at my publishers. I will send it to you, when I get it done. About a hundred pages of no consequence, announcing the end of the Universe, as predicted by your friend Lord Kelvin; whom I am rather inclined now to put at the head of our time.

Spring Rice tells me that Carlyle is annoyed by what I've said of Earl Russell. What the deuce does Carlyle care about Earl Russell? I hadn't supposed anybody was still alive who cared a straw about any Russell, unless perhaps I do.

I would give five shillings to have the Lords win this election. The humor of it would be Rabelaisian. Nothing so amusing exists elsewhere in the solar kaleidoscope.[2]

---

[1] Andreas Hofer (1767–1810). His father was an inn-keeper and the son a 'Patriot.' The question was suggested by the stupidity of the publisher in sending out the Cook Book without the gravures of Lady Clark and Tillypronie. Gaskell thought the bookseller was a constable.

[2] He sailed for New York, December 27, on the *Adriatic.*

XXVI

WASHINGTON

1910

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, 11 January, 1910.

It is worse than I feared.

Two owls and a hen, of whom one is Knox, another is MacVeagh, a worse is Cannon, and the hen is fat and futile and fluffy. Never have I seen such a *débâcle* since Cleveland's second term. You ought to have come here, merely to keep out of the way. There is no longer any reticence or attempt at appearances. Everybody cackles in consternation.

Most people think that Frank MacVeagh[1] is the fatal fool. Many think Cannon the goat. I think Knox the most dangerous. Of course Taft is the source.

Nothing can be done. The whole concern is dropping to pieces. Pinchot[2] is only interesting because he has seen and acted on the sight. The rest of us can only wait to see how far the rot will go....

In truth, as far as I can see, there are no secrets. Everything is notorious. The situation of the State Department is quite public, and the scandal of Chandler's appointment[3] is common talk. Mrs. Sally[4] already reports that he wants to resign, but she is apt to be ahead of us all.[5]

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, 18 January, 1910.

. . . .

My humble life has dropped into its grooves. This morning we buried James Lowndes. I could not help gaily wondering which of us would like most to change places with the other, but I admit that I would make a bad bargain by changing places while he was alive.

---

[1] Franklin MacVeagh (1838–1934), married Emily Eames.

[2] Gifford Pinchot (1865–   ).

[3] Chandler Hale was appointed Third Assistant Secretary of State.

[4] Probably Mrs. Charles Macauley (Sally Davis).

[5] 'The outlook grows no gayer. My brother Brooks has turned up, and all his previous jeremiads are as light compared to his present gloom. He says all sorts of fearsome prospects lie before us. As for me, I go about as a pilgrim in the new Jerusalem. I have no friends no more.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 13 January, 1910.

Cabot and Ward and I went together, and all our old Washington tottered about us. . . . All that can claim to be gossip has been told me, but it amounts to little, and that little is thin. My brother Brooks passed two days with me, more convinced than ever that the world is done. Of course it is! but how does that help me! The people will still live, — hang 'em!

Wednesday. Mrs. Phillips[1] brought Mrs. Rockwood Hoar to dinner. Who in thunder was Mrs. Rockwood Hoar? Christine Rice, says the Social Register. Who was Rice?[2] Mrs. Phillips sails in the *Baltic* with barely one day to spare. She comes back at once, and the girl does not go.

Everybody by common consent seems tacitly to assume that England is done. It is curious how quietly they seem to accept it. They speak with just a little hushed voice, as though some one were dead. It sounds ghostly. There is a little the same tone about the Republican Party here. No one likes to talk about it except jokingly. Positively the air of this town has no life this year. It can't be merely my own atmosphere. Everyone talks of it. As for me, you can imagine how gay I am when I wake up at three o'clock in the morning, and start in for my regular two hours of contemplation.

Mrs. Nickerson announces her marriage to Captain Horace Hood, of the Royal Navy, I imagine.[3] I had an idea that you told me some other name. Kennard who called this afternoon says that Hood was naval attaché to the embassy.

Thursday. Your note has come; so I mail this. I sat an hour with Bessy yesterday, and Cabot dined here. Bessy asks much about you, and misses you, as one of the few people she would feel pleasure in seeing. Her family naturally tire her, as families always do. They have that odious way of wanting one to 'make an effort.' I thank God I never made an effort in my worst moments. Cabot is shrunk and shriveled, like me, and talks like a senator befo' the wah. He has a true *ideé fixé* about Theodore which turns up regularly in his conversation; but he is as clear-headed and keen as ever, and sees the future in a way quite new for him. He is about as black-minded as my brother Brooks and has bought a fine new automobile. If that's not progress I don't know it. . . .

---

[1] Caroline Astor (Drayton) Phillips, wife of William Phillips.

[2] William E. Rice, of Worcester, Mass.

[3] Ellen (Touzalin) Nickerson, married Hon. Horace Lambert Alexander Hood (1870–1916). He was naval attaché at the British Embassy in 1907.

WASHINGTON, Monday, 24 January, 1910.

. . . .

The Republicans are very scared, and are trying hard to patch things up. Taft is good at that sort of thing, and personally is liked by the Senators and Congressmen. He hopes to get his bills through. As yet, no one can foresee. I have no more means of judging than you have. Anyway it's a mushy diet, and its only virtue is to give me ample matter to swear at. Edith R[oosevelt] writes to W. S. B[igelow], in Paris, that people tell her to keep T[heodore] out of the country for a year and a half longer. Why not for life? The ostrich business won't work forever even among the Hottentots.

Meanwhile Knox has managed to get his head punched again in China, and is dead bent on running it up against Germany and France next month. He will have us in whole tubs of hot water if he keeps on another six months like the last, and he hasn't a man to depend on. To be sure, he doesn't listen to anyone anyway.

The Ballinger[1] business promises to be another cheap mess. It can't help anyone, and may hurt everyone. The real trouble is that no one could ever conceive how Ballinger got there, or who was behind him, and therefore takes it for granted that he is somebody's job. I've nothing against him, but I never should risk money on such a dark horse.

I'm amusing myself by printing a little volume to make fun of my fellow historians. The fun of it is that not one of them will understand the fun. The *pince-sans-rire* is not an American form of humor. I don't know that I should see the joke myself if I were not its author. I have to take so much trouble to keep it from being bitter that it has all its nails cut off and can't scratch. Luckily nothing matters, and no one cares. America is a vast mud-flat; you can pepper it with stones but they all disappear instantly without a splash. Poor Bay's poems[2] are to be republished in a collected form. Bessy wants me to do a volume of Life. I assent readily, knowing that Cabot will do it, and will not let anyone else do it, however he may try to leave it alone. Edith Wharton's notice[3] is very nicely done, with fine appreciation and feeling; but all the notices from today to doomsday will never make an American public care for poetry, — or anything else unless perhaps chewing-gum. Poor Boston has fairly run up against it in the form of its particular Irish maggot, rather lower than the Jew, but more or less the same in appetite for cheese.

---

[1] Richard Achilles Ballinger (1858–1922).

[2] Published in 1911.

[3] *Scribner's Magazine*, February, 1910.

Sunday, 30 January, 1910.

I passed an hour with Mrs. Gardner the other day who was staying with a young Norton[1] who is Frank MacVeagh's assistant secretary. Young Norton married a Garrison and radiates the New York *Nation* flowering in Chicago in the shadow of the MacVeaghs. Absolutely excellent and intelligent and Dartmouth College, entertaining Mrs. Gardner with a wig more Neo-Platonic than ever was grown in Alexandria in the time of St. Cyril. She too is as good, or better, fun than ever, but not precisely new.... Poor old John Bigelow has published three enormous volumes of reminiscences which show how he must be bored. I draw out, word by word, every line I write, so as to occupy me as long as I can.... In my opinion our friends the Lords have escaped uncommon well. Of course they might have escaped better, but I can imagine that Asquith feels very sea-sick. I should.

To Brooks Adams

WASHINGTON, 30 January, 1910.

. . . .

As I have often told you, I have but one idea left, and that is to get out of the world as soon and as silently as I can. Your forebodings do not affect me at all. To me the curtain has already dropped. I can't honestly say that I admire the play very much, but it has had good scenes and moments. I'm not going to abuse it. Still less am I going to make myself unhappy about the next one, which is none of my business anyway.

I have known you for sixty-odd years, and since you were a baby I've never known you when you weren't making yourself miserable over the failings of the universe. It has been your amusement, and a very good one. I always say that no one can afford to pose as an optimist, short of an income of a hundred thousand a year. Up to fifty thousand, the pose of pessimism is the only dignified one, just as it is after sixty years old. Both are equally good rôles. Voltaire settled all that in *Candide*.

Your sorrow for the British would affect me more if I saw anything left in them worth saving. On that subject Mr. Wells has said in his *Tono Bungay* all I have seen or thought.

As I see the entire world today, it has already reached its lowest level, and is likely to stay there. It cannot get much flatter. You may cut off the heads of every rich man now living, — of every statesman, — every literary, and every scientific authority, without in the least changing the social situation. Artists, of course, disappeared long ago as social forces. So did the church. Corporations are not elevators, but levellers, as I see them. I cannot see, for example, how France, which is the best type of future society, would be changed by changing anything any more. It is resolved into individuals without tie.

---

[1] Charles Dyer Norton (1871–1922), married Catherine McKim Garrison.

My generation has worked this out and it is done — finished — complete. I am going home, to bed. As for my little book, it is a mere bit of amusement to make me forget being bored, for a few hours. It is a jibe at my dear historical association, — a joke, which nobody will know enough to understand. It can't help you in the least. Jokes never do.

To Elizabeth Cameron

Washington, 3 February, 1910.

Meanwhile the young people are dancing, just as they did in the year 1860, which I believe was 'fifty years ago.' Strange as it seems, there are young people yet.

I never saw anything more depressing, — even Wall Street is smashed today (2 P.M.), — and in consequence I am as gay as a bird. I just howl with delight over everybody. I've a list of calamities an hour long which I reel off to everyone with beams of gaiety. My book is coming on rapidly and will announce the immediate dissolution of the world. My brother Brooks grumbles because I won't make it quicker. . . .

Of public matters I know nothing except what is in the papers. I see that Wall Street is getting up a scare to stop the government from putting them in jail. I don't believe anyone here will care; they are too busy keeping themselves out. I know nothing of Ballinger, but I doubt that any one of us could keep out of jail if the law were possible to execute.[1]

[1] 'Apparently we are both turning into yellow-dogs in the sun, for I have no other occupation. All my sister yellow-dogs have run away or are locked up, and life has become very full of nothing. The world is bored to such an extent that nine people everywhere are trying to escape being put in prison by the tenth; and the tenth is trying to be put in office. Was ever anything funnier than Mr. Fairbanks and the Pope, except Theodore Roosevelt's reception by Taft!

'And the world has so lost its sense of humor that it can't laugh — damn it, it can't even cry.' — To Margaret Chanler, 10 February, 1910.

'Honestly I think the public is settling down on the conviction that President Taft

Ash Wednesday, 9 February, 1910.

We are in ashes betimes this season, but when you ask why, I know no more than a monk. The last collapse in Wall Street must come directly from the Senate. Aldrich's lot are talking loud about the coming decision in the Tobacco cases. Wall Street in response is cursing Taft quite as violently as they swore at Theodore. Indeed they profess to prefer Theodore. At least he did what he said, while Taft talks to everybody in their own sense. The theory is, as I gather, that Taft does not know what he means, but follows the pull. The Senators are scared about the next elections, and fear losing the House. Cabot is even scared about himself. Knox, Ballinger and Wickersham[1] come in for abjurgation, but in the inner depths the centre of profanity is Frank MacVeagh.

But does not this plan of public reception to Theodore just skim the cream!...

I am just putting the last corrections to a little book asking the Universities whether they have the faintest glimmer of an idea what they're teaching; and when that is done, I've nothing to redeem life.[2]

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 17 February, 1910.

The newspapers announce the long-expected death of William Everett.[3] As they are certain to announce my own, sooner or later, with more of the same foolishness of facts, I can only accept the destiny of man in the 20th century as finished and forgotten. William would have been luckier to die ten years ago. He was already forgotten then, yet his work has been as good or better as an old man than as a young one, and he has not been shoved out of the path by any crowd of youthful geniuses who envied him what laurels he had won. If our generation is already forgotten, it is not because of the brilliancy shown by our successors. They are dead before us. They have never lived. Of course I am talking of America, for I know nothing of young men elsewhere.

---

is feeble-minded, and his cabinet too. This sounds absurd, but it comes to my notice every day, and Gifford Pinchot is not alone responsible for it. We all like Taft, and avoid attacking him, but Knox and MacVeagh and Wilson and Ballinger, are extreme cases of idiocy and age.' — To Brooks Adams, 3 March, 1910.

[1] George Woodward Wickersham (1857–1936).

[2] An extract from a letter without date to Whitelaw Reid on Byron is in Cortissoz, *Life of Whitelaw Reid*, II. 423.

[3] He died, 16 February, 1910.

William had a fair degree of success, considering that he refused to do anything but fritter away his energy. I have never quite forgiven him for failing to make a fortune for me. His abilities and quite exceptional chances should have gained him a position in the world that would have been an immense advantage to me, who was just of his age, but without any of his brilliant and popular powers, or his political activities. I could have helped him, and he me. We could have made a strong team down in Massachusetts, and have had our own way for a generation, if we had been properly groomed and driven. Not that it would have been much worth doing; but he would have liked to do it, and I would have done it for fun, if some one else had supplied the energy.

As it is, he has left very little record. He has not even done his father's Life. He will live on his eccentricities if he lives at all.

I am greatly interested in your farewell address as Chairman of the West Riding. Besides being uncommonly bright and sparkling reading, it is full of facts and suggestions that fall into the current of my studies. Throughout all the thought of Germany, France and England, — for there is no thought in America, — runs a growing stream of pessimism which comes in a continuous current from Malthus and Karl Marx and Schopenhauer in our youth, and which we were taught to reject then, but which is openly preached now on all sides. Next week I will send you a little volume I have written about it, not for the improvement of humanity, but only to prod up my historical flock. They are feeble-minded, and should be all shut up in your asylums; but I know no way of telling them so, except to act as one of them. After all, I imagine that what is true of one class is more or less true of all, and the Lords, the Socialists and the Irish are equally decadent with your artistic friends in the Paris *Salon d'Automne*, though not always as amusing.

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, 21 February, 1910.

Luckily nowadays we become mostly feeble-minded, and the acute maniacs are much fewer than of old. To atone, we have more imbeciles. My last *tic* or *idée fixe* is that everybody is feeble-minded. After long bewilderment I am driven into this explanation of Taft. There is no sequence in his behavior. When he received Harry White the other day in regard to the selection of Harry as head of the Pan

American Commission to Argentina,[1] he made a set speech on his sense of the high importance of having men of the utmost weight and experience in charge of the public affairs. Naturally Harry was altogether bewildered, and so was Cabot, and Mrs. Hay and I. We have been chewing on it ever since. I think Cabot and Root the most upset of us all. But Harry is going, as Root did; a personal representative of the President.

WASHINGTON, 28 February, 1910.

Theodore's reappearance on the horizon has already startled our world. Our situation is as bad as Asquith's. Poor dear Taft can't stand alone. He is feebly wabbling all over the place, and tumbling about the curbs. I am in despair for him, not that I care for the party or any party; but that I hoped it would last my time.[2] Theodore will try to hold it all up; but even he can do little except for himself. Everything except the senatorial gang is disintegrating, and has not the energy to cohere.

Perhaps the scare will bring them together again, but I doubt it. The indifference to organisation is great. New York is especially wobbly, and the Northwest disgusted....

I sent you my new little volume, with the idea that you might amuse Wayne with it. Of course it will irritate him to frenzy, but he is none the worse for that. The book is a bitter satire against his dear socialism; but I do not admit that. I consider it as only the connecting link between the *Chartres* and the *Education*. All else is, as it were, accidental.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 14 March, 1910.

Your letter of February 28 arrives this moment.

Already I am beginning to prepare for my departure which seems to be fixed for April 14 or 16; probably the later. My winter has not been gay. Just as I foresaw, I have found myself an abandoned estray, — a mere wreck on a stupid sand-beach, with nothing to do but jeer at the wretched beach-combers. Here as well as with you or with the

---

[1] Fourth Pan-American Conference held in Buenos Ayres.

[2] 'Politics is bad enough. Our poor dear Taft seems to me to be smiling on a vast ocean of treachery and desertion. Universal disgust is the social fashion, and comes to me from all sides. No one has uttered a cheerful word this winter except Harry White who has most reason to be bitter and furious.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 6 March, 1910.

French, the political system has come to grief. We cannot satisfactorily run this huge machine which bumps and jumps all over the place. We all feel helpless. Whether our energy is really declining, I do not know; but I send you herewith my small volume discussing the subject as concisely as I can state it. There are two or three possible solutions which I've not touched, since it is not my business to explain scientific possibilities; but, as I understand the idea of the physicists, they are bound to hold that the socialist society of the immediate future is the end of possible evolution or forward movement on any lines now known to us. I am not clear whether this ultimate equilibrium implies backward movement, but the language of the books seems to require it. The Universities can settle their doctrine on this subject, if they are not afraid of it; but I thought myself warranted, as the *doyen* of the historical school, to ask a settlement. So I have printed this volume, and sent it round to every University in the country — that is, to all the professors of history, numbering about two hundred and fifty, all as dead as dormice, — hoping to prove that the Universities are already extinct, and incapable of facing the socialist phase of mind which we are already floundering in, — old-age pensions, — universal education, — trades-unionism, — and the rest.

If the thermo-dynamechanicians are right, they should be able to give us a mathematical curve of evolution, and, in my judgment they would have to make such a curve turn a somersault within another ten years. My only doubt is whether France and England are not there already. America shows every sign of the same condition.

Of course, all this delights me, and what is more, it amuses me enormously. I enjoy poking fun at mathematicians, who are truly the bottom of all possible depths of imbecility. Pure thought must be absence of movement, — mere lines in nothing. I much prefer my eastern Yogis, who are at least amusing and picturesque.

At past seventy, one has to work hard for amusement or occupation. I can find nothing to read or talk about. The pleasure of kicking society palls at last, since society never knows it is kicked, and would not care if it did know. I see no hope except in aëroplanes, and even these, — I am told, — offer no advantages for crossing the Channel, since they jump up and down worse than steamers. They will not help me to reach you. Yet I honestly think I could enjoy a little pure peace in the country if the summer were fine. I want even to take a place with some one.[1]

---

[1] He sailed April 16, on the *Baltic*.

To Margaret Chanler

WASHINGTON, 31 March, 1910.

. . . .

For a wreck, I should think myself the best wreck lately turned out, if I had not before my eyes so many worse; as for example, my friend Bill Taft, Philander, Cabot, and the Republican Party, and the Democrats, and the British Constitution, and France, and the Solar System, if I understand you right in saying that Mr. Pupin has wrecked it.

As for me, I pass my life trying to save it. The gigantic efforts I am making are rivaled only by those of our Theodore. Will you keep a secret? If you will, read the enclosed two letters; that of Brooks first. Was ever anything so funny? Imagine a dinner at Bellamy's, with a pack of old Bostonians fighting violently about Degradation! If man were not degraded beyond saving, he would laugh over that picture after the world ends.

Honestly, that joke has so many sides to it as to be eternal. The Universe has not lived in vain if it has only produced that. Think of Beacon Street — after two hundred and fifty years of silence — again realising its depravity!...

XXVII

PARIS

1910

To Elizabeth Cameron

PARIS, 12 May, 1910.

I wonder whether the Kaiser Theodorus will like being chief mourner to his great and good friend.[1] I wonder whether you will see him. I wonder lots of wonders; but it doesn't matter. William James came up yesterday, and looked a schoolmaster of retired senescence. When I last saw him he was a delightful, sparkling boy.

22 May, 1910.

Your account of the royal funeral takes away what little breath is left to a simple, modest Parisian. You have the genius of functions; but how our dear Theodore has been suddenly suppressed! he must feel as though the hippo had walked over him. As for us poor outcasts I hardly know whether we have been aware of the funeral.

To Anna Cabot Mills Lodge

PARIS, 17 May, 1910.

London struck me as flatted down to the mud-level. England too! No one seemed to take anything seriously except rubber. As I take nothing seriously except copper, we had no common ground to stand on. Really I don't care what happens to rubber.

After I came away, they pretended to care for my dear old playmate the King, but it was only a form of rubber. Their last election had suddenly revealed to them a big unsuspected mass of socialism and bitterness against Kings and Lords and everyone else who owns anything, and so they all pretended to care for the King. It's a bit of humbug, but it shows bottom.

So I came over here where bottom was reached long ago, and you can't get lower. That infuriates them too. They insist on getting lower. I went to *Chantecler* with Florence Keep to see if it were possible. It isn't! *Chantecler* is bottom. You can just close up that barnyard once for all, and stay at home.

---

[1] Edward VII, of England, died 6 May, 1910.

To Raphael Pumpelly

23 AVENUE DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE, PARIS, 19 May, 1910.

Please notice this sheet, and repent, for you have brought it on yourself, and deserve it. I have got some questions to ask, first some field-geologist, and then some physical geologist: and you offer yourself as the first victim.

From the fact that all my old field-geologists have said or written to me at once, with an air of satisfaction as though they were easily disposing of the physicist theory, to tell me, what of course as an ignorant outsider I could not know, that there had been a number of glacial epochs in history, I gather that I am laboring under a very complicated illusion.

I understand that the physical theory of Blandet[1] asserts nothing about temperature except that in a nebulous system the temperature would be the same, or approximately the same, from the equator to the poles. This opens the mathematical problem thus:

Does anyone undertake to say what is the temperature of a gaseous nebula in space? I've never visited Orion or Andromeda, with a thermometer, but I suppose the temperature of the gas is the temperature of space, so long as the gas is diffused: and that the temperature will only rise locally as the centres of condensation arise.

Therefore a planet during the absorption of the gases in the sun, would have a normally low temperature varying only with the phases of condensation. The sun would emit less heat than now, — that is, less intensity of heat; and the planet would receive that heat equably.

Glaciation would, therefore, be a normal condition as long as the nebular condition was normal, except when a new phase of condensation occurred which would always be accompanied by an emission and waste of heat.

Therefore the physicist expects to find more and more glaciation as he goes backward towards the nebulous condition, and what would prove to him the correctness of his mathematics would be to find that glaciation within the tropics; for, to him, the whole point lies not in the extremes of heat or cold but in the uniformity of temperature between the poles and the equator.

Therefore, when the field geologist tells him that in pre-Cambrian or Cambrian or Permian time, glaciation extended into the tropics to the 18th parallel, or in South Africa to the 22d, he says simply enough that this is all he needs to prove his case. Evidently the temperature of the planet at that time was approximately the same from the tropics to the poles.

---

[1] Edme Antoine Emile Blandet?

This is all he wants: for the phases of solar condensation would always have occurred coincidently with the phases of cold and heat. He has only to work out his pressures, etc., in the centre of the system, to give you the exact succession of phases in terrestrial temperature.

The conclusion in his mind is, therefore, that the Gandwara glaciation is all he needs to prove Blandet's theory.

Further, that, by applying Willard Gibbs's Rule of Phase to the solar system he will turn out for you any kind of a terrestrial temperature at any moment of solar condensation.

As I am a very ignorant and unscientific literary man, I can't say all this, unless I can find some book to quote it from. Naturally I am not going to set myself up as a mathematician. What puzzles me, though, is that my dear field geologists always throw the Gandwara glaciation at me as though it were a fatal objection, whereas I had regarded it as the only decisive piece of demonstration that the physicists could produce.

The only thing of which I am positively assured by internal consciousness and objective evidence is that I am incapable of comprehending the simplest, as the most complex reasoning. Therefore I don't reason; I try only to plaster other people's standard text books together, so as to see where we are. You flatter yourself that you and yours will escape the end; but as I understand these people, we have already reached all the end, as far as concerns principles, that ever need be expected. Of course, the *Letter* is intended as a historical study of the scientific grounds of Socialism, Collectivism, and Humanitarianism and Democracy and all the rest. The geology is only illustrative, for fun. I maintain that, on their scientific reasoning, we are already in principles at the bottom, — that is, at the great ocean equi-potential, — and can get no further. I prove it by the fact that I live here in Paris, or there in Washington, at the mercy of any damned Socialist or Congressman or Tax-assessor, and that I can't enter the Port of New York without being made to roll on the dock, to be kicked and cuffed and spit upon by a dirty employee of a dirtier Jew cad who calls himself collector, and before whom the whole mass of free American citizens voluntarily kneel. Perhaps you escape it, but I have looked on at it till its mathematical and scientific values are uncommonly plain.

Escape it, will you? Aha! we'll see whether you escape it! The thing flattened me out, forty years ago, so that I've lived like a frog in a stinking pool ever since, just croaking an hour in spring. I can't go out of my cheap garret here in Paris, for an hour, without being throttled by some infernal socialist, levelling, humanitarian regulation which is intended to kill me and to keep some syphilitic abortion alive. Escape it, indeed: Did you ever read *Tono Bungay*?

'Course. You want to read that drivel called my *Education*. Some men get terribly low down. Still, there are one or two ideas in that book which are fairly anarchical and sound. I don't mind your seeing them if you only bear in mind that they are just open air sketches, — just notes of ideas set down for future consideration. If I knew where you were, or what you wanted, I would have sent you the volume last winter. Perhaps Jameson [1] could find you a copy now if you would write him a note about it.

The only book I ever wrote that was worth writing was the first volume of the Series — the *Mont-Saint-Michel*. The volume began the demonstration of the law which this *Letter* announces, and the *Education* illustrates. Unluckily the women took a fancy to the *Mont-Saint-Michel*, and begged the whole lot — I've given them all away, and barely had enough to supply a few libraries besides.

So there we are! or rather, here I am, and I hope you are better occupied, for I am as dull as a Professor of History. Paris yawns! Mary Garden is squirming at the Grand Opera, and *Chantecler* is trying to crow at the Porte St. Martin and Theodore Roosevelt is coughing like a hippopotamus at Dorchester House, and poor old Edward Rex is lying in state, not a bit deader than the others. I have nothing to do, so I took a cold, and have been snuffling and sneezing and coughing with influenza for a week which accounts for this letter — yours was a God-send: It gave me a chance to talk with somebody, which I've not had for geological aeons.

To Elizabeth Cameron

PARIS, Sunday, 29 May, 1910.

I don't know where your quotation comes from, but I said the same words to Theodore in my last chapter of *Education*, three years ago, and he showed no wisdom the more. What he wants is political success, and I am damnably curious to see what he will do next. In my judgment he will have to throw over the insurgents. . . .

---

[1] John Franklin Jameson (1859–1937).

I have arranged Bay's letters, etc., down as far as the Spanish War (1898), with a thread of narrative and explanation. I can make nothing very good out of it.[1]

26 June, 1910.

How fast these passing seasons go! Since you went to England three months ago, you have seen Edward VII pass, and the great Theodorus I pass, and our idol Bill Taft dawn on a dazzled world. Theodore has sat down on the insurgents, and next November will see the hatch. Is it really possible that anyone now exists young enough to expect chickens!

To William James

PARIS, 20 June, 1910.

Indeed Nauheim has done wonders and miracles since it has left you the energy to think and write at such length and with such wisdom on the sandy wastes of time.[2] I calculated, on my data, that out of five hundred readers, I should get five reactions. I have got one; and he is almost my oldest teacher! 'Tis something; nay, 'tis much! but I must reform my statistics.

As for myself, I accept your figures and images with welcome. It is not I who am making trouble. Never have I held an opinion of my own, or ventured to trust a judgment. With humble heart I have chased the flying philosopher, trying to find out *his* opinion that I might guide my own steps; and a wearier task I know not. My philosopher runs like a rabbit when I seek his burrow. He denies frenziedly that he has ever expressed an opinion at all. He hides his tail.

Therefore, just now, I am not asserting or rejecting anything. I am trying to find out what your friend Ostwald[3] — or Bergson or Dastre[4] or Loeb[5] (Brunhes[6] is just dead) — thinks or teaches or intends. I come as a student in a spirit of love and moral chastity, but I see them already running away till they darken the field, and leave me alone, scattering carrots and turnips — or whatever it is to scatter, — to entice them back.

---

[1] 'If you have more material, I think you can insert it yourselves; but in any case I think you had better send the MS. back to me to get its final shape. Of course, if I write it, you may be sure that it will shock you, — you know my ruthless requirement that anyone who challenges publicity, should stand up to it, and shrink from no assertion of his personality, — but my responsibility ceases when you shall begin yours.' — To Anna Cabot Mills Lodge, 21 June, 1910.

[2] Printed in Henry James, *Letters of William James*, II. 344.

[3] Wilhelm Ostwald (1853-   ), chemist.

[4] Jules Frank Albert Dastre (1844-1917), physiologist.

[5] Jacques Loeb (1859-1924).

[6] Jean Brunhes (1869-1930), geographer.

I have quoted them till my pages weep with repetition, and now I sit and wait. If you can entice them into some more successful trap, I will dance in your honor.

Naturally I am talking of my printed books, not of my personal or private preferences.[1]

To Frederick Bliss Luquiens

PARIS, 5 July, 1910.

Your very kind letter of June 21 reaches me this morning, and I hasten to thank you for it. Your interest in the twelfth century would alone make it grateful to me, for that is something which belongs only to a very small number of persons, and makes a tie of personal sympathy between them, such as belongs to no other branch of study whatever. The next esoteric doctrine, as I feel it, belongs to Pythagoras and the Greeks, seven hundred years before Christ. I know of no other period which approaches the same charm. As I see history, these two periods are the first fine flower of all that is worth artistic appreciation in our western society.

For this reason, — chiefly because the inspiration of both periods is religious, and therefore not possible to teach, — I have not cared to make the *Chartres* volume a mercantile affair. Yet it is, strictly, published, since all the chief libraries are supposed to have been presented with copies. No doubt the copies are now exhausted, and I've not thought the volume sufficiently interesting to reprint; but I take it to be public property in the sense that you, or anyone else, are at liberty to treat it like any other book, old or new, subject to copyright.

Your article on the *Chanson de Roland* has not yet arrived, but it will no doubt appear by the next post, and I shall take time to read it. Although my own special branch as a teacher, nearly forty years ago, was the middle-ages, I always despaired of touching the artistic side, in the lecture room, because it is quite impossible for our society, young or old, to get its intellectual processes back to the state of mind in which society naturally expressed itself in the *Iliad*, or the *Chanson*, or the temple, or the church, and sang, or built, or fought, or loved as a habit, without necessary reference to practical use. I've seen such societies in the South Seas, but they would be as impossible to our students as the habits of butterflies or beetles. Our boys can, at best, grasp the value of military architecture, such as the Château Gaillard, or the walls of Constantinople, but Chartres or Sancta Sophia is beyond the mental range of any but the smallest percentage, and these have to be sifted out, or the average crowd stifles them.

---

[1] James' reply is in James, II. 347.

This was my experience at Harvard College. Perhaps yours is better at Yale. Indeed I sometimes think the Yale man is really more impressionable than the Harvard man, both as teacher and student. My own experience lies decidedly in that way.

Meanwhile I enclose you a photograph of my favorite church at Mantes, to illustrate my *Chartres*. Perhaps it will help some of your students to begin to feel what we are driving at. One must live with these things to love them. Or even to understand their economical value in interchangeable terms.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS, 2 August, 1910.

. . . .

I have very little to say. A constant current of tourists has kept me occupied, but none has told me news. My brother Brooks and his wife stopped a week, for him to growl — with perfect justice — at everything, and to explain, with more emphasis than ever, what every newspaper in Paris yells at the top of its lungs, that France is at the last gasp, and that we shall all of us, — including Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour, — be begging the Germans to march in and restore order here within five years. As this is obvious to anyone who walks up the boulevards, it is in the desert of commonplaces that only Cook's tourists now invade. I was more interested in what he told me about America, where the collapse of energy is even more evident as the volume is greater, and the task is more evidently beyond the public strength. Meanwhile, both there and here, there is a visible fatigue; politics subside, and Unions strike.

No one tells me what to do or think or read or see. If the world has produced anything this year, I've not been told of it. My reading has been of the dryest. My political and diplomatic acquaintances have done nothing but grumble, first at foreign governments, and then at their own. When I flung my little volume in professorial faces last winter, and — so to speak — kicked my American Universities in the stomach as violently and insultingly as I could, I calculated on getting one sharp reaction and protest for every hundred copies of the *Letter* I sent out. After all, I am the *doyen* of their School, and they have got to listen to what I tell them. As a matter of fact, every correspondent has taken the tone, — 'Why, of course! We know, etc., etc. But, etc., etc.' My poor dear old friend and fellow William James alone has put up some sort of fight. Society is ready for collectivism; it has no fight left in it; and our class is as defunct as the dodo. We are just jelly-fish, and flabby all through. Of course, I am thinking of America; but it is worse here, except that the few relics do scream and yell. They have intelligence at least, which America has not, and they do see where they are. To be sure, the socialists take good care to keep them awake. They never get four-and-twenty hours without a kick.

It makes me dream how, fifty years ago, I came here, always speculating how long the Empire would last. All society is speculating now in the same sense. The rot is everywhere.

To Albert Stanburrough Cook

PARIS, 6 August, 1910.

. . . .

Perhaps I should explain that, for more than thirty years since I left Harvard College, I have regarded myself as *emeritus*, — a normal-school instructor, — a teacher of teachers, — whose business was to help active teachers in doing their work; but not to load them with objections or instructions. For that reason I have not even published my books, of late. Since 1890, all my books have been sent about privately, as suggestions to teachers. They have to filter into the class-room, or quietly go to waste. Naturally the one or the other result comes out indifferently to me, since I have nothing to gain in either case.

The *Chartres* volume was the second in the series, and intended to fix the starting-point, since I could not get enough material to illustrate primitive society, or the society of the seventh century B.C., as I would have liked. I wanted to show the intensity of the vital energy of a given time, and of course that intensity had to be stated in its two highest terms — religion and art. As our society stands, this way of presenting a subject can be felt only by a small number of persons. My idea is that the world outside — the so-called modern world — can only pervert and degrade the conceptions of the primitive instinct of art and feeling, and that our only chance is to accept the limited number of survivors — the one-in-a-thousand of born artists and poets — and to intensify the energy of feeling within that radiant centre. In other words, I am a creature of our poor old Calvinistic, St. Augustinian fathers, and am not afraid to carry out my logic to the rigorous end of regarding our present society, its ideals and purposes, as dregs and fragments of some primitive, essential instinct now nearly lost. If you are curious to see the theory stated as official instruction, you have only to look over Bergson's *Evolution Créatrice* (pp. 288, 289). The tendencies of thought in Europe seem to me very strongly that way.

You see, therefore, why I should be not merely indifferent [to], but positively repellent of, a popular following. It means to me a crowd of summer-tourists, vulgarising every thought known to artists. In act, it is the Oberammergau Passion-play as now run for Cook's tourists.[1]

To Charles Francis Adams

PARIS, 10 September, 1910.

Without waiting for the 'another cover,' I write at once to acknowledge yours of the 9th. The man in the moon knows more about the paper you mention, than I do.[2] Not the faintest trace of a recollection have I of any record or document or date; — which makes it easy for me to say that I don't care a damn what it is, and that I don't believe anybody else will care, and that, to the best of my knowledge there are not a dozen people living who will think twice about it, and that, in another dozen years, there won't be one.

I found this numerical equation on the general state of literature at home and abroad; — also on the contents of the daily press, the trades-union congresses, our Theodore's speeches, and my own rapidly advancing idiocy.

Otherwise I am fully prepared to denounce the paper as a fraud and you as little better than a gentleman. Of course, in view of Mr. Loeb,[3] I can't honestly call you a citizen. That is too insulting.

---

[1] Other letters to Mr. Cook are in *Yale Review*, N.S. x. 137–140.

[2] 'Great Secession Winter of 1860–61,' printed in Massachusetts Historical Society, *Proceedings*, XLIII. 658.

[3] William Loeb, Jr. (1866–1937), collector of customs, New York.

As for Moran,[1] I would write to Whitelaw Reid for information. If he can't find out, perhaps he can put you on the track. Moran was a solitary hermit, and lived — did he not — with Nunn, the Vice Consul. His will should be on file at probate.

As for me, I lead a hermiter life than he ever did; and have not stirred from my mediaeval rookery for five months or five years, — which is it? . . .

To Brooks Adams

PARIS, 20 September, 1910.

Your volume on the Railway question[2] arrived today, and I have read it. Of course, your statement is admirable and carries conviction to me, who have been asserting and reasserting the same things since 1870, and who was quite ready to hang the Central Pacific directors, on the same reasoning, in 1876, from San Francisco lamp posts. Pity it was not done! Much trouble would have been saved to us.

Unfortunately for my status, it was not done then, as it should have been, and my position now is untenable in consequence. The public built up its system in spite of us, and finally kicked us out of doors by its silver legislation and tariff. All hangs together.

Your argument, like mine, goes to wreck on our system of protection, which is fatal to our principles. (See your quotation from C. J. Shaw, p. 29.) Our society has chosen its path beyond recall. For instance, when I say that Roosevelt and Loeb are thoroughly dishonest scoundrels (doubtless unconsciously), I mean that they intentionally ignore the fundamental principle of our government and society, — the protective principle, — which they dare not even hint at, but which is the vital breath of our people, and they ignore it deliberately because they know that it cannot be touched without suicide. Railways, trusts, banking-system, manufactures, capital and labor, all rest on the principle of monopoly which you are attacking in one of its outposts.

The merits or demerits of the particular interest, — what Roosevelt calls the good and bad trusts, — concern particular districts or individuals; but this personal question surrenders the principle; nor can I see, as our society has now fixed itself, any loop-hole of escape. The suggestion that these great corporate organisms, which now perform all the vital functions of our social life, should behave themselves decently, gives away our contention that they have no right to exist. Nor am I prepared to admit that more decency can be attained through a legislature made up of similar people exercising similar illegal powers. As long as these people subject me, as person and property, to the arbitrary brutalities of the Custom House Jews in order to make money for private individuals in business, I shall be perfectly willing — nay! I shall be singularly pleased, — to see you Spokaners skinned by Jim Hill.

---

[1] Benjamin Moran (1820–   ).

[2] *Railways as Public Agents; a Study in Sovereignty.* Boston, 1910.

None of you dare touch the essential facts; and, since 1893, I dare not touch it myself. The whole fabric of our society will go to wreck if we really lay hands of reform on our rotten institutions. All you can do is to vapor like Theodore about honesty! — Damn your honesty! And law! — Damn your law! And decency! — Damn your decency! From top to bottom the whole system is a fraud, — all of us know it, laborers and capitalists alike, — and all of us are consenting parties to it.

Your picture of Legislatures, Courts, Executives and people, floundering among these contradictions of their own essence is exceedingly striking, although your self-restraint in avoiding sarcasm and ridicule is almost painful. The best we can any of us now do is just to keep our tempers, and try to make the machine run without total collapse in a catastrophe, so that it may rot out quietly by its natural degradation. The only question is whether it will break down suddenly, or subside slowly, after long lapse of time, into motionless decay. It can't be put back where it was a hundred years ago. The conviction of having reached this point where we have no choice but to go on in our own rot, drove me out of all share in public affairs twenty years ago. Every one who has assumed such a share since then has only muddled and made the matter worse. Infallibly all the future muddlers will make it worse, for it is a world-question of mechanical truths or axioms which never can be solved even by a new race of angels. All we can hope to do is to teach men manners in wielding power, and I'll bet you ten to one, on the Day of Judgment, that we shall fail. St. Peter will feel our pockets at the door, and charge us prohibitive rates for the inside journey to the New Jerusalem. . . .

To Anna Cabot Mills Lodge

PARIS, 25 September, 1910.

. . . .

I live in monastic seclusion, and consider myself a long-established ghost, excused even from the ghostly duty of wandering. This is my graceful way of bric-a-brack....

My principal serious occupation is in trying to avoid reading the Paris *Herald*, or learning what you are doing at home. No doubt, I shall learn more than is good for me when I get there. I don't want to hold my tongue, for fear of giving offence, and I don't want to open my mouth, for the certainty of it, and I am too feeble-minded to see that I ought to do like the rest of the world, and be as offensive as I can. I am a little tired of being treated as a thief and a swindler over here, though of course I expect it at home; but thanks to our patriots and reformers, the name of American is now a synonym for the name of thief throughout the world, and I have no special right to complain; but I wonder sometimes at finding myself just where I was fifty years ago when I went home to cast my first vote for Mr. Lincoln, and was ashamed to admit that I was an American. Funny world! I'm a funny man! Do you know, — funniest of all, — I've found two Yale professors who profess to think well of me! What will happen to Yale![1]

To Charles Francis Adams

PARIS, 10 October, 1910.

. . . .

Your visit to Gettysburg must have been interesting; but do you not think I am going to beat it in interest if I manage to get home this year? Just fifty years ago today, — or tomorrow or some other day, — I sailed for home to vote; and to my blear-eyed vision, the confusion of this year is rather more unpromising than the confusion of 1860. Very seriously I begin to doubt whether Europe will stand on its legs for my funeral. Paris may become untenable at any time. All southern Europe is ready to topple over. As for northern Europe, no doubt you have seen the reports. This is what I shall leave behind me; and what I shall meet on arriving in New York, I judge from your remarks to be somewhat uncertain or more. On the whole, I look back on 1860 with curious eyes. Progress is rum.

---

[1] Professors Frederick Bliss Luquiens (1875–) and Albert Stanburrough Cook (1853–1927).

On arriving in face of the Statue of Liberty, I shall see the colossal figure of Loeb towering over it. George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and the U. S. Constitution, have ended in Loeb. I want to write an epic on it, — The Loebster, — and describe the biling. You say we are approaching an overturning! Begad, it's time!

Fifty years ago, the overturning was equally visible and inevitable, and I could equally little see the result, but if anyone had then told me what the result was to be, I could have understood it. On my voyage home this year I shall rack my reservoir of desiccated intelligence to imagine a result of any kind that will be intelligible to me.

I can't see how the thing can possibly run. Force can do nothing, as it did fifty years ago. We can't go back to 1789. We can't go forward to a perpetual deadlock. It is an amusing jig-saw puzzle; to me, the more amusing because I tried to state it some five years ago in my volume on *Education*, and the crisis has come five years earlier than I expected. I can add nothing to what I said then, which was, in substance, that I know I'm a damn fool, and my folly ends in the logical and mathematical demonstration that the human race is going to end just when I do; — which ought to suit the metaphysicians....

To Brooks Adams

PARIS, 1 November, 1910.

. . . .

The result of the impending overturn of our top-heavy protective system is likely to be more protection and especially more legislation of a punitive character against the women and me, — for I count as a woman. We have begun, in the person of Mr. Loeb, the processes and principles of the Roman Empire. This is natural and I can always find amusement in reading Symmachus and St. Augustine; but what can I do about it, — play Symmachus, or play St. Augustine? Exactly and literally, I find myself in the very skin of St. Jerome, but without Scriptures to vulgarise. I have gone to Jerusalem to work, and have no work to do.

Clearly I can only do harm by teaching my own views of history and society. All the world is scared and pessimistic and tending to suicide without my help. Another ten years, — or even five, — at the rate of the last, will see complete moral *débâcle*. In fact, to me the moral *débâcle* seems complete in Germany, France, all southern Europe and England, already. We are, as the French say, *arrived*.

My first rule of self-preservation, therefore, is to hold my tongue. I find it a very hard one to follow, and especially hard to follow in Washington, — as St. Jerome found it in Rome for exactly the same reasons; that is, not because of his enemies, but because of his friends. Truth is poison, to such an extent and so virulent, that not one of us dares touch it or even approach it. Yet silence is a sort of truth, and equally virulent, — sometimes, I think, more so.

Should I do better by jumping with the tide, and accepting communism and anarchism as our evident goal, — not perhaps as the object of human and other energy, but as its legitimate end, — as the ocean is the end of river systems? Very clever men have done so, and are doing it. Why not we? Is there any form of doing it in good faith? St. Augustine and St. Jerome found a way. I can't.

It is imbecile! I can think of nothing but silence and seclusion to escape the dilemma. Action of any kind whatever only hastens the acceleration. All I can do is to assure my getting out of it within five years, but my tail-feathers are caught already. The mess is all about me. . . .

To Charles Francis Adams

PARIS, Tuesday, 8 November, 1910.

Before publishing your last word on Washington, I hope you happened on Tim Pickering's criticism of his military abilities, which I tumbled upon in the Pickering MSS. in the Historical Society's Collections. Tim was quite as sharp on George W. as he was on John Adams. The paper ought to be dated rather late, — at all events, I should say, after 1800. I found it very amusing as coming from the military head of the New England Federalists.[1]

Your letter to Moorfield [Storey] is also very amusing. As you are acquainted with my own views, I need not discuss the subject from the American side, but I have had, and still have, much to compare with it from the European side. As always France is far ahead on the down grade, as she was on the up, and the disintegration of energy is much more easily studied here than in Germany. In England and America, as far as I can learn, nothing is studied, — except mechanics and the money-market, — but I find good hints in *Tono Bungay*. In fact, most of our light literature turns on the general social disintegration, but not as discussion, — only as a situation. Even the magazines are full of it.

---

[1] See a paper by Charles Francis Adams, 'The Weems Dispensation,' in Massachusetts Historical Society *Proceedings*, XLIV. 233.

Suddenly I find myself turned into an optimist. Some few days ago I was talking with a very intelligent American of the rare universal type, and I ventured to say that I thought we had reached bottom. 'My imagination,' I said, 'refuses to realise any type of humanity more futile or feeble than the type of the Hôtel Ritz on one hand, and that of Jaurès and the politicians of the Chamber [of Deputies] on the other.' My friend heard me with indignation. 'Futile and feeble!' said he; 'they are all giants compared with what you are coming to!' I could but bow my head, in silence, to his contempt for my knowledge and sentiment....

What seems to me really curious and new is that the whole people seems almost as much puzzled as I, and get no further than to want to vote against everybody and everything, but don't dare do it. They buck up against the top-heavy fabric of protection, and daren't even speak loud, for fear of its tipping over like an iceberg on their crowded ship. The risk of a general disappearance of all civilised society has become a nightmare in Europe. Even the newspapers discuss it constantly, and prove daily that it will not happen, but they show their strong suspicion that society has no longer enough energy to react, if another real shock, like 1793, should come.

I am an optimist. I can't see how we can go much lower. The Universities measure the level. Sink the Universities! Nothing would be changed. We are *there!*

Wednesday, 9th. 10 A.M. From the newspapers this morning I gather that the kick has been just about what was expected. Indeed I had been fully prepared for a harder one. I cannot see what good it will do, but perhaps it may check the display of frantic lust for unbridled and irresponsible power which has disgraced our government and its protective system beyond any record of civilised or uncivilised society for the last dozen years. If it teaches the senatorial gang a certain superficial regard for decency, the result may be worth reaching; but as long as Taft is President, Knox Secretary of State, Frank MacVeagh Secretary of the Treasury, and the wreck of Aldrich's crowd controls the Senate, there is nothing to build upon. McKinley was a Napoleon beside them.

When I was a boy, about 1620, such a revolution would have cost such men their heads. I fancy that there was a certain effectiveness in that lesson. At all events even Henry VIII or Charles Stuart or

Louis XVI, would not have tolerated a cabinet of imbeciles and ignorants like Taft's.

Such language is, of course, violent and indecorous. I use it only in the solitude of myself. Please consider it unsaid, but remember that I have suffocated myself by holding my tongue for so many years that something should be pardoned me. I will not repeat it.

We can't shake off our protective system without breaking all our necks. It is moral bankruptcy if we keep it on. Nothing can be changed! We are *there!* [1]

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

88 AVENUE DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE,
PARIS, 14 December, 1910.

So you are, I trust, purged and right-minded. I comprehend as little of your elections as I do of my own. I happen to stand a little nearer to my own than to yours, and am able to verify, by personal contact with the heads of the world, the fact that they have not the least fragment of an idea what they are after, — except their offices, — and that they are consciously afraid to discuss it, for fear of shaking the whole social and economical system. In our case it is their top-heavy protective system which turns us into thieves and liars. We daren't touch it, for fear of the whole fabric falling. In that particular we are united in silence. My brothers and I dare no more denounce the system than Roosevelt or Taft or W. J. Bryan himself. All of us are frauds.

My brothers publicly avow it. I prefer to stay abroad and hold my tongue. Cabot Lodge tries to keep his head above water. Roosevelt for the moment, has gone under. A gang of unknown men float on the surface, and howl for unknown things. They want something to pull down, but if they pull anything down, it will fall on their heads. We have no landed gentry, no church and no classes.

You have still something to destroy, — to level, as we used to say, — and as long as that lasts, you can have two parties. Once that done, — as here in France, — you can get no further. Society itself must crumble. This is the theory, at least; and my scientific friends are trying to show me some way by which, on their law of degradation, the process may go on indefinitely, as in gases, after reaching equilibrium.

To me nothing matters. I see nothing in the present society that seems worth preserving, and nothing that is worth substituting for the present. Neither the men nor the ideas are above the sea-level; but if they think they are, I've no desire to contradict them.

---

[1] On December 5 he moved from 23 to 88 Avenue du Bois de Boulogne.

I expect to sail in the *Adriatic* on January 4. I've put it off as long as I can, in order to get into another apartment, as you see by my erased number. I am writing nothing, and reading little, though I have found some amusement in Disraeli and the Empress Dowager.[1] My friends die daily. John La Farge [2] dropped out, the other day. William James [3] preceded him a week or two. Alex Agassiz [4] passed first, in the summer. I am far from easy about Henry James, and as for my other invalids I pass my time in holding their hands. Mrs. Henry White has just had two severe operations for appendicitis, and a very narrow squeak, while most of my nieces are, or ought to be, in rest-cures. I believe I hoodoo all my friends. You alone, and my brothers, hold out against my wicked will.

At the same time, I admit that our little American family-group here is more closely intimate and more agreeably intelligent, than any now left me in America. Our ambassador, Bacon [5] and his wife and daughter, are of it; Edith Wharton is almost the centre of it. The Walter Gays do the painting. Mrs. Cameron fills in the action. Sturgis Bigelow, Walter Berry (another of the Washington circle), and I, run from one to the other. The Harry Whites need daily visitation. We are rather sufficient to ourselves, at least for the moment, and my only complaint is that I am oldest, and have to do the sage. Damn *that!*

88 AVENUE DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE,
PARIS, 31 December, 1910.

. . . .

I know not why I go [to Washington], but I know equally little why I should stay. In a sort of paroxysm of despair I ask everyone I meet to tell me whom they have for people to talk with, and they all tell me the same thing, — that they don't talk. I have repeated this to you so often that I am deadly tired of it myself, but what else can I say? I have nothing to tell. I met only this morning an old French friend, who is a Deputy, and asked him the same question. He replied that he would arrange for me to meet Jaurès. Except that Jaurès represents to me, as a sound anarchist, a feeble type of political commonplace *bourgeoisie*, I've no objection to listening to his talk. Clemenceau is much stronger, and the most agreeable type of public man is Lépine, the Prefect; but I don't seem to see myself at home with politicians at all. They have nothing to say that I care about. The literary lights are worse. Society does not exist for them, or for university people, or generally, too, for artists. They all live solitary lives. Society is a totally disintegrated crowd. Here, as at Washington, I have no life.

---

[1] William Flavelle Monypenny. *Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield.* London, 1910.

[2] Died, 14 November, 1910.

[3] Died, 26 August, 1910.

[4] Died, 27 March, 1910.

[5] Robert Bacon (1860–1919), married Martha Waldron Cowdin. The daughter was Martha Beatrix Bacon.

This does not prevent my seeing a good many people, and writing a good many letters, or even in being interested in a certain number of things and doings, or having influenza and rheumatism, or being depressed by gloom, and almost cheered by sunshine. . . . I've nothing to complain of. Nobody seems to care to read by my light, but by whose light does anybody read? Even Rudyard Kipling's has already died out. Henry James is forgotten. I doubt whether all the magazines can now rake up a writer who would be sure of sale. I am still surer they could hardly rake up one who would deserve it.

This is my epitaph on the departing year which has swept away many people and things, without producing, for my purposes, either a thing or a person. I have not made a new acquaintance. I have had to turn off my *bonne*, or housekeeper, after six years service, and to pay her racing-debts, amounting to a miserable forty or fifty pounds, which has convulsed the whole shopkeeping quarter. How much she robbed me of, I shall never know. I have lost three or four of my most valued friends. I have seen three or four more, in politics, shockingly whacked by the public. The whole result to me is only what it was with Thackeray, that I still sit here, alone and dismal at seventy-three years, dipping my nose in the Champagne brut, and cursing dyspepsia. . . .

XXVIII

WASHINGTON

1911

To Elizabeth Cameron

On board R. M. S. *Adriatic*, 10.30 a.m., 5 January, 1911.

Fair, calm morning and all content! Never was I merged in such lofty worlds, and who should suddenly turn up unannounced, but Moreton Frewen! There are Cecils by scores; the Wards, and all the Peerage, but Moreton caps the list. All, except Ward, going over to call on Gray!...

We are too many to sit at one table, so we have taken the whole corner, and talk across, Harry [White] and I at one small table, and John Ward at the next, with Jean [Ward] if she comes, and the Iselins, with Joe Stevens close by. I do not know where all the Cecil women are, but Moreton grumbles because he is stuck on the purser.

January 11. Tomorrow morning we are due to arrive. The voyage has been a very good one. Our invalids have done well. Mrs. White has stayed in bed, but has not suffered, and we have generally sat with her an hour or two every day. I was rather shocked to hear of Jack's relapse, and thought it would affect her, but she took it easily, and yesterday the telegram was fairly good. Jean has been more delicate, and looks like a cambric handkerchief but has not been actually sick. She has even come to lunch these last two days. Johnny Ward has been a devoted husband, and a very companionable fellow-traveller. With the Iselins we have occupied the three corner tables, and have held a sort of Congress there. The Salisburys are with the Captain, a long way off, but they are also companionable after their English way, and Frewen floats between. I have not for many years seen so respectable, old-fashioned a crew as we are; no one on deck; no one in the smoking-room; few Jews; fewer card-players; and all in evening dress. We talk solemnly on serious subjects. If it weren't for the lively little Iselin child, we should go to sleep. Frewen and Joe Stevens are our lightest and most frivolous youth.

I hope to close this letter tomorrow afternoon at the Club.

KNICKERBOCKER CLUB. Thursday, 4:30.

Just so! here I am, with the custom-house behind, and Elizabeth [Hoyt] in front, for she has written to ask me to come to tea. Mrs. Jones, too, and the Brices, offer tea and meals, and Roosevelt and Henry James and so on. Jean has got to her mother. The Salisburys are taking the night train to Montreal, and Moreton follows. Harry White has this moment stopped to get his mail, and sends blessings to you. So will Elisabeth, I hope, for I start at once to see about her hopes. Enfin! we had an excellent voyage. Probably Jack will go with his mother to Aiken in February. Not a word yet about Cabot or Nanny. Sunday to Washington!

To Henry James

WASHINGTON, 22 January, 1911.

I did not write to you about your brother William, because I fancied that letters were a burden to you. The other reason is that I felt the loss myself rather too closely to talk about it. We all began together, and our lives have made more or less of a unity, which is, as far as I can see, about the only unity that American society in our time had to show. Nearly all are gone. Richardson and St. Gaudens, La Farge, Alex Agassiz, Clarence King, John Hay, and at the last, your brother William; and with each, a limb of our own lives cut off. Exactly why we should be expected to talk about it, I don't know....

To Royal Cortissoz

WASHINGTON, 26 January, 1911.

In the confusion of changing continents, I have been, and still am, somewhat thrown off the connection of correspondence.

I have, I believe, nothing of La Farge's that would help you. His letters to me were occasional, commonly notes to say he should be here or there at such or such a time. When he wrote letters on subjects, he generally used them afterwards, as in Japan and the South Seas, so that you have them in his books. He wrote as he talked, so that you have his conversation almost exact in his writings. I used to think that if he were stenographically reported, we should find only multiplied forms of expression. In these, he was, as you know, very abundant, and his choice of words and figures very amusing, so as to put him among the best talkers of the time, if not actually the first, as I thought he was; but the charm of talk is evanescent and largely in voice and manner. Except in cases where a certain forced brutality occurs, as in Dr. Johnson, or Whistler, reports of table-talk are apt to disappoint; and La Farge's tones were too shadowy to bear forcing. I think his letters from Japan[1] repeat his table-talk much better than any memory could recall it.

I am such a matter-of-fact sort of person that I never could try to approach La Farge from his own side. He had to come over to mine. Yet he, like most considerable artists, worked so much more intuitively than intellectually that he could not have taught me much, had he tried; because I could only work intellectually. For that reason I thought I could follow him best in his glass, where his effects were strong and broad. Although I thought him quite the superior of any other artist I ever met, — and I've no special reason for limiting the remark to artists alone, — he was so 'unAmerican,' — so remote from me in time and mind — and above all, so unintelligible to himself as well as to me, that I have preferred to talk little about him, in despair of making either him or his art intelligible to Americans; but if I did try to do it, I would rather try by putting some of his glass side by side with that of other centuries back to the twelfth. Perhaps, by that means, he might become intelligible.

He was a marvel to me in his contradictions. Unlike most men of genius he had no vices that I could detect, unless perhaps a tendency to morphine when in pain. He had one of the most perfectly balanced judgments that could ever exist. Towards me, he seemed always even-tempered to an inconceivable degree. I do not mean benevolent, or sentimental, or commonplace, but just *even*, and in his disapproval as well as in his acceptance. Of course he was often severe, but his severity itself was shaded and toned. Yet he was not easy to live with, thus contradicting even his contradictions.

The task of painting him is so difficult as to scare any literary artist out of his wits. The thing cannot be done. It is like the attempt of the nineteenth-century writers to describe a sunset in colors. Complexity cannot be handled in print to that degree. La Farge used to deride his own attempts to paint sea and sky and shadow in the South Seas, and was rather fond of pointing out how, at a certain point of development, he always failed, and spoiled his picture. At a certain point of development, the literary artist is bound to fail still more, because he has not even color to help him, and mere words only call attention to the fact that the attempt to give them color is a predestined failure. In the portrait of La Farge, you must get not only color, but also constant change and shifting of light, as in opals and moonstones and star-sapphires, where the light is in the object. You need to write as an artist, for artists, because the highest-educated man or woman in the world cannot comprehend you, if you qualify and refine, as La Farge did, and then contradict your own refinements by flinging great masses of pure force in your readers' faces, as he did in his windows.

---

[1] *An Artist's Letters from Japan.* New York, 1897.

I wish you the utmost possible success, though I talk discouragingly. It will be always a great work.

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, 30 January, 1911.

People come in and go out, and tell me that society never was more charming. They sing the praises of the diplomatic corps, and of the Tafts, and of the Cabinet, and all the rest, just as it has always been from the beginning. As for me, I enter, now and then, one or another of six houses: — Mrs. Hay; my brother Charles; the Lodges; the Fred Keeps; Bessie's [Lodge]; and Arnold Hague's.[1] I shall have to add Harry White's, and Mrs. George Young, for the Whites arrived yesterday, and Jack has grown a beard. For my life, I can hear of no one else, for I avoid the Meyer's, and the houses where the ladies are campaigners. More or fewer people look in on me. The most vital was Ruth Draper who came last week to monologue at Emily Tuckerman's. I love Ruth Draper, and when she came in to breakfast, I went in to her monologue. She is a little genius, and quite fascinates me. . . .

Taft himself laboriously attends [balls given for Ruth Taft] and smiles a fatigued smile; but he has made a big score this week on his Canadian treaty which has thrown the Senate into convulsions, and revenges poor John Hay. It settles our friend Theodore, who has no longer anything to offer for popularity. If Taft lives, he will lead.

7 February, 1911.

So Cabot came to dinner last night to talk about Bay's publication, and of course I was beautiful and approved everything, and said that I agreed with everybody, which I always do because nobody cares. Sometimes I do it once too much, as in the case of John Hay's *Letters*.

---

[1] Arnold Hague (1840–1917), geologist, married Mary Bruce (Robins) Howe.

Bay's will be another case of the same sort, but not so lurid. If they will only let me keep my name off it!

My real occupation is in reprinting secretly my *Chartres*, and trying to find out what new has been learned in seven years. This really amuses me, and of course leads to long correspondence with Ward [Thoron] who is calling on the architect and his family of evenings.[1]

14 February, 1911.

In politics the Democrats have got the Republicans on the run, and are whacking them over the head and shoulders with big sticks. We outsiders are paying them back for Loeb. The suppressed wail of despair is intense; — also justified. The top-heavy concern is tumbling, and on us. We are rotten as punk, all through and everywhere, and are scared blue.

WASHINGTON, 26 February, 1911.

. . . .

Our whole political machine seems to have broken up, and is lying in small pieces all over the place. Cabot Lodge is left with Root as the sole survivors of the Republican machine, and Cabot's language is gloomy to that degree as to make mine sound a music-hall song. My brother Brooks is beaming because he says the Democrats haven't the energy or sense to do any harm. I contradict him by the argument that they need neither energy nor sense, but if they sit still, they will see the thing topple over and squash them. Since Theodore dropped out, the absence of energy has become evident. So long as he filled the stage, it was concealed.

Will it last my time? I do not know, but it will be a very close thing. I incline to think that the rich are already preparing for another collapse, worse than '93 or 1907. I notice signs of hoarding money and selling stocks. France and England help to scare the wretched rich. I can see how easily the paroxysm may come, as in 1907, without warning, in four-and-twenty hours. I think it sure to come within a year or two, and I am hoping that I shall get out first; but meanwhile can run along without personal shock. Everyone feels alike.

---

[1] 'Although my own remarks on the *Chanson* [*de Roland*] were written ten years ago, and I have not kept up my pace with the current criticism, I am so much interested in the subject that whatever concerns it, rouses my curiosity. Just at present I am getting back to Saint Denis and the Abbé Suger as the starting-point of all criticism; which throws it back of course to the generation of the First Crusade; but I cannot make the *Chanson* so late. Its conception and feeling seem to me to be anterior to the First Crusade, whatever interpolations, here and there, may seem to suggest. If you keep up with the recent literature, perhaps you can tell me what has been said of late on the subject. Also whether anything new has been said about the *Voyage de Charlemagne*. I cannot make the St. Denis glass fit at all into the archaic rudeness of the early poetry.' — To Frederick Bliss Luquiens, 10 February, 1911.

Cabot and Nanny are screaming about the extra session which is deliberately pre-arranged to coerce the Senate by imprisoning them here at midsummer. The new Congress is sure to be a spectacle of chaos. I've seen nothing so hopeless since 1885....

To Frederick Bliss Luquiens

WASHINGTON, 27 February, 1911.

Many thanks for your letter of the 24th which has interested me much, as you can imagine, especially in regard to the *Voyage*. I suppose M. Coulet means to take the *Voyage* out of its old place among the *Chansons*, and insert it among the *Fabliaux*. In this case, it must be dropped into the thirteenth century. I see no objection from the historical point of view, except that I should have to make it nearer 1300 than 1200; but there may be objections from the linguistic point of view that I know nothing about. As a *Fabliau*, too, it is so unusually clever and original (the picture of Charles as Christ with his Twelve Apostles, and their effect on the Jew in the Church at Jerusalem, is exceedingly droll and well conceived) that I should say it belonged to the wit of Chaucer rather than to that of Isengrim.[1]

M. Bédier's [2] theory is open to more objection, as far as I understand it. In fact, I should think it made the *jongleur* almost superfluous, and put the whole burden on the monks. There seems to me to be nothing monkish about the *Chansons*, after the time of St. Alexis, or St. Brandan. Even *Amis & Amile*, the best of all the religious poems, is hardly monkish unless in the Franciscan sense. For all the usual purposes of poetry, the poet and not the monk must have created the whole thing.

Perhaps I do not understand the argument, and in any case it fits in well enough to what I have said on the subject; but naturally I am always in terror for fear some one should jump on me for my blunders, and this is the chief reason why I want to be reasonably assured of safety before I let them be seen by scholars in general. I am even more shy of my theology than of my architecture or linguistics. Although I have taken the precaution to secure the hesitating approval of certain learned Jesuit doctors, I have little trust in their permit to print. I care far more for my theology than for my architecture, and should be much mortified if detected in an error about Thomas Aquinas, or the doctrine of universals. Even to the freest of free-thinkers, an error on the doctrine of Grace should be infinitely more disgraceful than one on a question of dates. The thunders of the Church are still a thousand times more formidable than the arrows of historical reviews.

---

[1] Abbot of the Abbey of Ottobeuren.

[2] Charles Marie Joseph Bédier (1864–). For his theory see Luquiens in *Yale Review*, N.S. x. 115 *n*.

Therefore at best, I shall go no further than to print the volume again, *verbatim*, correcting such errors as I have discovered, and asking scholars for further corrections. If Harvard or Yale had been less foolish in their origin, and had held on to the Church, we should have probably kept a base on which to build some real scholarship; but when our ancestors cut off the limb that made a part of the tree, we naturally tumbled off. I do not suppose we ever produced a graduate who would have known how to sacrifice a bull to Jupiter.

To Elizabeth Cameron

5 March, 1911.

A nice mess we have made of it, this winter, and every possible prospect of making it worse next summer. I should not care if it only produced men, but I have not found the trace of a man, new or old. We have got rid of Hale, who should have been driven out thirty years ago; we have got rid of Beveridge,[1] who should never have been allowed to come. We have lost weeks talking about Lorimer[2] who has muddled up all our ideas of morality. We have lowered all our standards of efficiency and energy, and are left without leaders or parties, drifting into another chaos like Cleveland's time. It will last me out.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

Washington, 7 March, 1911.

Your letter of February 21 from Torquay suggests a number of reflections. The first is that just fifty years ago I set out on that career of failure which took its start in the first great collapse of society I ever witnessed, and which has passed through half a dozen more, in various societies, till it has arrived in a general collapse in them all. Here in

---

[1] Albert Jeremiah Beveridge (1862–1927).

[2] William Lorimer (1861–1934). On March 1 the Senate by a vote of 46–40 refused to unseat him, but 13 July, 1912, his seat was declared vacant for corrupt methods of election.

Washington, all has broken down except the mere machinery. We have not a notion how we are to pick ourselves up. Our experiment of a great paternal protective system has fallen into political chaos, and we doubt whether we can lift it out. My friends are all prostrate, and only wild and cheap politicians are in control of the legislature. As a result of fifty years' career as a reformer, I reckon it rather brilliant. In France I've done better still, if I understand M. Monis [1] and his new Cabinet. England I leave to you. My only literary authorities are Mr. H. G. Wells, and Mr. Bernard Shaw, with Mr. Chesterton to make the Trinity. Last evening I had a young Russian Secretary dining with me, and I gathered from his genial prattle that Russia expected next year an election rather worse than any of ours. Society has distintegrated till it can't stand up....

Tired of all this, I go back to my twelfth century, and find peace. Having given away all my copies of the volume on *Chartres*, I am now reprinting it, for it has become a favorite book with the Professors of Middle-age art and literature, so that they worry me for copies. I will see them wasted before I will let it be published, for I've published books enough, and there is hardly anyone now living who is worth writing for, unless for money; so I spend my vast wealth lavishly on printing as a form of senile vice. It comes high, so I don't keep an auto....

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, 12 March, 1911.

. . . .

A good deal of humor is given by President Taft to balance our private sads. We are slowly grappling the fact that our military demonstration on Mexico was got up by the War Department and General Wood, and decided in five minutes talk with Taft, without being known to any of the Cabinet, including Knox; and that then the President went south, and Knox went to Cuba and the whole diplomatic corps in Europe and America, with all the newspaper correspondents, rushed on Huntington Wilson,[2] who rushed on the President at his departure, and was refused an audience, and ran away himself, leaving Chandler [Hale] alone to face an infuriate world without a notion what was the matter. I imagine, with shouts of delight, witnessing Chandler's interview with the howling Mexican ambassador.[3]

---

[1] Ernest Monis.

[2] Huntington Wilson (1875–   ), Assistant Secretary of State.

[3] Francisco León de la Barra.

Of course I guarantee nothing of my own knowledge, but this is the story told me by Root himself, who added that Knox was not only ignorant but very angry. This I believe, because Root was — for him — much annoyed, because he feared that all the South Americans would look at it as throwing over his policy, and reverting to the big stick. Root and Cabot, on the contrary, regard it only as another instance of Taft's 'big-fat-boyishness.'

Of course you will not use names, — even so meaningless a name as mine, — but you can take this account as correct for the situation here this last week. The Ballinger episode is another. Apparently, Taft, while charging Pinchot with a vile conspiracy, has put in Pinchot's own man. . . .[1]

To Charles Francis Adams

WASHINGTON, 4 April, 1911.

I had received and read the January Historical Society Bulletin,[2] and naturally read with uncommon attention. Jonathan saved our old man the trouble of skinning that skunk. He did it with such perfection that I weep to think I hadn't his letter in time for my account of the Treaty. Few such plumes fall to a historian's deserts. Strange what luck our family has always had in its enemies! They seem to lose their heads when they attack us. Have you noticed how vehemently

---

[1] 'Many thanks for your kind letter. It fails to tell me, what I chiefly want to know, how far you have recovered strength; but at least it shows that you have not lost much. Of course I miss you terribly here, where I see nothing but a perfectly blind chaos, and find no one to guide me through it. The senators sputter with fury and consternation. They understand less than I do, and are much angrier. The army is utterly muddled. They can make nothing of their orders or duties, all the heavy artillery having been sent to the Rio Grande, and all the cavalry left behind, and all the New York militia ordered on a war footing, with marching equipment. Until your husband returns, I see no hope of learning anything. As for the State Department, it does not exist.' — To Mrs. Henry White, 23 March, 1911.

'In a frenzied moment I tried to translate Richard's song into verse. Although I quickly found myself unequal to it, I found also so much charm in the attempt that I tried to give an equivalent after a fashion. To my surprise the verses showed the direct energy, simplicity and intensity of the *Chanson de Roland*. There was not a trace in them of the refinements and delicacies of the school of Champagne. The words are a true cry of the heart, such as no other king ever approached.' — To Frederick Bliss Luquiens, 15 March, 1911. He wrote again on March 21 detailing his difficulties in translating. *Yale Review*, N.S. x. 118. Adams' version of the poem is in *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*, chap. XI.

'I have nothing to do, so, by way of a jig-saw puzzle, I translate Cœur-de-Lion's prison-song. My reprint of the *Chartres* is nearly half done. I am amusing myself by trying to get Monsignore Shahan of the Catholic University to read it. The poor man squirms, for fear of getting into a scrape, and I expect to get into the *Index*. *Tant mieux!* Why not?' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 26 March, 1911.

[2] 'Letters of Jonathan Russell, 1815.'

Allan McLane Hamilton throws his grandfather over, for his letter about John Adams (p. 90).[1] By the way, what is the authority for crediting J. A. with the splendidly vigorous description of Hamilton as 'the bastard brat of a Scotch pedlar'?[2] Again, look at the Boston *Federalist's* attack, jointly with William B. Giles on J. Q. A. And Waddy Thompson and all the Virginian crowd! And Andrew Jackson! The only really competent prize-fighter was old Tim Pickering, whom I regard as a stunning writer and critic. Against him I find it difficult to stand up. A good life of Pickering would be my ideal of a task, but I suppose it is *the* task that I ought not to try.[3]

[1] In his *Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton.* New York, 1910.

[2] The authenticity of this statement has never been established and it is quite opposed to John Adams' manner of expressing himself.

[3] 'Bay's Life is now all in type, and out of my hands. I've made no special secret of my views about it, but I don't want myself discussed. My views about myself and my literary triumphs grow less and less flattering as I see the end. I am no better than my neighbors, and even that statement is gross flattery, for they are rot without knowing it, while I know better. My neighbors inspire me with vast respect, and I am ready even to praise and admire von Steuben under my window. Oh! but I have been doing the worm-business this winter with conviction.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 16 April, 1911.

'This capering planet has brought me back again to the point where I sail for Europe once more; and accordingly I set off in the steamer *Lapland* for Antwerp next Saturday....

'Fifty years ago at the same date I was sailing for Liverpool to help run a civil war. I am not in the least eager to go back to that moment, yet I rather fancy it was the biggest piece of luck I ever had....

'In society I meet only grandsons and grand-daughters, curious to know about their grandmothers.

'Worst of all, I am a sage! The so-called creatures treat me with deference. They are odious.' — To Gaskell, 16 April, 1911.

XXIX

PARIS

1911

To Royal Cortissoz

PARIS, 12 May, 1911.

Your volume[1] arrived yesterday, and I read it at once. It gave me great pleasure, and great satisfaction on La Farge's account. I am sure it would have pleased him, and it pleases me the more because of that thought. He had a true artist's longing for appreciation. There is room for a very nice parallel between him and Whistler on that line of artistic striving; for although he rarely or never resorted to Whistler's frank vulgarity of self-advertisement, he took even more trouble than Whistler did to gain a favorable press, and was equally careful of his claims on posterity. His letter to me on that subject, — which I had quite forgotten, — shows what lay in his mind. I was always brutally telling him that he was living in illusion; that he imagined a public and a posterity which did not exist; that he was tearing himself to pieces for a society that had disappeared centuries ago, and would never appear again; and that were only a little knot of a few dozen people, who talked about each other, and might as well burn up all we had done, when we should take our departure; — he admitted the fact, but sheltered himself behind the screen of mice-catching for a living. This was only his word-play. Really he worked only for the grade of a great artist among the great artists of the world of the past. He wanted to be coupled with Delacroix and Hokusai. On that point I was wholly with him. We could both of us live in, — and for, — the past, with infinite satisfaction; where we parted was in living for the present. I really suffered to see him working to create an audience in order that he might please it. The double task passes any endurance.

Luckily the painter's world is relatively compact and organised, and within its limits will probably be worth living for. I wish I could say as much for the literary artist's world; but I see no hope of organised self-defence there. La Farge, like Fromentin, aspired to both positions, and, thanks at least in part to you, I trust he will take his place there soon and finally. He made a wonderful fight for it, and, without him, my generation in America would leave, except in a few scattered remnants, scarcely a trace worth leaving.

---

[1] *John La Farge; a Memoir and a Study.* Boston, 1911.

I am also pleased to see that you have inserted (p. 101) my wife's photograph of him; the only portrait that recalls him as he showed himself always to me. He was, behind his profession, a gentleman, by birth and mind; and he never forgot it.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS, 13 June, 1911.

I regard it as rather a dirty government trick that King William IV should have died on June 20, 1837, instead of 1838. In the latter case I should have touched four reigns. If I started a hundred years earlier, I should have done little better. Anyway I have seen, or known, fourteen out of twenty-five American Presidents, first or last, and I don't want to see any more. In fact I can't at this moment think of any man living whom I do want to see. Possibly Lord Rayleigh[1] or Sir William Crookes,[2] or one or two other scientific men; but not a poet or a painter, a sculptor or architect, novelist or historian, statesman or wit.

I wish I did! I am bored blue! One of my most intimate friends[3] here dropped dead the other day and closed my last houses here and in Washington. . . . I am as solitary as a saint, and have no occupation whatever. I see that other men have more or less occupation, but I don't see anyone caring for what they do. The only exception is a few painters; chiefly Besnard and his new *plafond* for the Français.

But the Jews give millions for pictures which in our youth were unsaleable. I think our youth was right. The Jews want to furnish their own *châteaux*, — or American houses of the same type, — and in our youth we wanted to furnish our own houses with our own pictures. The damnable Art Gallery has taken place of personal value. . . .

To Elizabeth Cameron

PARIS, 29 June, 1911.

The Harry Whites came in, two days ago, charitably bent on my taking their man and woman, and making my establishment respectable. I own that it must come, but I hate to be told so, or to make an effort. I came here twenty years ago to seek a *pied-à-terre* where I could rest in solitude and religious contemplation. Now I am twenty years older, and resort to tears when told I am senile, as happens every day. Of course I am senile, and be damned to everybody, — they are as senile as I, — but why must I make a bad temporary engagement for a double establishment, when I need retirement and heaven more than ever? I want to go home! I want a grand hotel in the New Jerusalem! I don't want a whole new outfit here. Give me an asylum and a keeper! You can put all our acquaintance into it, too!

---

[1] John William Strutt, Baron Rayleigh (1842–1919).

[2] Sir William Crookes (1832–1919).

[3] Frederick Keep.

10 July, 1910.

I notice that we talk no politics. A certain silence as of a coming deluge everywhere settles on us. The Republicans have gone to pieces at home, and the party is dumb; dumber than the Lords *chez vous*, for they do talk a little, whereas Taft talks only of arbitration, the last refuge of the feeble-minded.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS, 15 July, 1911.

. . . .

The last few days I have been reading with feverish interest a new volume by old Malay Wallace,[1] Darwin's rival, who is now past ninety, I believe, and quite dotty, but who is as much bothered as I am by his wicked past and Darwinian vagaries, and writes this *World of Life* on the same lines that I took for my *Letter to Teachers*, except that he frankly goes back to the God of Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus, who doesn't help me in the least. Though he has only the wreck of a mind, he writes better than any one I know, and occasionally he is great, when he deals with his own birds and beasts. Of course we pursue ends directly hostile or opposite to each other, but the attitude of *ne-plus-ultra* is the same. We've gone as far as we can on nineteenth-century lines, and we are tired and must stop.

Also I am reading Richard Wagner,[2] — *quem vide*! a wonderful stripping-naked of a great man, which rivals Rousseau's *Confessions*, — or St. Augustine's, or Lord Herbert of Cherbury; but very long. He knocks me silly. He is a miracle, — like a black, long-horned beetle. . . .

---

[1] *The World of Life; a Manifestation of Creative Power, Directive Mind, and Ultimate Purpose.* New York, 1911.

[2] *My Life*, issued in 1911.

To Elizabeth Cameron

PARIS, 22 July, 1911.

You send me the worst news I have had for many a long day, though my news has been none of the best. I am appalled at the rapidity with which everybody and everything rolls downhill. As though the American woman were not worry enough, we have a general political *débâcle*, which is threatening as possible. Mexico and Cuba are bad as bad, but Germany has now got her hand in on Morocco, and Turkey is going to pieces in convulsions. On top of it all comes the announcement of a *coup d'état* in England. At this rate of disintegration we shall all be running for caves before long. Behind it all, the socialists are waiting only for the collapse, in order to put in what they think will be the last lick.

All this means that I am hard on to my own final kick, and am glad of it. I want to get out of it bad. In fact I am the worst wreck of the lot. Yet I am in constant fear of everybody else breaking down before I do....

The most curious symptom is that society itself seems to me to have lain down, indifferent and apathetic. When I read my newspapers of a morning, they seem to me to be repeating what I am saying to myself. The French papers have done so for a long time, and now the English have begun. Bill Bigelow and I agreed that the whole thing must be an illusion, and that our world was a mere dream, reflecting our minds as they grew to their end. The whole show will suddenly vanish some day when I get a stroke. Good thing too!

I have got to find somebody to take care of me. My brother Brooks who is now here, discusses the question *à fond*, but as yet I reach no result. What the devil can I do? Even Mr. Cameron has his skipper, but I am absolutely alone, and don't know whom to turn to, even in order to take charge if I were killed suddenly by an aëroplane....[1]

---

[1] 'We've not a word from Bigelow since he landed, nor from anyone else in America. One would suppose the country were sunk. All we hear is that our stocks fall steadily, and no one knows what to expect; but it is grand to see Teddy turning up as the savior of society against a bloody-minded Taft who is ruining it. Teddy and Pierpont Morgan are our only hope. United we fall.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 8 August, 1911.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS, 8 September, 1911.

. . . .

So I shut up all my windows and awnings at 9 A.M. every day, and read *Chansons de Geste* or mediaeval Latin till six o'clock every afternoon when I drive out to get a walk in the park at sunset. I dine in the open air out there, and come back to go to bed at ten. The consequence is that I am becoming a twelfth-century monk, and know more about the habits and literature of the crusades than of those prevailing in the Ritz Hotels. Especially I am deep in Abbeys and Abbots. In deep secrecy I may confide to you that the Abbeys of the twelfth-century were the source of more literary fraud, — and I go no further, in charity, — than any modern syndicate of labor-unions. They were workshops of forgery, and it is but fair to say that they were open in charging each other with it. Their trade in relics, their advertising, and their syndicating, were quite marvelous as modern business; but they did it with wonderful art and feeling, as if they were Greeks. They harmed nobody, and amused all the world.

I wish anybody were as amusing now. What you say of your strikes and your middle class is true all through the society. Nobody cares much for anything except food and drink. The labor-leaders try to think they've an ideal, but break down every time they try it. The rich class, and the highly educated, are effete. They do nothing, produce nothing, and cannot even propagate. As I see it, the thing may go on for another thousand years with no further essential change. The laborer and the Chicago millionaire are interchangeable. The one can act the other's rôle without more than the usual study for the stage. Difference in stock there is none.

Of all survivals, however, the American University is now the most curious; — as my friend John La Farge used to say: — Decadence with nothing to decade from! By the way I wonder whether you would like a copy of his Life! I am in it a little too much for my taste....

To Royal Cortissoz

PARIS, 20 September, 1911.

Your letter of the 12th has just arrived, and although it needs no answer, I write this line merely to express my deep sympathy for you, if, as you say, you have been suffering from our common epidemic of neurasthenia. I take it, on the evidence of Albert Dürer, that human nature is always trying to become neurasthenic as its highest flight, and that it is the penalty that artists pay for attainment; but the attainment is hardly worth it.

La Farge seemed to me strongest in his energy which carried him against the current of neurasthenia. He never yielded to it. He seemed held up by an instinctive conviction that society had hidden qualities which he could appeal to. He had the instinct of a primitive cave-dweller, who painted hairy elephants on a cave's stone roof. The God knew how good they were! I always broke down at the door. After middle-life, — say fifty years of age, — I was satisfied that our society contained no hidden qualities that artists could appeal to; — that it is really what it appears on its surface. American society is a sort of flat fresh-water pond which absorbs silently, without reaction, anything which is thrown into it, and its one merit is that it pretends to be nothing else. It does not cant. A few score of individuals, — counting women, perhaps a few hundred, — all more or less neurasthenic, try to create, and are desperate because society swallows passively whatever is thrown at it, but never even splashes when hit. It regards itself much like a pig in a stye. Its business is to eat refuse. It is even afraid to approve, or, — for that matter, — to disapprove beyond your bromide formula of knowing what it likes, — which it doesn't.

La Farge always admitted this in talking; but in working he always had the strength to rise above it. He never betrayed contempt for his audience. Of course, he felt it, but he never once betrayed it in his work. As a matter of fact, he had no audience, and all his work was done for the little group of us who looked on. You can count them individually, within a narrow chance of error. Especially in his strongest field, — that of color, — he had to deal with an atrophied social instinct which got worse, in the mass of the world, every day of his life. He educated a few dozen of us, and that was all.

That is worth doing and can always be done. A small percentage of us have latent instincts that can be stimulated to vitality. I cannot promise it, but I hope you will find it so, and am sure you deserve it. Probably Michael Angelo did no more.

To Elizabeth Cameron

PARIS, Saturday, 23 September, 1911.

. . . .

I am altogether absorbed in setting up my kitchen for October 1, which I find to be a stupendous Trust, and entails millions of expense, while my Steel and Copper have vanished, and the Lord only knows whether anything is left. The news from America is disastrous for our friend Taft, and also for the Republican Party, which is likely to disappear altogether. What can be done with a party which is created in order to organise Trusts and then, in ten years, turns all its energies to destroying its own work! The Trusts were none of my liking, but, once made, I supposed we could accept them, and there we are! Or there my money is not!

Tant mieux! God is kind and good! The world improves always! Everything is for the best! I want all my friends to marry nurses and type-writers, rather than cooks. But I can fancy poor old Taft's fat smile when he took in the Canadian elections!

Now that the American government has turned all its energies to ruin us over there, and the British government has turned its navy to the drowning us over here, I am curious to know what the other governments will do to finish us once for all. Meanwhile our friends are scuttling home as fast as ships will sink.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS, Tuesday, 26 [September], 1911.

. . . .

I am immersed in setting up a cook to supply me with chops, that I may no longer parade my white hairs in restaurants. I had no notion that a chop would cost so much. A dining room is a very troublesome creation. Eighteenth-century furniture doubles in cost every day, while my stocks are just half in value of what they were when I bought them. A dozen decent Lowestoft plates cannot be had at less than twenty francs a plate, and I stop breaking at ten. My friends insist on my buying a Louis xv sideboard at £200. My Ming potiches cost £40 instead of £20. And all the time, my government goes on destroying values which we saw it set up to create only a dozen years ago.

Well! governments always did mischief, and always will do it, but they disconcert one by changing suddenly the kinds of mischief they do. Just now they shine most in the use of their navies to sink us poor tourists or blow up the poor crews. Luckily for me, I have lived, and have had my say, and can afford to laugh, provided I don't try to laugh much longer. At the rate they are going, I must hurry to get out. They have been costing me about a thousand pounds a day lately, and I can't keep it up. Yet I do not see how we can now escape another general collapse, like 1907 and 1893. The trap is mechanically sprung, and is shutting down. Copper and steel show it first.

Searching for a date the other day, I took up my own volume of *Education*, and got interested in reading it, on account of its effect of age. It all reads alike. Ten years ago, or fifty years ago, reads like a hundred years ago. Everybody is dead or disappeared, and the world has spread without growing. And now Canada has waltzed in, and wants to be a great and independent nation. It is droll to see our stupid bewilderment, but your Foreign Office caught onto it a long time ago. Canada is a very shrewd, energetic and ambitious country....

To Elizabeth Cameron

Saturday, 23 September, 1911.

Hubert[1] is back and dined with me last night at Henry's, while we arranged for my digging bones in the Dordogne caves.

8 October, 1911.

Hubert came to dine and talk about my Dordogne baby, which he is to *accoucher*. I have given him a thousand francs to start on, and he is to boss the job. I am very slowly worrying through the last pages of the new imprint of *Chartres*. I am loaded with thirteenth-century MSS. and meditate vast erudition.

PARIS, 15 October, 1911.

. . . .

The jam in the streets is worse than ever, on the sidewalks as well as on the roadway, so that the Boulevard des Italiens is a vile mob, but what is worse, they have pulled a great stretch of it down, where the Variétés stood, opposite the Crédit Lyonnais, and are to build a big hotel there. I can *flâner* no longer, but the crowds had already made *flâning* no pleasure. I very rarely go there.

---

[1] Henri Hubert. Adams became interested in the Cromagnon man and aided Hubert in making further excavations near Les Eyzies. Nothing came of them.

So, old Harlan[1] has at last left the Bench. No power but God Almighty could get him off, and even then he has to be buried fast underground; but he gives Taft another seat on the Bench to bestow. My informants all say that Taft has absolutely no chance of reëlection, and that the Republican Party is doomed. I don't see that it matters, since Theodore turned it into the Democratic Party, and abjured its theories and principles as well as its practices. I've set aside gold enough to last me my time.

I am utterly bewildered about Turkey and Morocco and China. These academic matters of Mr. Knox stagger me. Does Ronny [Lindsay] seem easy and happy at the office?

To Charles Francis Adams

PARIS, 10 November, 1911.

Your volume of *Studies*[2] arrived yesterday. The Life of Judge Hoar[3] arrived a week ago, and the other papers still earlier. Many thanks! I believe I was fairly familiar with all the *Studies*, except so far as you have added to them recently.

The task of suitably putting our generation to bed and tucking them all nicely in, so as to rest in quiet for eternity, is one which much needs to be done by us, for I see no reason to suppose that our successors will concern themselves about it. As I watch the formation of the new society, I am more and more impressed with my own helplessness to deal with it, and its entire unconsciousness that I, or you, or George Washington ever existed. Therefore we had better do our own epitaphs, and do them quick.

Yet it is certainly a difficult job to make a sufficient picture of Judge Hoar, whose single dramatic moment was his dismissal from office by President Grant. I am glad to have that incident told so as to make it clear to me. I have always considered that Grant wrecked my own life, and the last hope or chance of lifting society back to a reasonably high plane. Grant's administration is to me the dividing line between what we hoped, and what we have got. Judge Hoar probably represents the exact point where the line broke.

---

[1] John Marshall Harlan (1833–1911), who served on the Supreme Court more than thirty-three years. He died 14 October, 1911.

[2] *Studies, Military and Diplomatic, 1775–1865.* New York, 1911.

[3] Moorfield Storey and Edward Waldo Emerson's *Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar.* Boston, 1911.

On all the other matters I have less personal susceptibility. I care much more to find a kind word to say of anybody and anything, than to attain the truth. As I look back on our sixty years of conscious life, I have to search hard for a word of warm satisfaction. Again and again we pinned our hopes to some figure, but it always got drowned in the mud. The *Lives* of our contemporaries now fill our book-shelves, and not one of them offers a thought. Since the Civil War, I think we have produced not one figure that will be remembered a life-time. The most prominent is our beloved Theodore. What is more curious, I think the figures have not existed. The men have not been born.

If they had existed I should have attached myself to them, for I needed them bad. As life has turned out, I am dying alone, without a twig to fall from. I might as well be a solitary woodchuck on our old Quincy hills as winter comes on. We leave no followers, no school, no tradition. My correspondence and literary connection is fairly large, but it is as passive-minded and childlike in attitude as so much jelly-fish.

I am rather interested to see that Arthur Balfour has succumbed to the same conditions here. He can't force the coming generation. He expresses it rather well too. . . .

XXX

WASHINGTON

1912

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, 4 January, 1912.

Cabot finds the Senate pretty solitary and professes to be blue about politics, though I feel that he is clinging to the hope of Theodore. In fact it looks as though Theodore were inevitable. Poor Taft plunges deeper into the mire every day. The chaos in both parties is dense.... *Friday.* I went out and crossing the square was stopped by a big man who hailed me loudly. It was a hippopotamus! Certainly there isn't much for us when he is near. It was the President himself wandering about with Archie Butt,[1] and I joined them as far as the White House porch. He, too, gave me a shock. He looks bigger and more tumble-to-pieces than ever, and his manner has become more slovenly than his figure; but what struck me most was the deterioration of his mind and expression. He too is ripe for a stroke. He shows mental enfeeblement all over, and I wanted to offer him a bet that he wouldn't get through his term.

Is this all because my own mind is enfeebled? It may be. God knows I can boast of none to spare. Yet the nightmare of feeling that everybody, — including the newspapers, — has deteriorated, gets on one's nerves; and is re-echoed from all sides....

11 January, 1912.

At last I've finished! My final proof-sheets are sent off; my final occupation is ended; since Monday I wake up every morning with the happy thought that I've nothing more to do in the world, and that it doesn't matter now whether I go blind or deaf or senile, or have aphasia in public, or forget my own name....

Of course, silent, in the background, looming in the dark, is always the figure of Theodore, and we try to avoid committing ourselves to a mention of his name. No one knows what to say, for fear of judgment.... The longer I live under this Cincinnati régime, the cheaper and commoner and fatter I find it. John McLean is about its measure.

---

[1] Archibald Willingham Butt (1866–1912), personal aide to Roosevelt and Taft. He was lost on the *Titanic.*

18 January, 1912.

Meanwhile we are drifting on to the National Conventions, and to the ignorant outsider, we seem drifting nowhere. As yet it looks as if, for sheer lack of energy, we should have to choose between Taft and Bryan. One by one, Bryan has successively wiped out all his rivals, and Roosevelt has checked all his ardent admirers. Nothing remains but the two machines.

Thursday, 25 January, 1912.

I have little to tell you today. Our small world has been convulsed by the episode of the Connaughts.[1] Whitelaw Reid has made the *coup de foudre* of New York society. At this moment Connaught is being dragged to the White House to make a tardy escape from his stupid blunder in wearing the colors of the Mills dynasty over those of the Tafts, but the bolt is shot. The Mills dynasty hereafter will reign in New York.

I've seen as yet none of the adventurous crowd who went on from here to the Tuesday dinner, but I know that they have not much to tell. They went, they saw, and they were captured.... *Friday.* Cabot scared himself blue by totally forgetting his State delegation dinner at Crane's.[2] As Crane has just declared himself for Taft, this incident had a queer look, owing to Cabot's having seen Theodore in New York. The political embroglio is becoming very embarrassing indeed, owing chiefly to Taft's baby-like imbecility and want of advisers in his Cabinet. I am quite aghast at the total want of support for Taft even among his supporters. Not a friend of his has come within my vision, high or low, white or black. The whole interest is in Theodore, and I do not see a chance of preventing the Convention from voting Theodore by a general yell. Whether Theodore can be elected I doubt, but no one doubts that Taft will be defeated. His only hope is in getting Bryan to run for the Democrats....

To Frederick Bliss Luquiens

WASHINGTON, 25 January, 1912.

. . . .

Having finished all the work I ever mean to do, and being very much bored in my idleness, I became interested last summer in the Bédier controversy, and took to studying the *Roland* from that point of view. Bédier led me to the new *Chanson de Willame*,[1] and the *Chanson* led me to the *Romania*, and so to the papers of Mr. Weeks.

---

[1] Arthur William Patrick Albert, Duke of Connaught (1850–). See Cortissoz, *Life of Whitelaw Reid,* II. 439.

[2] Winthrop Murray Crane (1853–1920), senator from Massachusetts.

Who is Weeks? Is it possible that we have a Romanist of that force in America without my knowing it?

Greatly amused and perplexed by these gentlemen, I thought I would try to translate *Willame* as far as it was admittedly eleventh century, and especially as far as concerned Guiborc and the feminine ideal. The text of *Willame* is, as you know, phenomenally bad. Translation is — with me — largely conjectural. I average only a dozen lines a day. Whenever I get through a first version of it, I should greatly like to have you look it over.

Although this is a mere plaything, and I have no thought of publishing, it is so fascinating an amusement that I hope to make it last the rest of my life. It involves upsetting pretty much all French history in the tenth and eleventh centuries. I am quite clear that Bédier's theory will not apply to *Roland* or to *Willame*, in their primitive forms. The temptation is great to invent a theory that will apply. Such a literary problem has no parallel in history, and might even throw light on the problem of the *Iliad* itself. Yet the *Chanson de Willame* is so perplexing that as yet I wander in whole clouds of conjecture, sure only that all my old assumptions were wrong. A totally new class of ideas rise up in their place, which centres in the Abbey of St. Denis and the Capetian Revolution of 987.

I am now waiting for Bédier's two last volumes[2] which are promised me for February. In the third he intended to treat of *Roland*. His repeated delays in publishing suggest that he may feel as much bothered as I. I am curious to see whether he asks the question that occurs to me: — *Roland* and *Willame* are twin poems; — which is the original?[3] As MSS. *Roland* is first, but I am not at all certain that Vivian may not have been the original type, as I feel grave doubts whether *Willame* may not have been the poetical and patriotic prototype of Charlemagne....

---

[1] Discovered in London in 1901 and edited by Hermann Suchier. In 1903 George Dunn 'printed, but not edited' an issue of the *Chancun de Willame* and it was this issue that Adams used.

[2] *Les Légendes épiques. Recherches sur la Formation des Chansons de Geste.* 4 vols. Paris, 1908–1913.

[3] 'The original conceptions and treatment of *Willame* and *Roland* are so alike, and their common superiority to all the other *Chansons* is so immeasurable, that I have been wondering whether it is possible that they were composed by the same man, at the same time, for the same purpose. As we are not sure that we have a single line of the original text in either case, I cannot argue on texts; but I might do it on dates and facts.' — To Frederick Bliss Luquiens, 12 March, 1912.

To Elizabeth Cameron

1 February, 1912.

It is amusing on account of the political muddle which grows funnier every day. Naturally Harry White is in the thick of it, and gets all the gossip that grows. About nine-tenths of it comes from Oyster Bay. Theodore is fussing and fuming and talking with everybody, and is being dragged by his coat-tails all over the place, and is just as helpless as any of us. The Cabinet is also a source of constant entertainment. Mr. Knox is more fantastic as he gets toward his end; Mr. Hitchcock has shaken all their nerves; Geo. Meyer is supposed to belong at Oyster Bay. The chief advantage is that it gives us all something to talk about in the intervals between dinners, but I cannot divine in the least what is to come of it.

Friday 2. Having sent off thirty copies of my new *Chartres* to public libraries and universities, I feel as if my last peg were driven into life, and nothing remains to do. The old habit of regarding life as a sequence, — or, fashionably, an evolution, — sticks to me feebly: but commonly I look back on it all as without sequence or meaning, and the only thread of relation that it shows is my thirty volumes in thirty libraries.

12 February, 1912.

I cannot find anyone who cares much for anything, but I sat an hour yesterday with Wayne, who was in fine form, dodgasting everybody, but especially Theodore, and dancing over the ruins of human society. As usual Wayne's comments lack a certain element of accuracy, and his personal point of view is a long way off, round the corner, but he is the only man who has anything to say that is worth saying, — if indeed anything is worth saying. Langdon Mitchell,[1] who dined here the other night with Bessy [Lodge], and who has just had a failure on his new play, was priding himself on being hissed in Chicago, 'in view of the essential insincerity of the American audience.' What I feel here in Washington is the essential insincerity of the American public, root and branch. Theodore is perhaps the worst, but not one is honest with himself or with us. All is 'graft,' morally and politically. The taint is in the human nature, not in the conditions, and as I have made my diagnosis too frequently in your hearing, I will for the moment amuse your trivial nature with other things, remarking only that I am quite at sea about the elections.[1]

---

[1] Langdon Elwyn Mitchell (1862–1935).

To Raymond Weeks

WASHINGTON, 16th February, 1912.

Many thanks for yours of the 14th. Having, I imagine, a good deal more than thirty years the dis-advantage of you in the records of Harvard College, I can afford to learn, which is almost an exclusive privilege of age, and, what is worse, I have lost all conscience about consuming my teachers' time. Pray excuse my asking an occasional question. It is not for any public purpose, but, after all, in a branch of study which is pursued by so few students, even one is relatively a number.

My interest in mediaeval matters, which was necessarily active when I taught mediaeval history at Harvard College in 1872, is now merely dilettante, and I have no right to take up the time of my successors in the chairs; yet they are, to a certain extent, interested in correcting my mistakes about their own work, and in clearing up my blunders of memory. Your memory must be exceptionally good, to judge from your copious references, while mine, which was never strong, is now growing weak.

My interest is in connecting the phenomena. The problem of accounting for the Homeric poems is nothing like so complicated as that of accounting for the *Chansons de Geste*. What conceivable connection was there, or could there ever have been, between Eginhard's allusion to some of Charlemagne's officers killed in a skirmish with Basques, which had no more relation with Saracens than with American Indians, and a chanson composed in the far north, in pure French, and sung in Normandy or Anjou? with no more apparent meaning for the Normans than for us? Gaston Paris and his generation saw it in the survival of popular tradition. Your generation has exploded this idea, and we are all at sea. Now comes *Willame* and doubles the problem? You have successfully injected Barcelona into the matter, and Barcelona — or the Spanish March — has a sharply defined historic value which Roncevals had not. My interest is in developing the Spanish March.

---

[1] 'Mrs. Taylor did me too much honor, but I believe you maliciously laughed over her very proper treatment of my letter, in order to show your claim to superior wisdom. You will make me a suffragist if you go on in this career of mediaeval violence.

'As for me, I am being massacred at Aliscans by Saracens with Vivian and Willame. Guiborc nourished me *soef* for fifteen years and now she will never see me again. I have written to Raymond Weeks to ask him for his papers on my demise.' — To Henry Osborn Taylor, 12 February, 1912.

Raymond Weeks (1863–), at this time Professor of Romance Languages and Literatures at Yale University.

I want to ask whether in any of your papers — or the papers of anyone else — you have commented on this branch of the subject. For example, in the Charroi de Nîmes after William has grossly insulted his friend and brother-in-law the Emperor, and is marching off in a perfectly unreasonable passion, he meets Bertram on the stairs who gives him a very curious piece of advice:[1]

> Et dit Bertrans: — 'Jà orroiz vérité.
> 'Demandez-li Espaigne le regné;
> 'Et Tortolouse et Portpaillart sor mer,
> 'Et après Nymes, cele bone cité,
> 'Et puis Orenge, qui tant fet à loer.'[2]

Jonckbloet, on what authority I know not, translates *Espaigne li regne* by Spanish March, that is, Barcelona, and, as history, he is exactly right; but what have Tortolouse, and Portpaillart to do with it? These places have no existence in history that I know of. Port Paillart is a port unknown to the West. Tortolouse may be Tortosa, and in that case Portpaillart must be Emporium or Compuria but both may equally well be in Narbonne. In that case, Nîmes and Orange would be natural additions to the Spanish March.

Without hesitation William instantly turns back, and says to the Emperor: —

> 'Ainz vos demant Espaigne le regné,
> 'Et Tortolose et Portpaillart sor mer,
> 'Si vos demant Nymes cele cité,
> 'Après Orenge, qui tant fet à loer:'[3]

Louis replies that he cannot do it, because the land is not his to give; it belongs to the Saracens, an answer which no Carolingian emperor would have given. The Spanish March always belonged to the empire, even when nominally occupied by Saracens, and would always be given in fief to anybody. The same thing would be true of Nîmes, as

---

[1] The lines quoted are taken from *Guillaume d'Orange. Chansons de Geste des XI^e et XII^e Siècles, Publiées . . . par* W[illem] J[ozef] A[ndries] Jonckbloet. Le Haye, 1854, 2 vols.

[2] *Ib.*, I. 85, ll. 450–54.

[3] *Ib.*, I. 85, ll. 482–85.

I understand. This is proved by Louis' suddenly changing his mind and granting the fief: —

> 'Ge ferai, voir, tot le vostre talant.
> 'Tenez Espaigne, prenez-la par cest gant:[1]

That is to say, Louis grants to William the Spanish March. Nothing is said of Nîmes or Orange. William is made Count of Barcelona, at his own request, and he so understands it, and reproaches himself for it.

> 'Que diront ore cil baron chevalier:
> 'Vez de Guillaume, le marchis au vis fier,
> 'O il a or son droit seignor mené:
> 'Demi son règne li volt par mi doner,
> 'Il fu si fox qu'il ne l'en sot nul gré,
> 'Ainz prist Espaigne où n'ot droit hérité.'[2]

To his volunteer barons he repeats the same thing, and makes no mention of Nîmes or Orange: —

> 'S'ò moi s'en vienent Espaigne conquester
> 'Et le païs m'aident à aquiter,
> 'Et la loi Deu essaucier et monter,
> 'Tant lor dorrai deniers et argent cler,
> 'Chasteaus et marches, [donjons et fermetez,
> 'Destriers d'Espaigne,] si seront adoubé.'[3]

Again in verse 696, Louis repeats to the old Aymon that he has given William all Spain, but makes no allusion to Narbonne or Nîmes or Orange: —

> 'Et si li doint tote Espaigne aquitier!'[4]

And after throwing Aimon out of the window, William repeats to Louis: —

> 'Ge m'en irai en Espagne estraier,
> 'Vostre ert la terre, sire, se la conquier.'[5]

Then he starts out, by the pilgrims' road that led to Spain, and suddenly is diverted to the attack on Nîmes, which takes the place of Barcelona so completely that not another word is said of the Spanish March either in the Prise d'Orange, or in Aliscans, or in the whole cycle of Guillaume.

Of course one is at liberty to say that the poet was so ignorant as to suppose Nîmes and Orange to be in the Spanish March, but I hardly think this idea can stand up in the face of Bertrand's sharp distinction between them at the start. No Frenchman could have been ignorant that the Spanish March belonged to France, and that Orange did not. On that point, the authority of Ferdinand Lot (*Hugues Capet*, 213–14), seems decisive. I am, therefore, driven to infer that the first form of William's adventure related to Barcelona, and at most to Narbonne. Nîmes and Orange were later conquests.

---

[1] *Guillaume d'Orange-Chansons de Geste des XI^e et XII^e Siècles*, I. 88, ll. 585–56.

[2] *Ib.*, I. 94, ll. 798–803.

[3] *Ib.*, I. 90, ll. 652–57. The words in brackets were not copied by Adams.

[4] *Ib.*, I. 91, l. 696.

[5] *Ib.*, I. 93, ll. 757–58.

The capture of Nîmes and Orange is something apart, not contemplated in the early scheme; but the capture of Barcelona was duly made, and in the new — or old — *Chanson de Willame* we find William established there, after a long struggle with the Saracens which has entailed severe fighting. Vivian rehearses it in his message for help: —

> Si li remenbre del champ del saraguce [635]
>
> & li remenbre de limines la cite [650]
> Ne del grant port [Breher] al riuage de mer [651]
> Ne de fluri [Flori] que io pris par poeste [652]
>
> Se lui remenbre del champ turlenlerei [655] [1]

Only then he goes on to speak of the battle 'desuz Orange,' where he fought under his uncle Bertram with the very suspiciously late addition of Normans.

So, too, Vivian was knighted at Termes, in William's palace there, which I take to be in the Termenez next Roussillon, and therefore just beyond the border of the March. The ubiquitous Gautiers de Termes, who does nothing throughout the whole cycle, belongs, I presume, to the same place, which is as far from Orange as possible.

> 'Io tadubbai a mun palei a termes' (2002) [2]

So says William in a verse that seems to me to have no relations with the other verses of the stanza, or with anything else in the actual poem unless it is that in which Vivian says that Dame Guiborc has nourished him more than fifteen years (v. 982), without mentioning where. Presumably it was in the Palace of Termes where he was knighted at about that age.

Finally, when William, after his defeat at Archamp, arrives at Laon, and tells his story to the king, he returns to the same formula with which he figured in the Charroi. He has been absent seven years in Spain.

---

[1] *La Chancun de Willame.*

[2] *Ib.*, l. 2002.

Li reis le beise sil aset al digner
Quant ad mange sil prist araisuner
Sire Willame cum faitement errez
Ne vus vi mais ben ad set anz passez
Ne sanz bosoig ca sai ne me requerez
Sire dist il ial sauez vus assez
Io aueie espaigne si ben aquitez
Ne cremeie home que de mere fust nez [1]

You know all the rest! Orange gets to be mixed up so impossibly with the Spanish March as to make inextricable confusion, but the original intent of placing the action in the Spanish March is obvious throughout.

My question, therefore, is simple. Has anyone worked out the story on these lines? From the moment that I can fix William in the March, I can manage my historical connections fairly well. Barcelona is an excellent *point d'appui,* which never was the case with Roncevals. Barcelona really had some serious difficulties with the Saracens, which Roncevals and Orange never had. I find it relatively plain sailing on the shores of the Spanish March, which is not the case anywhere else.

Some day, when you are not too busy, will you write me down a reference to any paper or essay on this subject? A single line is enough.

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, 18 February, 1912.

I wonder whether the *Titanic,* on April 20, will suit. I think I shall take rooms on it, by way of venture. I might take the *Olympic* on April 6, but see no necessity for it. After having my nervous system shocked by being turned into the street in Paris,[2] I imagine the world in a great conspiracy to turn me out of everything, and have a nightly nightmare figuring myself ejected from this house. After all, the likelihood of building here, on one side or the other, is greater than in Paris. Either of my neighbors might squeeze me out at a moment's notice, and in that case I should go and never return. In that case, too, I should have to set myself up, on a proper scale, in Paris; and once more tempt fate in its drastic form.

The square is being converted into a hole with sufficient rapidity anyway, and will not be tenable much longer. Meanwhile we drag on.... Elsie has been such a help to me that I seized the opportunity of Cartier's making a show here, in order to order her a diamond neck-ornament, with Looly's aid and advice. It will not be ready till later, but it is at least a duty off my mind. My widows are still my real staff, and both Bessy and Mrs. Keep help me along wonderfully....

---

[1] *La Chancun de Willame,* ll. 2504–11.

[2] The lease of his apartment would expire July 1.

Monday. But at least our winter has let up. We have even got above the freezing point for hours together. Yesterday Sherman Miles came in and chatted an hour with me. He seems to be getting on very nicely indeed, and is much waked up. His venerable papa is as active as possible, but is not quite such a fool as my brother Charles who has gone on riding a skittish horse over icy pavements with zero weather, all winter. He has had my two girls to dinner on separate nights, and was very nicely behaved to them, but it was fun to see the state of mind in which Miss Tone returned after sitting an hour by Gussy Gardner. Charles will get himself blown up yet by a bomb, for he has been attacking the pension business,[1] which, I suppose, includes a bigger lot of scoundrels than the Trades Unions out west where most of the leaders are now indicted for murder. Between the unions, the pensioners and the Jews, we are as good as a conquered people, corvéable at will.

Truly there is a fourth tyrant, — Emily Beale. She is now the reigning empress. I need not say that her brother-in-law [Bakhméteff] has already a long list of personal quarrels to his credit. Before summer, no doubt, we shall have fun. But the State Department is *nul* as far as I can hear, and the Huntington Wilsons are an universal joke. The great Back-stifter will have an easy job.

I am in the dark about Theodore. Apparently Taft will be renominated and, if the Democrats go to pieces, will be reelected. In that case, where will Theodore be at? No one tells me what he means to do. Has he any notion himself?

WASHINGTON, Sunday, 25 February, 1912.

Lower and lower does the worm sink, as he contemplates his progress from day to day, but the particular worm that I am is not at all so low as his friends. You can hardly exaggerate the consternation into which the Roosevelt cohort has been thrown by his actual cavortings now going on, and there is not one of your intimates but is squirming like a skinned eel at the hole into which he has thrown them. All are wondering what he wants them to do, or what he expects of them, while he assures them that he expects nothing, and that they are to go on as they are. Even so clear-headed a man as Root thinks that Theodore has not the Presidency in his mind, but that he aims at a leadership far in the future, as a sort of Moses and Messiah for a vast progressive tide of a rising humanity. Edith is so much disturbed by the 'mess' that she has taken Ethel off to Panama, and today's papers are talking of her engagement to a companion youth on the steamer.

---

[1] A series of articles published in the *World's Work* and reissued in pamphlet form as: *The Civil War Pension Lack-of-System; a four thousand million Record of Legislative Incompetence tending to general Political Corruption.*

If this were all! but we are floating into another 'mess' in Mexico which worries Taft and the Senate exceedingly, and promises years of foreign complications. Everywhere the fabric of society is dissolving so fast that we all gasp. China, Cuba, Turkey, Persia, and England, Germany, the Lord knows who else, while Italy has plunged into war to escape home-politics, and seems to have succeeded. At this rate, we shall have general confusion within the year. Perhaps one might say that we have it already. I can see nothing now. I go about asking what the Jews think, and what they do. They say very little, but they act very cautiously. The stock-market sells and waits.

Monday, 26. Two letters arrive this morning. One is yours about Bennett.[1] The other is Theodore's in the morning papers, announcing his candidacy. By way of preparation for the latter, I sat an hour with Wayne yesterday, who is as rabid about Theodore as Bennett is. He reviewed the situation with his usual lucidity; and I am struck by the novel detail that all of the critics seem now to accept, — or at least, to admit — my old theory that Theodore is insane. I thought so two years ago when he plunged into the campaign, and I think so still. At all events he has broken faith with all of us, his old friends, and has thrown us violently off. I do not know that he has a single backer of serious value. Hitherto his expenses have been paid — Wayne says, — by Munsey,[2] and Crane[3] of Chicago. He must now go on to spend lots of money. I see nothing for him but the asylum. Apparently La Follette[4] has gone before, at least as far as close seclusion.

---

[1] James Gordon Bennett (1841–1918).

[2] Frank Andrew Munsey (1854–1925).

[3] Charles Richard Crane (1858–).

[4] Robert Marion La Follette (1855–1925), whose temporary breakdown in 1912 had important political consequences.

Of course it is all amusing to us people who are practically dead and don't care. I feel the value of having nothing to lose. I am not so easy about the coal-strike and labor troubles in Europe, because they may bother me. I keep my eye fixed on the stock-exchange, and wonder how long I shall have eyes or exchanges. Both are shaky.

3 March, 1912.

All our friends are in real distress. Theodore has put them in a deadly box, and is jumping on them with both feet. Never did I see such maniac doings outside of an asylum, and the most maniacal part of it is that I think him unconscious of what he is about. Edith ran away in advance, with Ethel; young Theodore has run away into Wall Street in shady company; the Douglas Robinsons of course are out of it; Mrs. Cowles is in Michigan bent like a cork-screw with rheumatism; Root and Cabot and all his old friends are thrown away and discarded; Harry White is the only person who is delighted, because he is paying back his debts, and rubbing vitriol into the fresh wounds. Of course the whole strain centers on sister Anne [Lodge], as usual, but you can imagine how it squeezes her all round, for Gussy's [Gardner] seat is in danger, and the danger affects Gussy's heart and temper. Constance [Gardner] and Alice Longworth are in the mess. From Boston I get only ominous silence. They are scared blue. They too have a bad strike.

Wayne says that we shall have Champ Clark[1] for President. Next to him, I should take Woodrow Wilson[2] or Kern[3] of Indiana; but to my mind Bryan is the logical result. I should feel rather a relief if it were only he. Logically we ought to have three candidates: — Taft, Bryan and Roosevelt.

I cannot rid my mind of the idea that Theodore has read my *Life* of Bay and is doing *Herakles*. I can imagine no other explanation. He has risen above these safe human mediocrities. He looks on the insanity-process as a part of the rôle. His first sacrifice is his own family. His friends come next. His followers come last. The asylum is the end....

10 March, 1912.

I wish it were only the weather that is wintry; but I fear that our tempers are worse than the weather. The worst has happened. The

[1] Champ Clark (1850–1921).

[2] Woodrow Wilson (1856–1924).

[3] John Worth Kern (1849–1917).

bitterness between the wings of the Republican Party has become so great as to be irreconcilable. In spite of all the efforts of peacemakers, the split has taken huge proportions and is personal. Harry White made a mild effort on Theodore, and got sharply snubbed. Theodore is furious because the White House and the machine interfere with 'his' campaign. Whatever happens, I conceive that Mr. Champ Clark or Mr. Bryan will be President. The 'progressives' will vote for anybody rather than Taft; the conservatives will let in anybody sooner than Theodore.... No immediate plan of robbery seems in question, and the fact that society has become incapable of managing its own affairs has been evident for many years. Nevertheless, the hatred of Theodore has become as insane as Theodore's own conduct; and the passion of the so-called progressives is red-hot.

18 March, 1912.

Edith Eustis says that the only way to wake up her old father is to say 'Roosevelt' to him, and her sister Helen has to resort to this remedy. 'To think that a daughter of mine, etc., etc.'! On the other hand, Cabot is reduced to gloomy desperation. Of course, Theodore has, deliberately and effectively, cut the throats of Cabot, George Meyer, Stimson,[1] Gussy Gardner and Nick Longworth,[2] with a butcher's knife.

It is a repetition of 1848–1852, and of 1788–1792, a sixty-year cycle.

Sunday, 24 March, 1912.

Cabot and Nanny hopped on to Boston, and in returning, saw Edith and Theodore in New York. Apparently the meeting was as though nothing had happened. Edith has come back from Panama quite well again, and the Napoleon of our small society is in excellent form, but much bigger. Harry White went with the Douglas Robinson's party to hear Theodore's speech and was greatly impressed by his quiet and temperate language and manner. From his enemies, on the contrary, one hears things far from temperate; but I think the bitterness tends to subside as the prospects of Theodore fade away. My own view fades with them. I am wholly at a loss to comprehend what he supposes himself to be driving at; but whatever it is, it seems to be of the school-boy level. He is helping to elect the Speaker, unless everyone here is mistaken; and all my efforts are now directed to finding out what possibilities lie in Champ Clark. Harry White describes him as a man of the old Southern-Statesman class. Rather stiff and awkward, with all the ideas of his kind, and most of the ignorance. I think at once of Andrew Johnson. Champ Clark also used to drink, but is now a total abstainer. We might do worse! I do not know that, as we stand, we can do better. Judging by myself, the weariness of the public with Taft and Theodore and Loeb and the tariff and the trusts, should be mortal; but it is Knox who passes the bounds of the grotesque. Taft has been to me so sore a disappointment that I am willing to let anybody else roll over me, rather than again to trust to friends. This is, I think, the temper of many thousand Republicans.

---

[1] Henry Lewis Stimson (1867–   ), Secretary of War.

[2] Nicholas Longworth (1869–1931) married Alice Lee Roosevelt.

Sunday, 30 March, 1912.

Our excitements have exhausted our nerves. Everything has happened, but we no longer kick on talk. Theodore roars all over the world, but no one cares. Mexico is in howling anarchy at our doors, but no one asks a question. Steamers and railways stop running, but we seem not to care whether we stop too. As far as the horizon is visible, there is not one point of repose all round it; but we are accustomed to being blown up with bombs and blown down by Jews, and blown round by Theodores, and we just blow out our own brains when we can't get it done by somebody else....

Yes, it is true that Bob Bacon will find the old Roosevelt crowd completely massacred by their dear idol. I think our Cabot is the example of completest smashness. You know too well my opinions of Theodore and Cabot, — they date from John Hay's time, ten years ago, — and I've nothing to add to them, except that if Theodore has broken down from mental excitement, Cabot has broken down from mental feebleness. Both are pitiable wrecks. Cabot is just plain feeble, but I am in terror lest Theodore should swamp his fortunes, and leave Edith and Ethel in the street. Morton Prince has taken to studying Theodore, who certainly is a double personality and has a Sally[1] much greater than himself. She has now worked herself up to a personal and vindictive passion for beating Taft, and will stick at nothing to do it. This is *my* view; the others do not share it.[2]

---

[1] A term used, if not invented, by Morton Prince (1854–1929) to denote a 'secondary personality,' belonging to each individual. William McDougall would assume Sally to be a spirit.

[2] 'I take it that Theodore valued himself very seriously as Napoleon at Elba. He had every reason to think that he controlled opinion. You know what my opinion of him has

To Frederick Bliss Luquiens

WASHINGTON, 8 April, 1912.

. . . .

Of course your corrections are all to be noted and adopted if I ever have occasion to use the translation [of *Willame*], but with us outsiders who study things historically and as sequences, our efforts to translate are only meant to give us a little more habit of thinking in the thought of our period. We want to get at the atmosphere of the art, so we translate; but, once we feel at home there, we throw away our scaffolding. I suppose a student of the Beaux Arts would do the same thing if he studied a Gothic Cathedral. He would translate Villard de Honnecourt's[1] note-book, but only to understand his methods. He would have no use afterwards for his translation.

My problem is one of pure history. Fifty years ago, when the two Paris[2] ruled over mediaeval poetry, we supposed that the history was settled forever. We went innocently on with our teaching, as though we knew something about the subject which our scholars must accept on our words. About twenty years ago, another set of men turn up who prove to us that we were more ignorant and incompetent than usual. Whatever new blunders these new men may make, the fact remains that they have left us old ones not a leg to stand on. Somehow or other we have got to get ourselves out of the scrape, and the more one studies, the more clearly one sees that the choice of paths is small.

The worst of it is that, as historians, we have wholly lost confidence in our own school. Their blunders disgrace our generation. I am overwhelmed with astonishment to see how futile and feeble our critical faculty was, and how idiotically we took it. Truly, epithets are hardly strong enough to express our ignorant self-satisfaction and mental torpor. Nor are we any better now. In vain I look about

always been. That is beside the question. I am therefore the more interested at seeing that the public shows no kind of interest in his ideas. With its usual bread-and-butter instinct, the public cares only for the tariff which is in fact the root of the situation. I cannot see that anything has changed. More people, more noise. Down with the tariff! They will soon strike a snag there! Lord, how I would like to join them in downing the tariff if I dared, and how quick our Theodore would drop his judges if he dared be honest for once, and strike at the laboring man.

'No human being cares a damn about the judges or anything else but their plunder.' — To Brooks Adams, 10 April, 1912.

[1] Architect of the thirteenth century.

[2] Alexis Paulin Paris (1800–1881) and his son Bruno Paulin Gaston Paris (1839–1903).

for a competent historical student. Becker[1] and Bédier are well enough for destructive criticism, but for anything constructive they are weaker than Gaston Paris. What is worse, within fifty years, the whole German criticism, which used to be honest, has been distracted by the passion for turning history into Germany, until now even the geologists and archaeologists twist the whole evolution of the universe into a German motive. As for mediaevalism they were always quite mad, but not ever quite so mad as Suchier[2] is now. The picture, seen from the historical point of view, is exceedingly pitiable to a man who remembers what was hoped and believed in 1850.

Properly I am out of it, and have no right to find fault. What does it matter, in fact, to me? Yet I have seen our University system grow in bulk to dinosaurian dimensions since I belonged to it, and I cannot see anything come from it, in my branch — history, — that is not in quality, equal to what it was in its childhood. So I am tormented by the idea that I may be permitted to bore you by questions.

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, 11 April, 1912.

. . . .

I thought the world was beginning to settle down, but it seems to be simmering away as usual. Everybody here is upset by Theodore's unexpected triumph in Illinois. No one can explain it, and I think no one expected it. I am tired of being always mistaken, and I am glad to run away, and make no more prophecies; but the Democrats seem to be very confident that they are now fairly sure of nominating and electing Champ Clark. It is a pretty extreme remedy for our angel Taft, but I have no more feelings to be hurt.

After all, I do not think that Lloyd George and Asquith do much better. Of course everybody has grievances, and everybody admits it, but we cannot seem to agree even on a tariff.

Tomorrow the Bryces come to their annual dinner. I have Root and the Wendell Holmes's and Margaretta [MacVeagh] and Elsie, for them. I am returning to intimacy with Wayne, who astonished me by again coming in yesterday afternoon. He loathes everybody, and especially Theodore, and as I always try to agree with everyone, I suit. The winter has been nul for me. I've lost hope of competing with Theodore for the admiration of the West, — or even of the East.

[1] Philipp August Becker.

[2] Hermann Suchier (1848–1914).

Naturally no one reads anything I ever wrote, — no one ever did, — but I do not hear that they read anyone else. One is not soured by jealousy. My rival Academicians are running into the dregs.

Yet on the whole I rather think I have seen more people this winter than usual. My house has been steadily full, and my table occupied, but not by men or by intellectuals. It is a mild little life. I look with marvel at my brother Charles, who entertains and goes about, but who endures bores to an extent that seems to be suicidal to me.

Well! it is all up. A week from today I go on to New York and hope to board the *Titanic* a week from Saturday. Mrs. Keep starts sooner. A lot of belated tourists are off for Panama. Sherman Miles sails a week later for Tripoli. The Herricks[1] and Edwin Morgan are also on their way, but they have had their notice to quit, and all are ready to scamper home on March 4. The old rubbish of the Republican Party will then disappear forever, I suppose, as usual.[2]

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 12 April, 1912.

. . . .

As for what I call *here*, he [Bryce] will be likely to find little of it a year hence. Our venerable Republican Party is just his age, and can't last much longer. I expect to bid it good-bye next winter, and I've seen at least four such mortuary events without tears. Many and many a political idiot have I known in my life, but never so fat a one, and so school-boyish as my friend Taft, — except his Cabinet. They've made me very — very — very nauseous.

Yet everybody is very kind, and I live in a sort of medicated cotton, carefully protected from pin-pricks and aches. Doctors stick things into my eyes, and rub me down like a training horse. My senses have mostly stopped working, but I go through the forms all the same. By the bye, I hardly think my *Education* is fit for any public. It is only proof-sheets, full of errors, and I've not given it to any library here. The more I watch the coming public the more likely I think it that the public of fifty years hence will be something quite different from the past, and that we need not want to please it, for it will not want to please us. Burn up the volumes when you are done with them!

---

[1] Myron Timothy Herrick (1854–1929) who had just been confirmed as United States Ambassador to France, and his wife, Carolyn M. Parmely (*d.* 1918).

[2] 'Just one line to say that, while I sympathise with your sense of solitude in your field of teaching, I can so far offer you encouragement as to say that I have gone on teaching for a small matter of fifty years more or less, and have never yet found any sympathy anywhere, or encouragement from anybody, in any of my numerous experiments, and I greatly doubt whether any other teacher has done better. There is, in our modern society, a singular want of solidarity, — a lack of purpose and direction, — which you and I are not responsible for, and cannot counteract. We are not the only victims.' — To Frederick Bliss Luquiens, 11 April, 1912.

My real comfort in life has been my volume on *Chartres*. I've had to reprint that, to supply the demands of my friends. Think! I've given away 150 copies! There's triumph!

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, 16 April, 1912.

Saturday evening will be a date in history.[1] In half an hour, just in a summer sea, were wrecked the *Titanic*; President Taft; the Republican Party, Boies Penrose,[2] and I. We all foundered and disappeared. Old and sinful as I am, I turn green and sick when I think of it.

I do not know whether Taft or the *Titanic* is likely to be the furthest-reaching disaster. The foundering of the *Titanic* is serious, and strikes at confidence in our mechanical success; but the foundering of the Republican Party destroys confidence in our political system. We've nothing to fall back upon.

In a work which you never heard of, called the *Education of Henry Adams*, I figured on the values of society, and brought out my date of stoppage, — did I not, — at 1917. I feel today as though I were shaving it close. The confusion and consternation here are startling. If it were a question only of a Democratic administration, they were resigned to that, but no one now knows whether the people want representative government at all. They seem to want an Athenian democracy without representation. Last night the Lodges came to dinner; Jack White and a young Biddle came; Bessy brought Langdon Mitchell later. I listened to the talk. Mrs. Keep had already repeated to me the talk of Crane. Much was quoted from the talk elsewhere, among the parties. Through the chaos I seemed to be watching the *Titanic* foundering in a shoreless ocean.

By my blessed Virgin, it is awful! This *Titanic* blow shatters one's nerves. We can't grapple it. Taft, *Titanic*! *Titanic*, Taft! and Boies Penrose! and I! Where does this thing end!

---

[1] The *Titanic* collided with an iceberg and sank on Sunday, 14 April, 1912, on her maiden voyage from Liverpool to New York.

[2] Boies Penrose (1860–1921), at this time attacked by Hearst and Roosevelt on campaign contributions.

And my apartment! I shall not get to Paris before May 10, which gives me six weeks to move. Can I do it! If not, what? Poor Mabel La Farge is struggling with the same conundrum with four boys on top.

I've shifted my passage to the *Olympic* on May 4. Of course, the *Olympic* has a bad record; but nerves are now so shaken that no ship seems safe, and if I am wrecked, I might as well go under.

Edith Eustis has just been in, naturally upset, but telling me of a dinner she had last night, where the admirals derided the possibility of such a disaster, and said it would upset the navy if true.

And Mexico down in the cellar!

Can't you imagine how happy I am! and your heart would glow over the gloom of my brother Brooks. We have all got a delightful shudder on us. We all squawk like guinea-hens! Isn't it gaudy! Telegraph at my expense if you see light.

WASHINGTON, 21 April, 1912.

No doubt you have been imagining how grim and ghastly this last week has been among us here. Even my poor old memory cannot at once supply a worse, since the great defeats of the Civil War. The strain gets on my nervous system, and gives me dyspepsia. Only in history as a fairy tale, does one like to see civilisations founder, and to hear the cries of the drowning. My sole compensation is denied me. I can't even tell them: — 'I told you so!' The sum and triumph of civilisation, guaranteed to be safe and perfect, our greatest achievement, sinks at a touch, and drowns us, while nature jeers at us for our folly. I said it all, seven years ago, in my *Education*, and nature has beaten me by fifteen years on my mathematics.

Most curious is the supplementary foundering of the Republican Party, which everyone has forgotten. Politically we are drifting at sea, in the ice, and can't get ashore. No one can guess what is ahead, but it can hardly be anything good. Our dear Theodore is not a bird of happy omen. He loves to destroy.

Just to show that, for once, I am not exaggerating, I enclose a caricature from this morning's *Sun*. You will notice that it does not include the shipwreck of the Republican Party and the political system, which to me is the worst. Anyway, that's me!

I find it impossible to shake off this nightmare, largely because everyone else talks about it. I am bothered, too, by the possible difficulties of sailing. I sent you a telegram to let you know my arrangement for May 4; but one's confidence is shaken, and I worry more and more about that apartment.

Naturally, having closed all my shop, I sit here now, with my hands empty, waiting. The little crowd about me buzzes as usual. The Harry Whites took lunch here yesterday, and slept in their new house last night. Bessy Lodge and Margaretta dined here last night and drove me insane by repeating the stories of the wreck. The John Boits dine here tonight. Florence Keep has gone. I avoid the Lodges, who are dangerously nervous. All their most hedge-hog sensibilities are acute. Any chance word might provoke an explosion. My brother Charles is as low as I am, especially on account of Frank Millet.[1] Poor Elsie comes down faithfully to help me along, but she too is depressed. Very little more, and we should all be as hysterical as the newspapers. My one consolation is to have stopped reading them. They are the worst calamity of all....

[1] Lost on the *Titanic*.

XXXI

SOUTH LINCOLN

1912

On the night of Wednesday, April 24, while dining alone, Henry Adams fell to the floor from the effects of a 'slight stroke.' He had intended to sail for Europe on the *Titanic* on her return voyage, and had been much shaken by her disaster. He remained in Washington until Sunday, June 16, when he was taken in a special car to a cottage on his brother Charles' country place. There he remained, slowly recovering, until the last day of October, when he returned to Washington. His first known letter from Lincoln, of course dictated, was that dated July 15, to Professor Raymond Weeks.

To Raymond Weeks

[Dictated]

South Lincoln, Mass., July 15, 1912.

I have been shamefully long in answering your letter of June 9th; but, as it happened, not long after I wrote to you I was seized by a sudden and unexpected attack of some complaint which put me off my head for a month or more, and, I fear, has put an end for all time to any serious study, either of the French literature of the eleventh century, or any other. If I ever can resume it I shall be very grateful. But just now my books and papers are all laid aside and locked up, with every prospect of never being opened again.

Under these circumstances, my inquiry to you was hardly worth the trouble of your long and learned and interesting answer. I had made a number of notes and abstracts, with the intention of working out for my own satisfaction a theory of mine as to the origin and development of the *Chansons*, and their relative age. My theory at all events had the merit of being exceedingly simple, and not at all new. Therefore, it will not be a loss to the world. The only emendation that I was obliged to make, and without which my theory would not work at all, was in maintaining that the word 'Orange' in connection with Barcelona was a substitution in the early part of the twelfth century,

— about 1120 — for one of the castles in the Spanish March, which could not have been far from Barcelona; and any critic could, almost at will, select whatever name will suit the verse. This assumption, which I acknowledge is perfectly arbitrary, seems to me inevitable in whatever way we look at it, and I understand that it is yours as well as mine.

I too had planned a trip to Catalonia and the Spanish March for this year, but am now obliged to give it up. I can imagine your difficulties because they are mostly those of my professorial friends in general; but when they go to Europe they go there on some mission at the expense of some of the universities or libraries or government bodies, who now make so many investigations for what they are pleased to call original documents, and which are not half so interesting as poetry. It seems to me that we ought to be able to get up a sum of money to carry on researches of our kind without any very great extravagance; and although I am not able to do anything to help it, and not near enough to New York to be able to lend a hand, I should be very happy to join with any gentlemen who are disposed to help in enabling you to go to Barcelona and follow up this study. After all, it is next in interest, in my mind, to the origin of the Homeric poems, and I do not see that we could spend our money better than in giving to Mr. Carnegie the honor of discovering where the original *Chansons* came from, and why they were written, and when they first appeared. I think that we are now within reasonable reach of at least a theory on the subject which will hold water to a certain extent; and it would be as great a credit as American scholarship could win, — always supposing that American scholarship wants to win credit. If it does, I shall be happy to help.

Meanwhile, I should be delighted to subscribe for your *History of French Literature*, if you will order the printer or publisher to send me a copy.

To Cecil Spring Rice

SOUTH LINCOLN, MASS., July 27, 1912.

Your letter of the 11th aroused the most grateful emotions in my mind. I had not heard from you for years, and was consumed with desire to know how you were getting along among the Swedes. If you have survived the games,[1] you must be fairly well. I have not had any games to survive, and I am fairly on the road to dissolution, but shall still hope somewhere, somehow, to see you again. I do not know whether you would like it in this country where you were formally so ornamental; but, like most elderly gentlemen who have not any offices, I like it very little.

---

[1] The fifth revival of the Olympic games was held at Stockholm, July 5–16.

As you probably see in the newspapers, your old friend, Theodore, has dropped us all, and has gone in pirating on his own account. I should be delighted to have him President again, but he did not ask me my opinion, and he is not likely to get it. Unlikely as it seems, I should not be surprised if, after all, he won the election. It depends, much more upon Mr. Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic candidate, than it does on him. No one knows what Mr. Wilson might or might not do, and it is perfectly possible that all the parties between now and November may go to pieces. In that case, Theodore would be pretty surely the one to survive. We know all that is to be said against him, but we know very little about Mr. Woodrow Wilson, and altogether too much about President Taft. I am afraid that if you were here, you would be apt to take sides and be very much against everybody. I am very much in favor of them all, and really don't think it matters a great deal which succeeds. This is the only affair that seems to have interested us in America, unless it is the tolls of the Panama Canal, which are stupid enough.[1]

I was fool enough to have something the matter with me which the doctors refused to explain, and sometime in the month of April I broke down literally, by falling on the floor and being totally unable to get up again for six weeks. When I did get up they brought me on here — a place which I had never seen before — and have proceeded to rub me, and pound me, and make me generally exceedingly uncomfortable, with the idea that I was going to be quite well again. Of course I am not such a fool as to believe that; but at all events I think I rather enjoy a truncated universe better than I do a complete one; and as long as the warm weather lasts I am very well in this country, which is just the counterpart of that which you describe at Stockholm. We are surrounded by a glacial wreck. I should say that the glaciation was also here from North-Northwest to South-Southeast, and that it went straight on, over hill and valley, like yours until it sank under the water. I don't know how thick your ice was, but ours must have been several thousand feet, and cleaned off the entire country so as to leave not a trace of any preceding period. Your people say that it must have been eight thousand years before the ice returned to its present limit. Our people tell us that the ice here returned to its present limit about eight thousand years ago; and if you want to know what state the country was left in you had better come here and look at it. We have no bronze men in this part of the country, and no artists; but over in France I have got some delightful inter-glacial men, who decorated caverns for me and carved all sorts of instruments with decoration which really is better than they have ever succeeded in doing since. It is one of my great disappointments that I was prevented from going to Europe this summer, because I meant to go down to see my caves at Dordogne. If my health is good natured enough to let me ever recover my strength, I mean still to go down and see my caves in the south of France, in the company of Henri Hubert, who is the swell who takes care of the museum at Saint Germain. We had the superiority over your Swedish people that we did not have gold or silver or any other metal at all, but we worked our own elephant horn, and especially our reindeer horn, as you might do still if you were only equal to them. That is all we have to show, and I confess I think it rather a small crop. But if ever you come within reach of me I won't forgive you if you don't let me know. . . .[1]

---

[1] To this point the letter was printed in Gwynn, *The Letters and Friendships of Sir Cecil Spring Rice,* II. 168.

To Mrs. Ronald Lindsay

SOUTH LINCOLN, 25 August, 1912.

. . . .

No news of any sort reaches me, even in the newspapers, except about murderers and policemen and Theodore Roosevelt. Theodore is an amoosin cuss, and keeps us engaged in warm water, but, just at present his chances of being elected are not very brilliant, at least to an ignorant old man without friends. We are trying to make our so-called minds up to Mr. Woodrow Wilson, who is to me the worst gamble of all. I cannot guess what sort of a President he would make, and am quite curious to see whom he can turn into a Secretary of State. He cannot find another so unfit as Mr. Knox, but if he chooses Mr. Bryan, or any of the other Democratic statesmen, he will make lots of fun for the diplomates. Your dear brother Chandler [Hale] will go, in any case, I suppose, back to private life, but whether his successor will be a handsomer man, I cannot surely say. If you get rid of the present lot, it is all we can honestly pray for, and the Right Hon. James Bryce is a good match even for them. The Secretary improves his mind by travel to Japan, the Ambassador completes his education in Australia; and both of them are successfully striving to bury me. I mean to dance on their official graves yet.

---

[1] Rice replied August 30, 1912, printed in Gwynn, II. 168.

'The summer is ending, and I have got through two months of cure. As yet I am not quite dead. A few people have passed but I have not suffered from excitement. Nor have I heard so much as a word about public affairs. My own interest in them has not grown; but I notice with a certain curiosity that all three candidates seem to be slowly cornered into making the tariff their ring. Theodore has struggled desperately against it, but has steadily yielded, and as there is no subject in which he appears to less advantage, I rather incline to think that he is losing his chosen ground, and is being driven onto that of his enemies. The great moral uplift is not to be got out of his tariff doctrine.' — To Brooks Adams, 16 August, 1912.

Never did I see an administration end and a party bundled out of power, with more indifference all round. No one seems to care. I should say that the whole of society was bored with money and murder. I cannot see that they are much shocked.

You know how I have talked ever since you can remember to have heard anything at all. Now every rotten newspaper talks the same way, but no one seems worried. As I've said my own say, long ago, I can afford to grin and hold my tongue, but if ever you have to dance in the quadrille, you can remember my music....

To Elizabeth Cameron

Wednesday [August 27, 1912].

I saw Cabot's Memoir,[1] or rather I had a part of it read to me. Is it a Farewell, as with most of us? I am glad you have your cold roastvelt in another form. Really we are a little tired of ours. To be sure, I am tired of everything except the crick in my neck and legs, which is really amusing, but this election is not serious. I want to quit.

To Mrs. Henry White

BIRNAM WOOD, SOUTH LINCOLN, MASS., 31 August, 1912.

. . . .

As for my poor self, I have little more to tell than half of what your husband took away, but half will do. I suppose it will do to get me back to Washington, too, which is as far as I can see at present. I am kept hard at work, writing, walking, dumb-belling, tubbing, electrifying and generally worrying myself into an imitation of good behavior, but except this, I do nothing, and enjoy the profession of invalid.

---

[1] Lodge's 'Some Early Memories' appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* in 1912 and collected in a volume, *Early Memories*, in 1913.

Yesterday the Lodges drove over from Nahant and sat an hour; and the Cryders[1] from Paris and Newport passed the night *chez ma belle soeur* and told about the Vanderbilt ball. This is the very top of the summer tide, but has brought out only an avalanche of criticism from the world which the ball was invented to amuse. It is so very easy to criticise balls and their givers that I won't do it, since fifty people will do it for me. The Vanderbilt ball, like to Whitelaw Reid's Connaught visit, was only an assertion of social supremacy, I suppose, and we, as royal subjects, are bound to receive it with proper deference. I welcome it with much greater pleasure than some other assertions of the day. There was nothing objectionable about it that I know of.

I would much like a little talk with your husband about other matters, as for instance the President's Minute on the Panama Canal Act.[2] I am at a loss to understand who is to be cheated there, and how. I cannot see how any foreign country loses by our giving this big bounty to our coasting-trade, but I do seem to see that the Democrats have become more extravagant protectionists than the Republicans. Such a grant of public money to private enterprise we have seldom seen. Ask your husband to be ready to explain it all to me.

Also ask him to keep me well posted as to our Theodore's moral uplift. As the campaign goes on I hear very little about moral uplifts, and I would like to hear more. Just now, the campaign is singularly dirty, with a very unpleasant note of cant and falsity about it all. No one dares tell the truth about the Custom House, or the New York Police. Formerly we frankly robbed, and made no concealment of it. Now, we all rob, but we profess to reform....

To Elizabeth Cameron

[SOUTH LINCOLN, MASS.], Friday, 13 September, 1912.

Yours of the 10th arrived duly, and I take a shot at you on the chance. Of course I am sorry to have you go, but I am much more concerned about the winter and spring. I can get on well here, so long as I am a summer invalid, but if I am sent off to Europe on the idea that I am well, the deuce knows how I am to work it. I must have relays of support everywhere. My main hope is that you should be in Rome, and I shall want constant news about your movements, but whether I can myself get to Rome is another matter. Yesterday I walked two hours and a half; — but what then! The day before I went to Danvers to the Endicotts' tea-party, but only to find all my old acquaintances as old and more senile than myself. That is no help!

---

[1] Duncan and Elizabeth (Ogden) Cryder.

[2] On the question of tolls on foreign shipping passing through the Canal, against which the British Government had protested.

Luckily the weather is perfect, and I steadily gain strength. I am now entering my last summer month, and we are all beginning to look to flight. I was almost affected by Emily Beale's death. Those years 1880–1885, when she and you were so much, and so young, and so bright, were my last of life, when I loved and hated, and the world was real. Emily was good fun, and I never found fault with her tongue....

I can get no one to tell me about politics. While the grimmest accounts come from England about the day of judgment, no one lisps here. I still see our Theodore, as before, in the guise of a rather droll Napoleon, who thinks that laws are not made for him, and that he is above obligations or friendships; but I also feel a mild curiosity to see where he ends; for even his friend Napoleon brought up in a mud pond. Without soldiers, Napoleons are ridiculous. A century hence, perhaps. Yet Andrew Jackson made more success near a hundred years ago. Ask your husband what he thinks of it. Give him my regards; tell him that I am a dead duck, but still quack questions and want to know.... Somewhere I hope to find company for my voyage, but it is still only hope.

Dr. Worcester [1] is plotting to send Elsie over, in charge of me. She has got into the habit, and would do it with stern determination. I will put her in power if she will.

This afternoon we are going over to Dedham to see my sister.[2] I am closing up the family account. We are drefful old and wrinkled, and *such* bores!

To Cecil Spring Rice [3]

[SOUTH LINCOLN], September 20, 1912.

Mrs. Cameron sailed to-day to rejoin another of her invalids, Martha, to wit — and leaving Don younger than ever. As for me, I am a ridiculous old imbecile, hardly vigorous enough to be a paralytic; but for want of a proper hospital I may have to sail myself next winter to visit my thirty-thousand-year-old infant in the south of France. In solemn secrecy I admit, too, that the twentieth century bores me. I do not complain that you find it interesting! Oh no! Go your ways gentle shepherd, and be happy! Only to me is my dear Theodore a bore — and others. They are all bores, every one, and their so-called ideas are worse, and their acts worst of all.

---

[1] Alfred Worcester (1855–).

[2] Mary, wife of Henry Parker Quincy.

[3] Printed in Gwynn, *The Letters and Friendships of Sir Cecil Spring Rice*, II. 171.

But on this matter I have said enough, and read enough, and used profanity enough to be merciful. Perhaps, after all, bores have lived before. Perhaps the real doubt is whether anybody except a lunatic ever lived who was not a bore. Plato must have been crushing. What can be said for Marcus Aurelius or the infinite Kant? I do not know. I can but speak for myself and the less said on that score the better.

I am an outsider here and sure to be mistaken, but I much fear that our dear Theodore is a dead cock in the pit. Everyone tells me that all interest in him or the election has passed. Now Woodrow Wilson is President till next advices. If anyone asks you about him you are safe in saying that Mr. Wilson is a College Professor. I cannot write a paper to show that a Professor is by essence incapable of acting with other men.

My instinct leads me to smile on Mr. Wilson, and go on smiling, and have as little to do with him as possible. Yet I am all agog to know whom he can make his Secretary of State. He can hardly be so grotesquely imbecile as Mr. Taft and Mr. Knox, but he may be as incapable in another way.

On the whole, the alarming ferment of a year ago seems subsiding. People are busy making money. People who are busy in that way will perhaps cheat more or less, but they will not fight, unless they have a great chance at a big theft. At present we have none in sight.

It is all very flat, and it may go on for ten thousand years, but I think not. To me the mental exhaustion is evident. Indeed, here it is itself exhausting. I see not a trace of mental vigour. Our literature is *nil*. Our Universities are unconsciously dull — and, oh, so well-intentioned! Only our medical men and sanitarians and experimenters on processes, delude with the idea of mental activity.

It is a happy world, and shows its joy in life by grumbling. To-day's Boston newspaper, twelve pages, contained not one allusion or item regarding the world outside. Possibly the money articles may have quoted some prices, but no more.

To Sir Ronald Lindsay

SOUTH LINCOLN, 28 September, 1912.

About January I expect to get on a steamer and go somewhere, and wander; but I do not know. You are all devilish queer in Europe, and it is doubtful whether your society is sane enough to live long. I'll write to Roosevelt and Taft to ask them to go with me. If not, the best I can do is to go to Panama, and see whether the rates are high enough, because, if they're not, I can easily raise the duties. As I am a Democratic free-trade administration, I will double up the Republican tariff at once, or anything else to please you fellows.

Nothing will please you, — of course not, — but I will show my good will. When we want to do that, we always double up the duties. ... I know less of the President-elect Woodrow Wilson, but I apprehend that he will quarrel with everybody at once, and especially with his friends, if he has any. I know of none, but then I know of none in Theodore's crowd. Not one of his old group is now with him. Mostly all of them regard him as lunatic. All medical men are quite clear about it. The belief that he should be shut up is general, and accounts chiefly for his political solitude. My own opinion has long been that way, as you know; but I don't see that he is much more mad than most of your statesmen. Indeed I should put him well within the line....

To Elizabeth Cameron

[SOUTH LINCOLN], Sunday, 6 October, 1912.

. . . .

A glorious autumn has followed our perfect summer, dry as tinder and dusty as France, but raving with color. It is curious that such a colorless society should grow in such a flamboyant atmosphere. Every twig, every leaf, every surface and every line, is quite squirming with such beauty as we wretched inhabitants can't even see till we get so old that we can't see anything else. I wander about, pondering over my miserable blindness.

Meanwhile do I get well, or not? I don't know. In some ways I am better. In others I doubt. My worst trouble seems to me to be aphasia, or whatever it is that upsets the tongue and this is two or three years ago in its first appearance. My so-called paralysis slowly retreats into its defences, and becomes rheumatic. I am sure that any day it may jump on me like a cat. Ought I to go to Europe next winter? I keep up the talk about it, so as to present the look of life, but I doubt and I am all ready to stop.

Monday. We drove to Brookline yesterday afternoon to call on Mrs. Gardner. The place was lovely in the evening light. Mrs. Gardner and I are just the same age, and she is wonderfully old and wrinkled, far beyond me, but in movement and energy she knocks me silly. Of all our old set, — Henry Higginson, brother Charles and the rest, — she is far the youngest and spryest, but a wrinkled old fairy all the same. We had nothing much to say to each other, and especially because we are all tired of Theodore and politics. The betting is three to one on Wilson, and only Harry White is ever hopeful of his Theodore; whereas I ask only when we shall have him shut up; but either way he is a chewed-up cud, and there is no other excitement. The war in Turkey seems here to be regarded as a far-away fight that concerns us in no way. We are in such infinite remoteness from the world!

Yet Mrs. Gardner had her circle of callers numerous enough to keep us at a little distance, and to prevent me from asking what news there might be, so I drove home uninstructed. . . .[1]

[1] He left South Lincoln on October 31 and was in Washington November 1, having made the journey without discomfort.

XXXII

WASHINGTON

1912–1913

To Charles Francis Adams

WASHINGTON, 7 November, 1912.

Thanks for your letter which is a turning back to our youth quite in the spirit of love and bounty. I am grateful for your care and shelter these six months past. At least you have enabled me to close up some old chapters that needed it. If I bury the Turks and my dear Theodore in a common grave, I shall find myself quite at home when I step into it myself.

On that point, as you know, I have no illusions. I accepted my notice to quit in full consciousness of its bearing, and, between ourselves, with a breath of relief. My return here, and the changes ahead, smooth the way. My general decline in vigor and endurance notifies me that a few months at most are all I have or want. But I've got to go on as though I could see ahead, and everyone will have to lend themselves to the game. It will not be easy, but I will be as docile as I can.

I hope you will come on here as soon as you can for my own sake as well as for yours. Though Lincoln is physically better for us all, we are apt to feel the moral depression of winter, and here the bumps are a little softer. Not that they are any too damn soft.

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, 25 November, 1912.

Everybody here seems to have made a horrible muddle of it. I don't see why it was necessary, but a man who could in cold blood, saddle himself with Knox, and Frank MacVeagh and Ballinger and Dickinson, and Loeb and the New York Custom House, and so many other contradictory and senseless men and measures, could not expect support. Everyone turned on him. So the wretched Woodrow Wilson has got the mess to brew, and our noble Theodore is licking his chops at the thought of 1916. Taft and his crowd deserved it all, but was there ever such intolerable fat-boy statesmanship.

December 17, 1912.

With Miss Tone[1] I am full, and very gay. We are frantically deep in our thirteenth-century poetry and music. Miss Tone never was so worked, and we are going to Paris to get her a *jongleur* costume, to sing Nicolette. She is as deep in it as I, and I, vastly to my surprise, find myself a leader of a popular movement, with my *Chartres* for Evangel, and Ralph Adams Cram for St. John Baptist. They will beatify me after all.[2]

To Cecil Spring Rice[3]

[WASHINGTON], January 22, 1913.

Your letter[4] has slept a month at Lincoln, I conceive, for it got here only yesterday, and all this time I have been saying that certainly I would write to my beloved to-morrow as soon as I could meet someone who knew something. Alas, I knew well that in my whole lifetime only three or four men have lived who knew anything worth knowing, and these all died without knowing me, so that I can never know anything worth knowing, which is sad; but I did strike Jimmy Bryce and Mrs. Bryce, who bewildered me by saying they should stay till the Panama matter was settled. You know my paralytic stroke last spring left me dotty — ga-ga — idiotic — and I babbled with more than paralysis. Wait for Panama! The man's a squeaking loon. It can't be. Does he write rot like that to his Government? Then his Government is a hospital for feeble-minded! I've long said it was coming — (see my *Letter to Teachers*) but I could not guess that it was all over us like this. Yet I've had Jimmy before me for fifty years! I've known him well — others, too — and I ought to have been prepared.

So I sat down and wept long. This glorious universe, — this noble creature man — this wonderful pig-sty of a civilisation — all suddenly babbling of Panama! Nay, mother, but it *is!* Don't make excuses, or you are another.

Well! I didn't write. I said that if all were idiots, Springy was one also, and it was no use to tell him so. In fact, I have told him so very often, and it never did any good. Only, I am [was?] going to Europe in January, and put it off to see Sir Cecil Spring Rice, K.G., and so on, and now I am sailing on March 28 and this time I go. Not all the James Bryces that bloom in the spring will stop me — not all the springs — not all the Panamas — but the grave yawns for you others.

---

[1] Aileen Tone.

[2] Letters to Spring Rice, dated 22 January, and 4 March, 1913, are in Gwynn, *Letters and Friendships of Sir Cecil Spring Rice*, II. 182, 184.

[3] Printed in Gwynn, *The Letters and Friendships of Sir Cecil Spring Rice*, II. 182.

[4] Dated December 15, 1912, in *Ib.*, II. 180.

Gibbering thus in the grasp of idiocy, I have only time to point out that you are on the whole well out of it. Taft is as feeble-minded as you are and you could get only bad words from him. What Woodrow Wilson is, no one knows, but I would keep as far as possible out of his way. Ask nothing, concede everything — let his sweet Democrats cheat themselves and you, all they like. They don't know enough to hurt anyone but themselves.[1]

So, if possible, since you can't get here by the 4th March, wait as long as you can. You'll be out of mischief at least. Europe seems to be as safe as any place — granting that any place is safe. Wise men go there sometimes — when they have to run away.[2]

To Charles Francis Adams

WASHINGTON, 7 February, 1913.

I should like nothing better than to accept your invitation, but what you call my general rule is unfortunately not a thing that I dare make exceptions to. When I call myself so freely a senile paralytic, I mention an uncommonly serious fact, which other people can ignore but I can't. The joke is a good one, but for me it has practical force. I always hated to play a conspicuous part before the public, but I particularly object to imitating our grandfather either in public or private, and my sensations warn me that I am very particularly liable to be *encore* to him, and at no very distant date. The doctors say not, but I have private views on doctors as well as on dinners. I prefer not to expose your dinner-table to the risk, or my historical *confrères* to the spectacle.

Please remember me to them most kindly and assure them that nothing but their welfare keeps me at home.

---

[1] 'The administration is going out in a long growl of disgust and — I judge — contempt. The new one is coming in, without a friend or a supporter. Mr. W. Wilson is loathed in advance by everyone within my circuit, Democrat or Republican. But say it's me! I liked Taft and yet now I own up that I was totally wrong. There I are!' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 28 January, 1913.

[2] Rice's reply is in Gwynn, II. 183.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 5 March, 1913.

. . . .

Dear old Bryce hangs on, and leaves Spring Rice dangling on a strap indefinitely till death do them part. As far as I can see Bryce has made it impossible for his successor to succeed. He thinks he may go home round the world by July. I do not at all know what keeps him, or who is going to be hurt by his canal-tolls or why he expects to do any better; but perhaps he knows — though I don't believe it.

We got a new government here yesterday. Many people think it inferior to the old one. Perhaps it is, but my poor friend Taft was the most incompetent President of my experience, and if Mr. W. J. Bryan is more grotesque than Mr. Philander Knox, he's a roarer.

Your view of your own government may be correct or not, for I refuse nowadays to express an opinion on any subject; but after all, these governments merely reflect the majority of society, and we know pretty well what intellectual stage that is. We started to straddle an upper-middle-class. Matt Arnold and others told us what that was. It very rapidly broke down, and dropped us in the dust. The lower-middle-class then took its place, and naturally left us on our backs. I take it that you are now beyond any middle class, and are being run by the laboring class, or something near it. As for me, I am very near the next world, and really don't care. What does it matter to us? We have done with it, good or bad, and have had all we can take. There is no such thing — I am confident, — as real consequence in history. The generations are actually separate and unconnected. Mine is the twelfth century. Richard's Prison Song is now my delight. I've got the music from the MSS. at Paris, and we find endless interest in it, as in our twelfth-century glass.[1] All this summer I expect to pursue it.

I have had an uncommonly bright, pleasant winter, and am deadly sorry it is over. At intervals I think of fifty years ago, with vast relief that 1862 is far over. It was a weird time. I turn green when I think of it.

The Lord knows whether my health is better or worse. My own opinions change ten times a day. Love to your wife.

---

[1] See letters to Frederick Bliss Luquiens, December, 1912–December, 1914, on his discoveries in this early French music, in *Yale Review*, N.S. x. 126–128.

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, 10 March, 1913.

. . . .

Mrs. Leiter died, as you must have seen. She was lucky in getting away so easily, but she carries off one of our landmarks. With her has gone the whole bunch of Taft people and nearly all the old politicians. How long is it since you'uns dropped out? Three senatorial terms? Think of that! 1897–1913. Even if you had stayed, you would have been dropped out. Poor Wayne is a melancholy figure, still secretly consorting with newspaper men and socialists. The world is grimy and cheap, and has got loads too heavy.

Of course I am, and have always been, in a dead funk about Europe because I cannot see the possibility of a settlement. When all the Europeans are scared blue, I don't know enough to be cold; but we are going to sail on the 27th and trust to blind luck. . . .

March 11. Harry White came in yesterday afternoon, for the first time in a long while, with his usual bag of gossip, but nothing serious. He is above such trifles as wars, but was greatly amused by a call he had made on the new Secretary of State [Bryan] who was quite genial and most cordial. We know as little about the new appointments as you do, but you will know all before this letter arrives. As for me, I still go on preparing to leave here on March 25 but I never felt so utterly adrift.[1] The world or I may end tonight or any other night, and I don't know what I can do about it. Supposing we do end, what do you think I ought to do about it? Have I left everything undone?

Well! we are all very peaceful now, and out of office. Our songs are lovely.

---

[1] He was to sail March 27 on *La France.* Arriving in Paris April 2 he went to the apartment 53 Avenue Montaigne, removing early in May to 5 Square du Bois de Boulogne and later to 6 of the same Square. July 10 he is again on Avenue Montaigne.

XXXIII

PARIS, MARIVAULT

1913

[Paris], Sunday, 11 May, 1913.

. . . .

Sometimes I go to hunt for my twelfth-century music. Yesterday we had a concert here; a wild American Jewess with a saffron harpist to accompany her, singing troubadour songs to show us how they should be done. It was quite amusing. No one here but ourselves and Looly Hooper, all authorities and deeply concerned in the harp, for we too want to sing to a harp, but a small one, — Irish or Welsh. We were rather inclined to like our style best, because least professional, but certainly we are getting to know as much about it as the most learned. We have hunted through the *Conservatoire* till we have exhausted its resources. The publishers receive us in their back-rooms, and confide to us their correspondence. We are promised letters to Saint Saens [1] and everyone else. Today we drive out to find an instrument maker at Vincennes. We practise dozens of songs which no one else has touched for six hundred years and are baned (?) by more, because no one in France cares to work over them except at prohibitive prices, all the time weeping that they are starving. We have ten thousand songs to be put in modern notation, an affair of an hour or so apiece, which Miss Huyghens at Washington did for a mere trifle, and these starving wretches must be paid 50 francs apiece for. Many are very beautiful, like those I translated from Thibaut,[2] and the music as perfect as the words. They are fascinating, and, like the glass-windows, their contemporaries, all our own, for no one else will ever want to hear them.

To Henry James

Paris, 29 May, 1913.

Your letter reminds me that it is just a year since I again woke up, after an eternity of unconsciousness to this queer mad world, ten times queerer and madder than ever, and what a vast gulf opened to me between the queerness of the past and the total inconsequence of the present. The gulf has not closed: it is rather wider today than a year ago; but I wake up every morning and I go to sleep every night with a stronger sense that each day is an isolated fact, to be taken by itself and looked at as a dance. Our friend Ruth [Draper] helped me, and I am glad to think that she helped you. We need it. I take all the help I can get, and hang on to it with a grip that really does me credit. I am sorry to say that men are no good. They are wretched imbeciles in carrying their fellows. Only women are worth cultivating, and I am ready to hand over the whole universe to them if they want it, — though I fail to conceive why they should want such a preposterous absurdity. They can't even make it more absurd than it is, which must be a sad thought to them, considering how successful the men have been in absurdifying the women. . . .

---

[1] Charles Camille Saint-Saëns (1835–1921).

[2] Thibaut IV (1201–1253), King of Navarre.

As for me, I care only for my friends. Write again soon.

To Moreton Frewen

6 SQUARE DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE, 2 July, 1913.

I am glad to hear what you tell me. Though quite done with life, I admit one or two sure goods, and one of them is to have plenty of money towards the end of it. May you get the full fun of it! I don't recommend throwing it away. You will have to ask Mrs. Augustus St. Gaudens (Cornish, New Hampshire) for the right to reproduce the figure. Some years ago she was irritated by a maker of cemetery horrors in Baltimore who stole it, and I then transferred to her all my rights of reproduction so that she could protect it. I imagine she would let you have a cast for a price. As for me, I have always said that I was only a victim and the world would do me the favor of the first magnitude by walking over me quick and not sitting on me too long. Anyone can take what he likes that is mine and I am only too glad if it is a friend. I have shuddered for years at the prospect, but now I hope at least not to see it. You used to reprove me for saying that the world had done nothing worth while for a generation. It is rather worse to have to see and hear what it has done driving about in a 'seeing Washington' car. Our friends however achieve success! Look at our victories! Poor Thackeray! what a sad failure he was! I see Vanity Fair all about me 'a hundred years after' and awfully nice and rotten. More! Give me more![1]

---

[1] Other letters of this year and 1915 to Frewen are in *Yale Review*, N.S. XXIV. 115–17.

To Elizabeth Cameron

CHÂTEAU DE MARIVAULT,
ST. CRÉPIN, OISE [July, 1913] ?

We got down here in instalments. Naturally the venerable paralytic arrived last, not until Thursday [10th], and was tucked away in the best room, with everybody made uncomfortable for his sake. You know the sort of French country house, — a brick building, with just rooms enough on the front to hold four of us, but none to spare, unless we rise to the roof. Mrs. Havemeyer has spent much gold on it, to make it habitable for two persons, and has put some good *bric-à-brac* about it, but one more or less picnics, as you know, in these old buildings where the crying want is for water. Luckily my three guardians adore it — at first, — and Marivaudle in fancy all about. Every château in the Verein seems to be occupied by Americans. The Havemeyers are here. Goelet owns Sandricourt; Codman has Corbeil; Miss Cassatt[1] is on the other side. Some Jew is of course the swellest. No Frenchman seems to exist, and the *Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard* is acted only among the ruins of ancient Colombiers and Tourelles. Yesterday we all went off exploring the country from the Seine to Chantilly, visiting my favorite church at St. Leu d'Esserent on the Oise, and very lovely it all was, for the weather has suddenly come out fine. The day before, Ogden Codman and young Barney[2] took Elsie and Looly Hooper to Amiens to see the Cathedral and inspect the automobile circuit, while Miss Tone and I went shopping to Beauvais, and looked over the Cathedral, which I was astonished to see again, supposing I was dead long ago. It is a very curious sensation, this automobiling *d'outre tombe* like Chateaubriand. Paris has disappeared. . . .

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

CHÂTEAU DE MARIVAULT,
ST. CRÉPIN (OISE), 7 August, 1913.

Surely our usual time-limit must be passed! It seems to me that many months have passed since I heard from you. Of course the best we can hear is just that nothing has happened, and this is all I have to say on my own account. A growl more or less is not worth recording. One of our much-housed Americans having lent us his shooting-lodge for a few weeks, I have been doing French country-life after the usual pattern, but it seems only peculiar in being whatever you please except French. We are in a country where Richard Cœur de Lion and King John are much alive, but nobody has ever lived since. I can visit twelfth-century buildings every day, but no other buildings seem ever to have been built. I have half-a-dozen American neighbors and more Jews, but no French. The country is charming, but I shall go back to Paris on September 1st without creating a tie or an association, or even taking a part in *Le Jeu de l'Amour ou du Hasard.*

---

[1] Mary Cassatt (1845–1926).

[2] Ashbel Hinman Barney (1876–), son of Charles Tracy Barney, of New York.

It is a pleasant mode of wasting one's last summers. My nieces discover and sing to me my favorite twelfth-century songs, which they dig out of manuscripts where they have lain undisturbed for six hundred years, and where the professors of the conservatories transcribe them for us. My chief joy is to guard them from anyone else. I wish Walter Scott were alive to share them with me, but he is my only companion in these fields, and I fear that even he never heard a note of music for Rebecca or Ivanhoe, or knew that it existed. He would have enjoyed the fun of Cœur de Lion and Blondel quite fresh from the Crusades, as good as the west front of Chartres.

I still hope that our politics and society will last our time, but people are scared, and hoarding money, and arming all round us. Even in my country they are uneasy and afraid. Shall we get our tail-feathers caught? The Germans are very glum and dreary.

To Anna Cabot Mills Lodge

10 August, 1913.

. . . .

My boarding-house flourishes. I am always filled with admiration at the number of things that young women have to do. They are never bored, and never sit still. As a wreck, I float on the waves for a suitable subject to be painted from the shore, but they never float, — they paddle. They work terribly hard at paddling one. Never had I so much devotion. Why are not all wrecks brought here and paddled? I would suggest an age-limit when all Justices of the Supreme Court should be set up here as models, with ex-Senators seated in a row behind, — all forbidden to speak.

They would have much to think about! I have half-a-dozen such still on my list of correspondents; and I, who, as you know, have for forty years been notorious for croaking like a whole forest of crows, am now rather appalled to find that as I grow cheerful with the thought that I have escaped in safety and with my pin-feathers in relative order, my contemporaries are turning white with terror and hiding their old bones underground. They write wails! Perhaps they always did so, but now they tell me they are hoarding all their money. How happy Brooks must be! He was quite cheerful the other day when he and Daisy came down here, saddened only by the thought that Elsie gave me duck to eat. It was wrong, but after all I don't eat it....

To Charles Francis Adams

MARIVAULT, 13 August, 1913.

I have no recollection of the paper you want. My relations with the English press were confined to the *Spectator* among the weeklies, and the *Daily News* and the *Sun*. The *Sun* was John Bright's paper, edited by his brother-in-law,[1] and I was closer to it than to the *News*, but in this case I might have used either. I can think of no other possible medium. I have given no thought to the matter since 1868, so that I am not sure whether Bright's paper was named the *Sun* or the *Star* or some other such six-pence, but I give you full liberty to choose. I was not in London between January and July, 1865, and had little connection with the press that I recall.

We hope you are at sea. Elsie seems much pleased. We are nearing the end of our summer, and in a fortnight we resume our city life. Naturally I have watched as curiously as you the signs and tokens of the past season. They were very dark indeed. Their color was gauged by the amount of hoarding, which perplexes everyone. Rather to my surprise, the clouds seem to be passing and people are disposed to look ahead for six months with more confidence. I suppose you keep your eyes on our government, and its doings abroad and at home. As a barometer I think it as instructive as any. If W. J. Bryans are possible, we must be easy.

My diagnosis of twenty-five years lee-way still holds good for me, because it lets us out.

---

[1] Samuel Lucas (1811–1865), married Margaret Bright and was editor of the *Morning Star*.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS, 1 November, 1913.

Good-bye! I am off again! or at least I am booked for the *Olympic* next Wednesday [4th], and if I hold together so long, I expect to start then. I am doubtful about it, for my holding together seems to be rather a miracle, and a voyage to Washington, D.C., is not a mild summer afternoon drive, but perhaps I shall get there, dead or alive, and it doesn't matter much which it is. I rather like being looked after.

Our summer has been absolutely successful. It is a comment on life that this last year, which ought to have been intolerable, should have been quite the cheeriest and least depressing I have had for near thirty years. I have positively enjoyed parts of it. Everyone is kind, obliging, devoted, and not much bothered by my being old, irritable and ugly. It is soothing not to feel responsible for anyone or anything. The world may go to the devil, — or may not, — just as it likes, and politicians may play ducks or drakes with it as they will. They can't be much more mischievous than they were fifty years ago.

I hear of no books that need writing, or at least reading; no plays that need to be seen; no music that should be heard; no pictures that should be bought. I hear of no beautiful women or witty men. It is strange! I ask everywhere, and get no good of it. Paris is flat as a flat-iron. I live in thirteeth-century MSS. and twelfth-century poetry and music, and have it so entirely to myself that no one knows what it is, or cares to ask. Outside of two professors of Gregorian chant no one knows even how to help read the MSS. The intellectual Frenchmen, when you sing them the Châtelain de Coucy [1] or Thibaut of Navarre, are warm in praise, and *naïf* in astonishment, just as though I showed them a Cathedral or a window of the same time, but they care as little for one as for the other, and one has it all to oneself without fearing a pack of dilettantes round the corner who know it all and more. I have sent all my young women today down to Chartres to bid good-bye to Our Lady, whose chansons we now sing by the score. One of them I translated years ago in my Chartres,[2] before I ever knew that the music still existed. *On est bête à faire peur!*

Well! it is only a sort of last hilarity. I am always getting ready to quit, and never look forward three months. This wretched sense of being half paralysed does not allow one to forget for a moment that the curtain is falling, and the devil goes round smashing my few young friends on the head with an energy quite creditable to one so old. I greatly fear he has smashed my friend Spring Rice before I can get to him. He has hit my old pupil Cabot Lodge an awful whack this autumn. Washington is almost a desert, with hardly a shrub to adorn it.

---

[1] Regnault de Coucy.

[2] *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*, Index.

My brother Brooks is always scared blue by the fear that the public will devour his last shilling and sit on him in the gutter. On that point I defy the devil. I am beyond his grip, and have only to shuffle across the border, but what anyone wants to stay in his stupid old world for, I don't see.

XXXIV

WASHINGTON

1913–1914

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, Monday, 24 November, 1913.

. . . .

Days quite without object, and of course idiotic, talking of our friends in bed. Springy is pathetic. He is allowed to see us for five minutes, and drives out with Harry White, and has even called on the President and Bryan, and gained ten or fifteen pounds, but I am not happy for him. Winty [Chanler] has written a pencil letter to Nanny Lodge. Cabot is well but not allowed to come back. My brother Brooks met up with a stray auto tire on the sidewalk and has been a cripple for weeks. Isn't it like him to meet a pneu? My three slaveys are happy running about with their friends. Florence Keep is much about, and Mrs. Harry White, where I called yesterday and found the Wickershams, Peter Jay,[1] Mrs. Rutherford Stuyvesant,[2] a Mrs. Atherton,[3] etc. Netty Johnson goes today, but her mother is more active than ever, and noble. As for me, I am much wuss, but you talk of Democracy as though that were my disease, for it isn't. *Chartres* is now my complaint. Cram has brought out his new edition with a flaming preface, and so there I am! I fear it is serious, for the atmosphere is stormy and women are cross.

We all osteopath our necks! We sing too! People talk about our songs.

To William Roscoe Thayer

[WASHINGTON], 26 December, 1913.

Such ambition as I retain has of late years been directed to creating round my group of friends a certain atmosphere of art and social charm. They were not numerous, but were all superior. John La Farge, Alex. Agassiz, Clarence King, St. Gaudens, Hay and their more-or-less close associates like Bret Harte, John Sargent, Henry James, etc., etc., were distinguished men in any time or country. John Hay alone was a public character, and needs separate treatment. I am glad you have undertaken him.

---

[1] Peter Augustus Jay (1877–1933).

[2] Rutherford Stuyvesant (–1909).

[3] Gertrude Franklin (Horn) Atherton (1857–   ).

The difficulties are chiefly political. You cannot possibly publish his private expressions about Russia, or Germany or Columbia, or the Senate, or perhaps others nearer to him — we'll say myself, to be cautious — yet without it, you can give no complete picture. I published all I dared. Some day I expect Harry White to publish his story, but not now. Cabot Lodge was one of his *bêtes-noirs*, and cannot help you except as a champion of the hostile forces. The man who can steer you best is Root. I would devote all my energies to him. It was really Hay who first called Root into McKinley's Cabinet, and afterwards depended on him. Root and Hay were politically one force. You can see there the whole drama.

Hay wrote little. He intentionally conducted his affairs by word of mouth....

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 19 February, 1914.

The winter is nearly over, I am seventy-six years old, and nearly over too. As I go, my thoughts turn towards you and I want to know how you are. Of myself, I have almost nothing to tell. It is quite astonishing how the circle narrows. I think that in reality as many people pass by, and I hear as much as I ever did, but it is no longer a part of me. I am inclined to think it not wholly my fault. The atmosphere really has become a Jew atmosphere. It is curious and evidently good for some people, but it isolates me. I do not know the language, and my friends are as ignorant as I. We are still in power, after a fashion. Our sway over what we call society is undisputed. We keep Jews far away, and the anti-Jew feeling is quite rabid. We are anti-everything and we are wild up-lifters; yet we somehow seem to be more Jewish every day. This is not my own diagnosis. I make none. I care not a straw what happens provided the fabric lasts a few months more; but will it do so? I am uneasy about you. I judge you to be worse than we. At least you are making almost as much howl about it.

I have no complaint to make. Everyone is civil enough to me. I do not think anyone knows my name, or ever heard of it, but they know an old man when they see one, and are decent. I don't show myself in public. My brother Brooks goes much beyond me, and so does my brother Charles, but I am timid.

Really I have nothing to tell. Since my shock of two years ago, I read very little and write not at all, but we sing our twelfth-century songs, and get more and more manuscripts copied, and have much amusement over them. It is innocent! No one cares. Sometimes one person or another condescends even to listen, but usually we are protected by a big wall of German or Russian stuff, which keeps out all other taste. As for literature you probably know about what there is, but none of it gets to me. History is dead. Philosophy never reaches me. I am sure that young people have it, but they won't give it to such as me. Much as ever if I can catch echoes of it from Spring Rice.

My notion is that our great effervescence of the last century has now come to an end, and that society is simmering down to a cold solution; but I need ten years more to decide this, and I shall not have it. Of course, society does not take that view. Society cannot, as a whole, feel its own pulse. Moreover, society cares, and I don't.

By the way, the Society of Architects has stolen my volume about Mont-Saint-Michel,[1] and I would have sent you a copy if I thought you wanted it. As you have my edition, I did not think you wanted another. Still, it is droll! Here am I, telling everyone that I am quite dotty and bed-ridden, and the papers reviewing me as a youthful beginner.

Send me a line about yourself.

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, 15 February, 1914.

To encourage our grippists poor Senator Bacon [2] caved in and died all of a sudden yesterday in hospital, which will doubtless scare Cabot some more. Funny that we who ought to die are kept alive and the well are buried, but after all Bacon was almost as old as I. The President goes to bed every day or two, by way of a change. My old classmate Louis Cabot, too, has at last dropped out, leaving me almost alone. These amusements are sober, but I hear of nothing wildly gay.

---

[1] Published November, 1913, with an Introduction by Ralph Adams Cram.

[2] Augustus Octavius Bacon (1839–1914), of Georgia.

22 February, 1914.

Langdon Mitchell came to dinner last night. Cabot and he came in once before. Cabot talking much like the politician about to go to Heaven, and — Oh, Lord — I have seen so many! He has three years more life and knows it. We hear nothing of Theodore except what is told us by Alice who happens to be now here. He seems as old as Ramses, but means to come to life.

1 March, 1914.

I am certainly a funny little man, — by the way, my nephew, John Potter,[1] has drawn a head of me, evanescent in crayon, — but just now I am too grouchy to live. I have to grind my teeth not to talk, so you must not expect a happy and sunny atmosphere. This world exasperates me. It seems intellectually atrophied. Its life is *nul*. Poor Daisy Chanler feels it, but almost alone. One can't even make fun of it, except, perhaps, in the person of W. J. Bryan who is intelligible to most of us. I mustn't grouch, so I try to grin. If it were only better anywhere else! But the English drive me howling. I can't bear it! Only my brother Brooks makes me cheerful; he is ten times worse than I and deadly serious. At least I don't care if the world has gone to the devil. Serve it right!

8 March, 1914.

I've read Henry James's last bundle of memories[2] which have reduced me to a pulp. Why did we live? Was that all? Why was I not born in Central Africa and died young. Poor Henry James thinks it all real, I believe, and actually still lives in that dreamy, stuffy Newport and Cambridge, with papa James and Charles Norton[3] — and me! Yet, why!

It is a terrible dream, but not so weird as this here which is quite loony.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 13 March, 1914.

This time our letters did not cross. I've just received yours of the 2nd and am glad to hear you've got back to your Yorkshire summer again unharmed by Devonshire winters. I am not so happy. Winter set in here on February 10 when it should end, and snow and ice have held us in prison since then. Not once have I got out into the woods, and even here, in town, I look out on a snow-covered Square.

---

[1] John Briggs Potter (1864–) married, in 1908, Ellen Sturgis Hooper.

[2] *Notes of a Son and Brother*. New York, 1914. Adams' letter to Henry James, 7 March, 1914, has not been found; James' reply, 21 March, is in Percy Lubbock, *Letters of Henry James*, II. 373.

[3] Charles Eliot Norton (1827–1908).

So frequently have I told my friends that the world has gone to the devil as to make me indifferent to the facts. It really does not concern me. Pretty near all my friends have gone there, or somewhere, long ago, and I am quite ready to join them; but I think it curious that I should have to go in a snowstorm with the mercury at 20°.

At the same time, I admit, I have no gossip to repeat. Nothing has happened. Our excellent Secretary of State [Bryan] seems to like helping to murder a few British subjects in Mexico now and then, but they should not own land. Mr. Lloyd George and he agree that land-owners ought to be murdered, and as I don't like land as a form of property, I admire their logic. Unluckily they are showing very marked signs of extending their rule to personalty, which obliges me to spend all the money I have, as it comes in, and this is a bore.

Meanwhile our part of the world dances, like our friend the grasshopper, and I would too, if I were a thousand years or so lighter in the legs. What else they do, I ask in vain, but am assured on the authority of various young Campbells, Percys, Spring Rices, etc., of the British Embassy, that never, in history, was so much beautiful work being done in literature, art, and uplift in general, which is very gratifying. It is true they add that never was the world so low as between 1860 and 1880, which seems hard on us, but we are used to it. I thought so at the time. Frank Palgrave told us so. Only I would that they would show me the splendors of their triumph. Like poor dear Bulwer-Lytton I yearn for the Beautiful and Good, — but we've lots of Good now, and are dreadfully reformed.

I expect to sail on April 18, but everyone is now dying suddenly of hearts, and perhaps I can do it too, so no one need expect me. You don't know such babes as George Vanderbilt[1] and John Cadwalader[2] and so on, but they come near us.

Don't say I let 'em publish *Chartres*. I kicked so as to be a credit to my years. But what could I do? One can't make a fool of oneself to that point. Let the architects do that.[3]

---

[1] George Washington Vanderbilt (1862–1914).

[2] John Lambert Cadwalader (1837–1914).

[3] 'You should meet Mr. Cram and give him your views about his book. As for me, I only recall some old story of fifty years ago about Ruskin that his landlady in London

To Elizabeth Cameron

15 March, 1914.

People send me press-notices of *Chartres*, and not one has yet been aware that I ever wrote anything else. To be sure poor Harry James is worse off, and is treated with more disrespect, but then I have the architects behind me. Poor Henry is quite alone. No one ever heard of him.

22 March, 1914.

All are sad and very much ruined. All croak in black language. I have heard it before at least ten times, but it is really very bad here, and if you could see the great hole under the old Arlington, in which have been sunk $800,000 total loss, and $810,000 more shivering on the margin without a friend, you would feel quite at home in your empty house opposite. So-called business is quite dead, and small people wiped out by scores. As for New York, you probably hear more than I, but I hear too much. Everyone there is begging for soup and dancing like grasshoppers.

objected strenuously to his sacrificing a bull in her front parlor. I am reminded of it because I sympathised strongly with him — and the landlady.

'And then what a glorious thing it is to have a landlady! and a bull!' — To Henry Osborn Taylor, 31 March, 1914.

XXXV

PARIS, ENGLAND, WASHINGTON

1914–1916

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

40 Avenue du Trocadéro,[1]
Paris, 1 June, 1914.

I will send you St. Augustine, — that is, Bertrand's[2] Life of him. It will illuminate our path. I've said so long that the world has gone to the devil, that I now enjoy seeing the process. In those days people — some people — thought they could escape into the next world, but now they know they are going to be drowned, so they dance and play ball. No one cares. I do not exaggerate. No one anywhere, socialist, capitalist, or religionist, takes it seriously or expects a future The life is that of the fourth century, without St. Augustine. We each hope for ourselves to escape in time, but no one looks for more than one generation. As I calculate only on a year or so, I've set aside about £10,000 to carry me through. The fisc may have the rest.

Did you ever calculate how much the fisc now takes, measured in mechanical energy — that is, in horse-power, or tons of coal? Try it! I would like to know how much your calculation differs from mine.

Calculated in terms of energy, the whole problem becomes simpler, but I am puzzled to convert our vital energy and thought into terms of physical energy. As I measure it, our reserves of mental energy are already exhausted, but the exhaustion may be only apparent. Our mathematicians think well of themselves still. I see that their thought is better trained, but I doubt its energy. Nowhere else can I see thought at all. The most interesting study is music, for, there, people really do persuade themselves that their energy is still developing, but to me it looks the other way.

The most encouraging sign is Ulster. Those people still retain energy. It cannot last another generation but it is a measure for us. I do not know that mere hysterics proves energy; I should say that suffragettes proved degradation of energy; but who can tell? I suggest only that Kelvin's Second Law applies to all forms of energy alike. My quarrel with the physicists is that they are afraid to apply their own law.

---

[1] The apartment of Mrs. Ralph Curtis.

[2] The last letters of this name are obliterated. He probably referred to Louis Bertrand's *St. Augustin.*

Of course this is all *d'outre tombe.* It is meaningless to anyone still playing ball. To me it is amusing because I said and printed it all, ten years ago, and am now only excited by observing how violently things have gone ahead in my sense since 1905. It is very noisy with you, but it is the same thing everywhere.

Mary has not appeared. I have no news. Of course I stay strictly at home. Having had one stroke, I don't care to be caught by another far from my bed. Still I see a good deal of what the French once called the '*siècle.*' All the women here have Neurosis. Of the men, I can't speak, since none ever come my way. I know that the streets are horribly jammed, if that is a pleasure, and that the Russian ballet is wonderful, — at least, so I am told. I hear of one or two plays; no books; no pictures. The weather has been bad as usual — perhaps a bit colder. The world is very kind and good, and I am very grouchy and detestable, but that is all on the program. I live in the twelfth century.

Give my best love to all yours. I am kind to them in sparing them my company. I have just lost my old friend Mrs. John Hay,[1] as well as others whom you wouldn't know. It is the turn of the young now![2]

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

PARIS, 13 August, 1914.

Thanks! I am very grateful! As long as I am allowed to remain here I shall not budge.[3] In every respect I am better off, than I could be elsewhere. But of course if the government interposes and bids me be off, I shall have to depart. We shall soon know. At least we take for granted that another week will decide.

Naturally the strain is very great — how great we do not yet fully know. All my people are slowly getting off. My brother Brooks and his wife start tomorrow to join the Cabot Lodges in London and sail on the 19th. They are not strictly happy, *mais à la guerre!* I hope soon to collect the refugees from Switzerland. The weather is too hot for comfort, but we are otherwise at ease except for being kept poor and confined in Paris. All the world is worse off. We are at least awfully interested and absorbed. It is an appropriate ending to my life which has of late seemed flat. To you, of course, it is even more personal, but to me the crumbling of worlds is always fun.

---

[1] She died April 25, 1914.

[2] In June he moved to Coubertin, Seine & Oise.

[3] August 4, Germany declared war against France.

If forced to come over, I will let you know at once.

THE COBURG HOTEL,
LONDON, Friday [27 August, 1914].

Martha Lindsay, my once niece, before she married Ronald Lindsay, has offered me Stepleton,[1] their country house, and I accepted it. Yesterday we came over. Next week I expect to go down there. It is near Blandford in Dorset, rather far from you, I fear, but I hope not too far for communication. Probably we shall stay there a month or six weeks. I am in no hurry. If possible I shall settle regularly to a country life, as in France, where I was driven out only by the strain.

Of course there is much to talk about, but we can postpone that. I write now only to keep my word about telling you my movements. I hope you have not suffered from the strain. It has been hard, especially on us old people, and I think we had best clinch our teeth, if we have any, and hold our tongues.[2]

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, 10 November, 1914.

Only a week, but much has passed. Apart from the war, of which you know more than I, we have traveled even here a bit, and have had an election, of some interest to our friends. Gradually I think a little ground is being cleared. Every one is so much scared that they are almost disposed to be sensible. Our friend Roosevelt and his following are disposed of. I suspect he is busted and done. Jimmy Wadsworth comes to the Senate.[3] Can you see Alice a *grande dame* in your old shoes? The up-lifters and Progressives are quiet — almost — and one can hear an occasional whisper of sense — not often, but low. . . . The social tide seems violently set one way, and we are all allies. Even those who at first talked German have now shut up.

---

[1] Blandford, Dorset, purchased by Senator Don Cameron and given to his daughter.

[2] 'We have been here three weeks, the happiest rustics you ever saw. It was an escape from what verged on Hell, and no slouch of a bad one. We got out of Paris just in time, and Stepleton was Paradise.... I own that the war has been rather too much for me.... When one's universe goes to pieces just on one's head, one has to scramble. I see no way out of it. For the first time in my life, I am quite staggered. I have stiffly held my tongue and listened while everyone chatters, but as yet I see no light. I see none in the triumph of either party. If we wipe Germany off the map, it is no better. You must show us how to stand up and walk.' — To Sir Ronald Lindsay, 23 September, 1914. He sailed 21 October, in the *Cedric*.

[3] James Wolcott Wadsworth, Jr. (1877-   ), married Alice Hay.

26 November, 1914.

A few people come still to see me, with that curious air which we used always to wear when we went to make duty-calls on the George Bancrofts. You remember it. To me the whole show has a weird effect of not knowing what to make of itself, as though it were one of those harmless snakes that we used to kill by striking with a stick in the back. It squirmed about, and did not know head from tail. Without Europe, we have no head; we are only tail and brainless. I think I like it rather better so. . . . Apparently we are working day and night for the Allies, but also for money. Of course every one I see is rabidly English, and anybody who turns away is suspect. The Germans are half mad with solitude and desolation. I pity them, but it would be worse for them if they won. They are so deadly stupid. They make enemies out of sheer *dummheit*.

20 December, 1914.

Thank God, I never was cheerful. I come from the happy stock of the Mathers, who, as you remember, passed sweet mornings reflecting on the goodness of God and the damnation of infants. . . . Aileen [Tone] came back yesterday from Mass in great delight with Father Lee who had preached them a sermon in which he told them confidentially that Satan, you know, was ignorant that Christ was God. Poor Satan! He is always getting into trouble! He doesn't know any better.

I am told it is Christmas. The world is just howling with peace and goodwill among men. I don't think we can stand much more. At least, Saint Augustine can't.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 26 December, 1914.

. . . .

My remarks must be worse than none. Moreover I had said, ten years ago, all I have to say. I had croaked persistently for a long, long time, until satisfied that human will is a delusion, and that life is a mere phantasm; and then I took to Saint Augustine, as you know.

The Germans got him, too, but not before he had done his *Confessions.* A thousand years do not much count. The world is running round, just as it did then, and even we here are like a chicken with its head cut off, and can't even cackle. I can only bury my speechless head in the snow, and wait to bury the rest.

No one seems ever to have seen the matter as seriously as I did, so why should I try to cackle? I got home all right, and could hope no more. For near two months I buried myself here, seeing no one outside my own circle. Newspapers were forbidden; the war was taboo. I tried to recover sleep and nerves, and succeeded. Life is now nearly normal, and Christmas is passed.

In all this time I have incessantly thought of you. If I tried to say anything, I should only make it worse. As I see the situation, there is nothing to be said. Our world is ended, in any case, and not even the *Civitas Dei* survives. Let's leave it to the future tourist, in the future aëroplane.

I am better off than any one else I know, of my age, which is epitaph enough. I wish you may write the same. We will play twins. Can we find a triplet to celebrate our 50th Christmas?

To Elizabeth Cameron

29 December, 1914.

Otherwise the war has only made us, if possible, more dull and commonplace than ever. That a hundred million very clever people can be *nul* to that degree is incredible. I do assure you, to me all is there; life cannot produce anything; bid the Germans come and wipe me out; they did it at Hippo, and I believe Hippo was well worth Washington. An ant-nest is a fevered (?) centre of thought compared with us.

WASHINGTON, New Year's Day, 1915.

Have you read that terrible little thing of Ruddy Kipling's in the *Century*?[1] It upset me for a whole day. It is fiendishly clever, and awfully true. How can that lunatic Kaiser bear such barbs? Such a stroke would kill me in a moment, not because of its violence but because of its genius. It will outlive us, and leave us pinned up forever with a knife through the heart. The Kaiser is sick to death, and sensitive. How can he stand up, when he said, four months ago, that his heart bled for just this thing.

[1] 'Swept and Garnished,' in *Century*, LXXXIX. 363.

10 January, 1915.

This morning Cabot dropped in and fulminated against Woodrow Wilson as usual, for Cabot raves against that great man, who seems, in truth, to be much of the Maryland schoolmaster type. We are more parochial than ever, and our minds are about the size of wafers. We talk only about legislation on temperance and female suffrage. At times I sigh for the Kaiser.

22 January, 1915.

Father Fay is no bore — far from it, but I think he has an idea that I want conversion, for he directs his talk much to me, and instructs me. Bless the genial sinner! He had best look out that I don't convert him, for his old church is really too childish for a hell like this year of grace.

All the people who come to me are simply and flatly anti-German and not pro-anything. Hatred of the German seems to be a ground on which all the world can stand. The only doubtful part of it is the music, but that divine Wurm may triumph even there and shall return to his dungeon. Every artist in Europe is now here, dancing, singing, talking or begging in some way; for on that ground all are one, in heartfelt agreement.

16 February, 1915.

Today, as you know, is my birthday. Seventy-seven, all told, and I've outlived most things at that. As far as I can see, I've outlived the world too, and have nothing to go on looking for. I've outlived at least three quite distinct worlds since 1838, but this last one exploded ten years ahead of my calculated time, and caught me unexpectedly; but really I think it is a mistake, and I did in fact clear out three years ago. The rest must be a dream; but if so, I can't compliment the next world. . . . This time it is not I who croak. You have laughed at me for thirty-five years for gloom, but now you must laugh at some one else. I am the only gay reprobate now extant. As for our dear Cabot, I think he is off his balance, and his hatred of the President is demented.

25 February, 1915.

Among the sad and serious, with fatal diseases, Aileen [Tone] is having a *succès fou* with her twelfth-century songs. Especially the old priest and dying sinners hear our Châtelain and *Conon* and *ma mère*

Marie with tears and howls. We shall get a name if this war continues. The world is becoming contrite. It was time. Not that I want it to repent; I never did; indeed, if I remember, I never thought our world worth it. At least, I used shocking language in that dreadful history.

Please remember that this is written on toast and water — or bouillon.

DUBLIN, N.H., 20 May, 1915.

Alone on our hill-top, in blasts of cold and snowy air, but feeling like an Esquimaux spearing whales, I still try to write, though each letter is my last, not because of hands only, but of eyes. No matter. As the world is worse than I, and has already busted as I said it would, I am very easily satisfied, since half an eye will do. I've not a word to say. . . . It is a curious sense, this solitude of mountain and forest, where we always hope to meet a bear out walking. As for letters, they are few, and newspapers are barred. Our wildest excitement is a new old song and our greatest discussion is the way how to sing it.

People seem to know that I don't exist, and my life is like the cloister, so you must forgive my silence and ignorance. The mountains and forests are very chatty.

26 May, 1915.

All this is to explain why I write nothing when I pretend to write something. Please remember that I am alone on a mountain waiting the end of the world, which, in one way or another, must come soon, and has in fact come for me long ago, for it is now just three years since I woke up out of my illness into a world which is obviously quite another than the one I knew, and to which I can't accustom myself. If life ever comes right again, I suppose I shall know it, but it goes wilder every day these three years past, and I am quite out of it, except for people who are so much madder than I as to write me for my books. Certainly for them there can be no future.[1]

WASHINGTON, 8 December, 1915.

In spite of all the paralysis and other mild complaints now most in vogue, I must try to scratch a line just to say it's Christmas, though I see no evidence of my beloved Sainte Vierge's activity in our affairs. I fear that you would never trust the Sainte Vierge as I do, because you come from Cleveland, O., and I notice that no one who comes from Cleveland, O., can ever imagine themselves to come from other, less favored, spots. They are Congregationalists, like our dear Mrs. Hay, who is my ideal of all that is superior, and who shuddered at Buddha. By the bye, I ought to have sent you my poem of Brahma and Buddha in the November number of the *Yale Magazine* [*Review*],[2] but it is twenty years old and would not amuse you. Mabel La Farge, who now lives at New Haven, discovered it, and sent it to my family, who only said: '*Tiens! il se croit poëte!*' which he don't, but the fun must be in the fact that they never saw the Chartres or heard of the Sainte Vierge. I honestly believe they never read a word of me either. The fact is, I'm almost too vain. My portrait, by John Potter, is in the November *North American*....

---

[1] His last letter in the series was from Dublin, 2 July, 1915, and his first from Washington, 10 November, 1915.

I want awfully to be sympathetic. Now that Congress has met, it's harder than ever. Everyone is serious, and reproving if one risks a joke. Poor John Hay and I bore all sorts of indiscreet and indecorous things. It's a pity we ever lived, but even the Sainte Vierge can't help us on that point. I don't know yet whether poor John or poor I will catch it worst, but of course it is all up with both of us in Boston. Luckily Cleveland won't read. The rest of the world won't care — except the State Department, which will look very reprehensive.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 9 December, 1915.

As Christmas comes, I feel restless at the idea of not sending you a word through this long time, and I must try to scratch a line, even if it is like drawing teeth. Not that I have anything to say, beyond sending love. My life is so far from the world that I might as well be in any neighboring planet. I never see a newspaper, and I hear as little as possible of talk. I had more than enough of it when I still had some mind. Now that I feel well assured that nobody has any mind, I care less than ever to listen. Nor do I read, unless that one of my nieces reads to me, and then I have to begin by teaching them some of the rudiments of literature, for they do not know how to start. This is of course, but I ought to add, what I set aside for your use, that I did read Thayer's *Life of John Hay*, just out, which surprised me by turning out to be about as much a life of me as of Hay, and you as well as Sir John and most of our other friends are in it. For once we are given a chance to see ourselves as we were, and I enjoy it; but I know well that the excellent world will say it is 'flippant, indiscreet and insufficient.' Those are the correct phrases of art-juries.

---

[2] N.S. v. 82.

Much it now matters to us! I am on the verge of seventy-eight, and have implored my nieces to paint a smile on my face, so that I may be sure of bearing a proper expression when addressed on the subjects most in vogue. The promiscuous unutterable fool, male or female, who talks to you, always assumes that you never knew anything of life, and have no feelings; therefore must be told what to think and say. Control of one's features is as hard as control of one's tongue. I have deliberately put about the story that I am quite ga-ga, to protect myself from people who talk.

Naturally there are other reasons for silence, one being that, for fifteen months, we have had nothing but bad news to talk about, and when one talks bad news all the time, one becomes a common scold by necessity. This, too, is a lesson I learned young. When I first met you I had two years of misery to talk about, and it was a lesson to me that taught me to hold my tongue.

Everyone now is howling against my poor country, the Germans most bitterly of all, so that I foresee the war will end, as in 1814, by uniting Europe to flay us. I wish you a good share of the loot, if there is any, but I still hope for myself to get out of it in time. Of course your people will plunder Boston first, and I rather infer that the rest of the country won't much care.

Better next time!

To William Roscoe Thayer

1603 H STREET, 17 December, 1915.

I have long delayed writing, though it has been much on my mind, and I have felt some self-reproach at the omission. The truth is, I felt a little as though you had written a life of me as well as of Hay, and I ought to take time to think it over, and to learn what people said about it. Even now I am much at a loss on this point. Here, at Washington, one gets only the Under Secretary view, valueless to the author except so far as it concerns facts. I assume in every historical work a certain per centage of error to be corrected in new editions but these do not concern me as literature. First of all, a literary man wants to know whether a book is readable, whether the reader hangs on to it, whether he can talk about the characters and whether he takes a warm partisanship for or against it. What side he takes is immaterial, but as a rule the most successful books are the most criticised.

I am still listening most intently for opinions, but I think, on the whole, I have heard enough to satisfy me on the first point. All have agreed that the book is readable. More have admitted that it is extremely readable. To me, as historian, this is the main point. I can stand anything but to be a bore, or to have my friends called bores. Safe here, I can wait.

The rarest literary success is to make a satisfactory life of what the French call an *homme d'esprit* or an *homme du monde.* Here, no reader even knows what it is; they know only politicians. For that reason I have watched to see their attitude before your picture of Hay. Curious it is, — much like that of a Hun before a statue of Alcibiades. The figure is much too complex for them. Yet I have seen thus far no active hostility, though I do not doubt it will come. I shall be artistically disappointed if it does not, but meanwhile I am sure it interests, which is the essential. Most wits and talkers bore one in biography. Yours is interesting.

This is a considerable triumph, for which I was hardly prepared, but you have actually made a greater, for which I was wholly unprepared. You have positively created a new city hero at Washington — a centre of art and taste. Of course I was trying hard, with Hay's help, to do what you say we did, but your insight into it amounts to genius. It is a creation, almost as striking and original as Bret Harte. No one else has seen it or appreciated it, and when I think of your feeling that group of women, — my wife, Mrs. Lodge and Mrs. Cameron, under the shadow of St. Gaudens' figure at Rock Creek, I am astounded. It is true insight of a most unusual kind.

I wish now that you had taken more time and another volume, and worked these thirty years out on a larger scale, but *à la rigueur* it is enough. I could have helped you but little; the only person who could have filled out the picture is Mrs. Cameron who must have stacks of letters by all these men, as well as mine, but who is in Europe, fighting Germans.

I am sorry for the Germans; I am sorry for myself to be still here, alone, without allies, and blind as well as idiotic. The idiocy is a common complaint, but the blindness is annoying, and I greatly regret to hear that you also have suffered from it. At my last accounts you were again at the Club, which is something.

I should be glad to know what you have to say of the critics, or of their criticism, although I must admit that during some fifty years of experience I have very rarely indeed got anything from that source. In general, one may say that in America an author never gets profit from printed comments on his work. What help he gets is from private inquiry or conversation — and very little of that. You know more about it than I do, and I will not say more on a subject which is, I suppose, more or less colored by one's own personality.

At all events, I may safely congratulate you on a book which seems to me very readable, and is certainly much read.

To Ferris Greenslet

[After 22 December, 1915.]

BROUILLON.

Thanks for your letter of the 22d.

You are perhaps aware that the *Education* was written ten years ago and put into type, tentatively, to be circulated, for correction or suggestion, among the persons interested. Not one — except Charles Eliot — ever returned the volume or offered me a word of advice, and I was still waiting, in 1912, quite unable to cope with my difficulties, when I was suddenly struck down by an illness which put an end to all thought of further literary work.

Nothing could be done. I could not let the thing go, in its incomplete, uncorrected, tentative form; I could not destroy or suppress it; I could not let anyone else touch it. I could only sit still! and trust to time to forget it.

Now comes Thayer, and with the overpowering magic of Abraham Lincoln and John Hay calls us all back to life. Unfortunately, I am really dead, — stone coffin cold, — and I cannot go on with the old life. You may as well talk to Lincoln or Hay themselves, or to my father, or any other stone figure. I am not the same animal, and cannot imitate it.

Meanwhile, there is the volume, — scores of copies, — floating all over the continent, and Europe too, liable to be taken by anyone, for it is not copyrighted, and already printed in extracts by half the biographies of the time. The book is, as I have said, not in a condition to appear as a work of mine. My idea of what it should be proved beyond my powers. Only St. Augustine ever realised it. Yet I cannot recast or remodel it, and certainly will not publish it as it stands.

I see only one of two resources. Either to pirate it outright, avowedly without my knowledge, or, better, to wait a few months till I am gone, and then do what you like, much as Cram did with the *Chartres*. My own views never go more than three months ahead, but even a year is not long. As for public interest in the subject, you will not imagine it to be real, except in regard to Lincoln. For me, the public does not care a straw, — or, I should say, a thousand copies.

To Elizabeth Cameron

28 December, 1915.

What you tell me of Harry James is suggestive. I am heaps older than Harry, and had my stroke near four years ago, but it brings one blessing — it wipes out the future, and leaves precious little of the present. Whatever is to happen, it will have no concern with me. As I printed all this a good ten years ago, I need not repeat it; but the past is more alive than ever, and your letter is of it, full of it. I wrote to Thayer a few sympathetic words, and he wrote back a sort of stunned ejaculation over his success, which, he says, has been phenomenal, — fifteen thousand copies in the first nine weeks. Alack! I know only too well that it is not we that thus ride into immortality, but our dear old Abraham who carries us all on his tall shoulders. Yet it is none the less true that we are there, to the extent of a hundred thousand readers, and practically as far off and legendary as Mme. de Sévigné and Louis Quatorze. Our group on the Square is already classic. . . . Thayer is a sort of intuitive genius, — he feels — heavily — but he does not sparkle. You could trust him, — I think! you might write to congratulate him.

10 January, 1916.

My heart is sore for mine own people. War is a light affliction. Here am I in full peace who have lost not only my brother,[1] but Nanny Lodge, and now you tell me of Harry James. Only a few old imbeciles are left, like me, and my brother Brooks and Don and papa Morton and Joe Choate and Wayne, just to make us tired. Now, to end all, here comes a new year, which will pass a sponge over us all, and peace will clean us old ones out more thoroughly than war. Actually I expect to lose that sweet Kaiser, and then what will you do? Never will the world be the same again.

---

[1] 'In truth, Charles was worth three of me, and leaves me utterly helpless.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 26 March, 1915. Charles Francis Adams died 20 March, 1915.

Meanwhile I still hold my tongue, which seems to be the last and hardest lesson of life. It infuriates all parties and I regret it, but they have other joys to talk about. Even now, if not learning, for we never do that, they are dazed and buzzy. Yet I do not think that here, in America, true thought can ever exist. We never felt it.

To William Roscoe Thayer

1603 H STREET, 6 February, 1916.

Thanks for your kind letter. As far as I know the publishers are the only people who take interest in literature — at least in my sort — and I rather wonder at their sublime faith, or patience, but they need not disturb themselves much. A few months will probably do. As you may have noticed I have not published anything since 1890. Other people like Cram and Lodge have sometimes done it — to please themselves, not me — and I have privately printed, but never published, nor shall I ever again do it, but I doubt whether I shall last longer than our poor old world, and that, like me, seems mighty shaky. Give it another year.

My interests are a little different. First, I am curious to know what the sale of the *Hay* has been, and where. To me much depends on that. Next, I want Mrs. Cameron's letters to precede all else. I suspect that women are the only readers — five to one — and that one's audience must be created among them. As I see the American man here, he is a negligible quantity. If a *dix-neuvième* is to be built up for America, and here, it must be for — or by — the women. Do you think Boston could ever be got to look at that side? I doubt it. Even the women still holds the *culte* of the man. To be sure, it rests only on her scepticism about her own sex.

To Ferris Greenslet

WASHINGTON, 18 February, 1916.

Thanks for your obliging letter of the 15th.

I am unfortunate in my way of expressing myself. Perhaps I have reached an age when I had better not try.

What I meant to say was that, during my life I should not publish the *Education*. I preferred to leave it as it stood.

That after my death I should leave my attested copy to the Massachusetts Historical Society to do what they pleased with.

You could make what arrangement you liked with them.

I added that I should interpose no obstacle. Since receiving your letter, I must qualify this statement. I shall express wishes which may be obstacles.

Please bear in mind that for reasons personal to myself, I do not want publication. I prefer the situation as it stands. Under no circumstances will I bind myself to publish or to help publication. If you drop the matter altogether, I shall be best satisfied. Still I admit that there is a point where a man makes a fool of himself by chasing crotchets, and commonly he reaches that point when he is buried.

To Elizabeth Cameron

WASHINGTON, 1 March, 1916.

Today the death of Harry James[1] makes me feel the need of a let-up; I must speak to some one, and here I have no one Jamesian to talk to, except Wendell Holmes, and I never see him, for he is like me in avoiding contemporaries. Harry's death hits me harder than any stroke since my brother Charles' death a year ago. Not only was he a friend of mine for more than forty years, but he also belonged to the circle of my wife's set long before I knew him or her, and you know how I have clung to all that belonged to my wife. I have been living all day in the seventies. Swallow, sister! sweet sister swallow![2] indeed and indeed, we really were happy then.

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 18 March, 1916.

Not a word have I to say, and nothing to ask except how you are. I am desperately afraid of news, and live from day to day, seeing as few persons as possible, and talking as little as I can. I am horrified to be still here where I am obviously very much out of place. Many times in my life I have felt myself out of place, but never so much as now, when it is quite clear that I am a grasshopper in October without legs or wings or song. The world never saw or heard me, and has no wish to be told when I lived or what I may have done in that distant epoch. Never again will it think about me, if I can judge from what it now says about the remote age in which you and I lived. The *Life of John Hay* roused great interest and sold 15,000 copies last winter, as a curious picture of a lost world. It ranks now with *Saint Simon* and *Louis Quatorze*. I want to look like a sort of American Voltaire, or Gibbon, but am slowly settling down to be a third-rate Boswell hunting for a Dr. Johnson. By the way, you remember my *Education*. Publishers have been worrying me to let them publish it, as a tail to the *Life of Hay*. Of course I refused, but in doing so I looked for the copy I had corrected for that purpose near ten years ago. To my great annoyance, it had disappeared. Then I looked at my files for your letter of corrections. That too was missing. Apparently some one — probably myself — has made free with my literary remains, for books are missing out of sets. Am I quite ga-ga, or only so-so!

---

[1] He died, February 28.

[2] An echo of Swinburne's *Itylus*.

I persist in thinking and saying that I'm not as imbecile as my government, or as feeble-minded as my countrymen, or as mad as the Kaiser, etc., etc., etc., but what of it if I am only idiotic enough.

All this long winter I've sat, looking into the fire, thinking about you and our friends abroad, but afraid to say a word for fear of more bad news. I was hit badly by Harry James's collapse, and yet Harry went to live in England only long after I left it. He was a very old friend — but not as old as you.

No old friends exist here. I am surrounded by their sons or daughters or grandchildren, very nice and attentive and charming, but not exactly eighty years old, I am glad to say. The world they live in does not seem to me very novel or original, except for autos and such things, but they manage to get born, and what is surprising, they beat me even at dying, which is queer. As for their pathology, it passes understanding.

As for the war it has become a habit, like rum, and I try not to think of it, but at least I claim that you've made a better fight than we did in the fifth century, and killed more Germans. The change has been in explosives only, and that is a wholly new chapter, which involves the whole solar system, and does not concern me in the Neanderthal. By the way, when we tried to go there in '65, we were as far from 1915 as if we had been Attila.

Farewell! Every letter I write, I consider, — for convenience — my last, and it is far more likely to be so than if I were in the trenches. Love to all yours.[1]

---

[1] 'Yesterday I walked in the spring woods, and met a fly. To that fly I said: "Fly! do you want me to tell you the truth about yourself?" And that fly looked at me — carefully — and said: "You be damned."

'They have told me that, now, just seventy-eight times. They are not tired, but I am. If you happen on a copy of my *Education*, kindly burn it. I have no longer a wish to educate. I think that, as an insect, I know! that is, I don't care to know any more. So, I'll join the beetles. They were, I think, the first, greatest, and most successful experiment of nature. Read Fabre!' — To Henry Osborn Taylor, April, 1916.

XXXVI

TYRINGHAM, BEVERLY FARMS, WASHINGTON

1916–1918

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

Ashintully, Tyringham,[1] Massachusetts, July 10, 1916.

Thanks for the list of errata. It will repose, with the volume, on the shelves of the Massachusetts Historical Society, not to be disturbed, I trust, in our time, if ever. Already that world is dead as the pyramids, and my use for it is to calculate whether the revolution of 1790–1816 was as great as that between 1890–1916. A third member of the series might be 1688–1716, and a fourth 1588–1616, and so on indefinitely. No century would know its successor. The '15's are great dates.

We are rapidly living through ours. It will not last much longer, nor shall I. Who cares? Yesterday I was amused in driving over to Harry White's (whose wife is *in extremis*) to meet old Joe Choate there, now eighty-three, and we old people could abuse all our juniors. Fifty years ago I listened to old Lord Lansdowne and Lord Brougham abusing Lord Campbell, — or conversely, as it may have happened, — and I wonder now if I represent Brougham or Campbell. The abuse is the same. That lasts through all the ages.

Three months more have passed, and I have nothing to tell you. I have a big house, guests, and summer. My last guests were my brother Brooks and his wife, on their way to baths at Saratoga. He and I discussed the total failure of the universe, as usual, and especially of our own country which seems to afford even more satisfaction.

It is very curious — this living in the ruins of a dissolved world. No one seems to know it; no one has anything to say; no one does anything; no one speculates as to the past or future; no one thinks. It is a great paralysis — all is waiting for something big to break. As the signs indicate more probably that it will be Germany, the public seems to draw better breath, but still no sign of renewed vitality. Our old world is dead. The huge polypus waiting to pop over us is what we call the Middle West, which corresponds to your middle class. It has a stomach but no nervous centre, —no brains.

---

[1] May 7 he arrived at the Robert de Peyster Tytus house, Tyringham, where he remained until November.

Nothing is there! we need not wait, for it will not come. Even the war has thus far given us no new idea. The old process of killing is always new, but not more so than in Cain's day. It suggests nothing except fear.

Perhaps there really is nothing to suggest. We may have come to the end. The fate of the German experiment leads me to think so.

ASHINTULLY, TYRINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS, 3 October, 1916.

I had a moment of real relief at seeing your hand yesterday. I had become anxious. It is bad enough to be a wreck oneself. To fret about others is altogether superfluous. As for the war-cloud, it is moving accurately on time. On my figures, based on 1863 it should take you till August, 1918, to reduce Germany to absolute extinction, as in our case. If you are contented with less, you should finish within a year. The last three months have seen immense progress. At the same rate, you should be on safe ground by January next. The real work is done.

This is the way our financiers see it, and they are fair weather-cocks. You can probably have all our money too, to judge from today's Paris loan. Mark that it is taken by our greatest German house.

I've no doubt that your health will feel the improvement. Mine does, although I am a million odd years old. This summer I'm older. I feel it most in my eyes. Writing is almost an impossibility, and I have no Mary to print so beautifully. Nieces run me, and do it well. Indeed this summer I have the swellest house and the most guests I ever did have, and feel like a small stock-broker who has made money; — only I've not made money, but spent it. What is the use of saving it?

Meanwhile I am of not the smallest account in the world, where no one ever heard of my existence. A Presidential election is coming on and my party will, I trust, return to power, but no friend of mine will be running it. No one in office will know my name. I am as dead as a black beetle. Their legislation will all seem to me ridiculous. They themselves will look like camels. In fact, it is I who am the camel; but both have been always right, since Moses.

My friend Mrs. Cameron is in Paris, patching up Belgians, with Mrs. Wharton. Her daughter, Martha Lindsay, has been working in a Paris hospital all summer, but is, I suppose, now on her way back to Egypt to join her husband, Ronald Lindsay, in running Egypt. Most of my acquaintance here are on their way to do ambulance work. There is mighty little pretence left of neutrality within my hearing. All talk of 'us' and 'ours' as if they were on the Champs Elysées. Of course it is very wrong, but as a matter of fact, they are as anti-German as the French, and want war as policy, apart from you or anyone else. It dates back to our Spanish War. Germany's diplomatic blunders threw us all over. Even our German citizens are bad Germans.

Yet we ourselves feel quite ignorant of our popular meaning.[1]

BEVERLY FARMS, MASS. 8 June, 1917.

I was awfully pleased yesterday to get your letter of May 19th and am ashamed to think that I have not written to you for so long a time that I can hardly remember when it was. The truth is that I have been more and more impressed this last year with the singular wisdom of holding my tongue.

To my great surprise everybody seems more and more to have come round to my way of thinking and for once in my life I have found myself wondering how on earth it happened that I was with the majority and had better not criticise or find fault. If the public and the politicians have not always done things as I would like to have had them done, they have come out thus far infinitely better than I expected and I have no wish to say a word about my own superior wisdom; as you know our rôle in life has always been to be wiser than anyone else and the consciousness of that is the only reward we are likely to get from it.

Meanwhile, here we are, for the first time in our lives fighting side by side and to my bewilderment I find the great object of my life thus accomplished in the building up of the great community of Atlantic Powers which I hope will at least make a precedent that can never be forgotten. We have done it once and perhaps we can keep it up. Strange it is that we should have done it by means of inducing those blockheads of Germans to kick us into it. I think that I can now contemplate the total ruin of our old world with more philosophy than I ever thought possible. You and I have seen so much and helped to do so many foolish things that it is really a joy to feel that we have established one great idea even though we have pulled all the stars out of their courses in order to do it. And, after all, it is a curious reflection that we never intended it.

I have carefully kept myself out of sight while the Foreign Commissions have made their triumphant march through America and have hardly so much as seen a single member of them. Spring Rice did, it is true, bring Arthur Balfour to breakfast one day, but it was a purely domestic affair and we talked only about Lord Robert Cecil in Mansfield Street about fifty years ago. You should have been there to join in the conversation, for Arthur Balfour had not then come up to London and was improving his mind at Oxford in the first stages of childhood. He has grown old since that time, and his whole career has passed, as you know, without my ever having seen him. He complains, too, of growing deaf, and I complain of growing blind, but I am ten years older than he and have a right to my decrepitude. I saw no other of the Englishmen, except a young fellow named Amos[1] who came to me from Egypt. Nor did I see the great Joffre, nor his colleague, the 'grand jaloux.' The young women made such desperate love to them all that old men had not a chance to get near them. I did see my old friend Pierre de Chambrun for ten minutes, but that was all. Perhaps I was lucky in my modesty, for they managed to kill my old friend Jo Choate, because he added speechifying which I always abominated. Otherwise I have been more interested in the humors of the situation and the singular cleverness and success of His Excellency the President of the United States, especially in upsetting his rivals and making the whole cohort of Republicans and Rooseveltians follow after him. And they obey him with as much docility as if they were not all the time cursing him with a vocabulary worthy of my extreme youth. As far as I know we have obeyed like lambs and have done everything we were told to do. Never could I have conceived that in a short three months we could have gone into a great war and adopted a conscription not unworthy of Germany, at the bidding of a President who was elected only a few months ago on the express ground that he had kept us at peace. We are now proceeding in the same path to starve ourselves for the benefit of Europe and, before long, I shall be writing to you that, like my ancestors, the primitive American Indian, I am living on 'yams' and Indian corn. It will not be very different from my actual régime.

---

[1] The last letter in the writing of Henry Adams was to Elizabeth Cameron, 1 December, 1916. The later letters were dictated to Aileen Tone or Elsie Adams.

And now I have returned to the house which I built in 1876 and left in 1885, thinking that nothing on earth would ever bring me back. It is much as though your last Abbot of Wenlock should return in spirit to visit you in the ruins of the Abbey, and to tell you of the wickedness of Henry the Eighth. I am sure he would amuse you more than the return to fifty years ago amuses me. But with both of us, the moral is the same; it is all over now, and neither Henry the Eighth nor Ulysses S. Grant have longer any importance. I live here with my niece as you might live at Wenlock with your daughter; and my only effort is to smile, to look benevolent, and to hold my tongue. The people strike me as being less amusing with much less sense of humor than fifty years ago, but they are almost pathetically conservative and in a *world* of socialists they are more early Victorian than ever. I scarcely dare speak for fear of saying something disrespectful of Prince Albert. There are just three of my contemporaries living on this shore, but we have all lost our minds or our senses and no one thinks it worth while to tell us so. No books come out. I am not aware that there are any writers left, certainly none in my branch which was extinct five and twenty years ago or more. No one even remembers the name of Lord Macaulay. I once wrote some books myself, but no one has even mentioned the fact to me for nearly a generation. I have a vague recollection that once some young person *did* mention an anecdote to me that came from one of my books and that he attributed to some one else. Harry James's niece also wrote to me asking for his letters which I gave her, and which is the last I shall ever hear of them....

---

[1] Sir Maurice Sheldon Amos (1872–   ).

To Cecil Spring Rice

BEVERLY FARMS, July 10th, [1917].

I enclose to you a copy of the two sonnets prepared for the press. I wish you would look over them and see if they suit you. I have not yet taken any further steps about them or read them to anyone else, but I wish that, in case it comports with your high dignity you would return them to me at your earliest convenience and further that, if Your Excellency pleases, there might be added a few lines of Your Excellency's own, giving the legend which you recited to me and which I apprehend entered into your conception of the sonnets, which, if you do not object, I will insert between the two sonnets, in such a manner as to connect the two, but without heading. Do you think it would comport with Your Excellency's high dignity to return me the document this time, with your high approval?[1]

---

[1] The Sonnets, entitled 'The St. Gaudens Monument at Rock Creek Cemetery,' written in 1893, were by Spring Rice and were based upon a Persian story. They were printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*, CXX. 607, and in Gwynn, II. 397.

BEVERLY FARMS, July 14, 1917.

Thanks! Unlike most diplomatists, you have done for once exactly what I want, with a becoming sense of the seriousness of your task.

I hear with compassion what you say of the Club, but as usual, it is all your own fault — You know quite well that your uncle is here only a step from you and that you can get under his protection in the twinkling of an eye without anyone's knowing it. And let me tell you, there are a number of pretty women *quite* near by who are much brighter than any diplomats you can find in the State Department, and who will keep you out of mischief *much* better than Mr. Bethmann-Hollweg or any of your other friends. What is more and better, we know nobody and have no news. But the Higginson family scatters salmon about like the Semeur of French sous.[1]

To Elizabeth Cameron

BEVERLY FARMS, 5 September, 1917.

. . . .

Of news here there is none. Already things have taken the shape of war as we saw them take shape in Europe three years ago, and all our young men have gone or are going to the front or to sea, as fast as they can be sent. Only we old people and the women and children are left and I don't think we are entertaining. Behind all the killing comes the great question of what our civilization is to do next, and you would be delighted if you could discuss this matter with my solemn brother Brooks, who is sitting with some five hundred other men in the State House trying to frame a new fabric for the Society of the next century which shall satisfy some one, although thus far he has got only to the point of dissatisfying everyone more than ever.

He considers the world to be going to the devil with the greatest rapidity quite apart from war; and I endeavor, as you know, to console him by the assurance that it went there at least ten years ago. (See on this subject various works written by me in a truly humorous spirit to prepare them for a truly fatal result.) I am sorry to say I really think his agony of mind [is] chiefly due to the approaching destruction of all values in the stock market, but I appeal to you whether this cataclysm is likely to entail any very disastrous consequences to me or to him. . . .

---

[1] 'He [Spring Rice] is one of the only literary men of taste and feeling that we have in the government, and I hope he may be better liked for having it known. After all, Springy has achieved the greatest diplomatic success ever granted to a British Minister in that position, or perhaps in any position. And he has the right to what credit may be his for whatever he has done.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 3 November, 1917.

I think I wrote to you of having read to me Gosse's book on Algernon Swinburne[1] and Santayana's very clever essay on German Metaphysics,[2] which I am now following up by Santayana's earlier work on American Metaphysics and our beloved William James. Santayana is always amusing if you don't ask too much, which is more than I can say of the war literature, which does not amuse me at all.

WASHINGTON, 7 January, 1918.

. . . .

Of course you have seen the last and in some respects, severest blow in the shape of Springy's recall.[3] No doubt you will hear more about it in England than I shall know here: and indeed I do not much care about the causes or even the consequences of what has been done. As it seems to affect the whole British diplomatic service, it is probably not personal to Springy, but has its causes in domestic politics and conditions which are intentionally kept secret. The only circumstance which I seem to infer as a necessary consequence is that something is afoot which I am not intended to know, and can only guess. Probably you will be told before I am, what it is that is going to happen, but it is surely diplomatic in some way and covers the whole field. If it is true that Lord Reading[4] is to take the place, you can draw your own conclusions as well as I. Meanwhile Springy is socially the greatest loss I could suffer, for he had become very much at home and indeed almost dependent on this house for refuge at moments when he was hunted beyond every other hole within his range of hiding. . . . I have congratulated him heartily on his escape from the present situation, which I have considered untenable for a long time past, and which must now be occupied by a class of men who have little or no relation with our society or time. You know who they are and I have myself no hostility to them; but they are what is by courtesy called 'business men' and they have no more connection with our century than we had with the

---

[1] Edmund William Gosse, *Life of Algernon Charles Swinburne.* London, 1917.

'I was quite knocked silly when Edie [Hoyt] who was reading to me from Gosse's *Life of Swinburne,* calmly read out a quotation from myself which was attributed to some apparently well known "Mr. Adams," who turns out to be, in all probability, my own father.' — To Elizabeth Cameron, 3 August, 1917. See page 286 of Gosse's volume.

[2] George Santayana, *Egotism in German Philosophy.* London, [1917].

[3] See Gwynn, *Letters and Friendships of Sir Cecil Spring Rice,* II. 426.

[4] Rufus Daniel Isaacs, Earl of Reading (1860–).

dixhuitième.... Of his successor, whoever he may be, I have little or no hope on my own account, knowing that my clan is not one which is now likely to furnish what government needs. I need only say by way of suggestion that the most efficient people are centered about the Treasury....

To Charles Franklin Thwing

1603 H STREET, WASHINGTON, February 17, 1918.

Whatever was the case with your teacher's memory your own is phenomenal. I am sorry to say I cannot correct it in any essential particular and have nothing to add to it. My worst enemies cannot charge me with having shown a wish to mislead you, and it is true that we do find ourselves now at the end of this portentous vista, with no means of escape, still wondering how we got here, and wishing somebody would show us the way out. I protest that no one has the right to say I did it, or that I ever gave you any good advice on any subject, where it could have been of use. If there is one point on which I am sensitive, it is that of giving advice to anybody, unless perhaps it may have been that I advised him to run away when he saw danger. For myself, I have no longer time to run far — but I would still do the best I could if you would tell me how, and whether in your opinion, your own refuge is likely to prove a good one.

It is astonishing how very little good advice I can get from you old scholars, who should have learned so much from me — in your better days, so that now I am left without a clue to guide me, when it is evident that I need all the accumulated wisdom that my scholars ought to have derived from my teaching. Literally I do not know where to turn, and ask in vain from such wise men as come here from your city, what instruction they have obtained in these long ages from you, Masters of Wisdom. I fear I shall have to begin again in that garret in University Hall where the venerable Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles[1] once tried to teach me the Greek tongue, and I believe I shall have to begin again and labor in the pages of Plato for more light than you are willing to bestow on me. Never mind! I forgive you — I will not bear you a grudge and I will trust that time may still endow you with that wisdom which I tried in vain to shed — forgive *me* too and believe me —

---

[1] Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles (1805–1883).

To Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, 19 February, 1918.

Your letter of January 26th arrived here on the morning of the 16th of February and was marvellously well shot, because the 16th was precisely my birthday and of all birthdays the most momentous. I was eighty years old that morning. I recollect telling you some ten years ago that I thought the man had made a success in life who had attained his 70th year, because he had distanced most of his fellow beings in one of the great objects of life, if nothing else. But I am inclined to say now that the man who has attained 80 years has achieved the most stupendous failure possible, because he has, at least in my case, seemed to have got to the bottom of everything, and has left no experience that has not failed. I find this reflection very consolatory, in the midst of all our public anxieties. In the first place I have buried all my contemporaries except you, and have nothing more to ask from them; and when you come to think of it, this is a very admirable result. I can't be hurt on that side any more. In the second place, it is quite clear that whatever the next generation is going to do, or to suffer, it will be something that does not concern me. The various horizons which you and I have passed through since the '40's are now as remote as though we had existed in the time of Marcus Aurelius, and, in fact, I rather think that we should have been more at home among the Stoics, than we could ever hope to be in the legislative bodies of the future. I derive a sort of stale satisfaction from having the wisdom of our philosophic President, Mr. Woodrow Wilson, read to me, but I certainly do *prefer* that of Marcus Aurelius and I am quite sure that if I were fool enough to live ten years longer, I should find myself in an atmosphere stranger still. I don't know whether you ever read, and I certainly would not advise you to read, the last three chapters of my *Education*, which I sent to you a dozen years ago. But if you had been unfortunate enough to read and remember them, you might realize the enormity of time that has passed and is passing since those chapters were written. Already I can see ahead quite far enough to satisfy my wildest desires and even the temptation of seeing *more*, does not tempt me to go on. That you and I should be left within that time to beg our bread, as it were after the manner of Belisarius, might be humorous but somewhat too cloying.

I rather prefer the extraordinary fate of my friend Spring Rice,[1] whose doctor has just sat half an hour with me, quite enraged because he could find no reason whatever for Spring Rice's sudden death, and was evidently more than half inclined to suspect that a German had killed him, although there was no German, and no possible motive, capable of accounting for the act. So we go on! and I am, for the first time in fifty years surrounded by talk of war and weapons, which I cannot escape and which have less meaning to me now, than they had then, although your British aëroplanes are sailing up and down under my windows at all hours, as though I were myself a master of Aëroplane Horse in a new universe of winged bipeds. It is only twenty years since my friend, Professor Langley, at my table, talked about all these things as dreams of the future, and we're already wishing to heaven that they had remained dreams of the past. I am in a new society and a new world which is more wild and madder by far than the old one, and yet I seem to myself to be a part of it, and even almost to take share in it. I speculate on what is to happen as actively as I did at your table fifty years ago, and the only difference is that I terribly miss your father's conversation and his dry champagne. I no longer indulge in champagne or anything else, but I still look on at the British Secretaries of Legation enjoying their Pommery brut, even though we ordinary people in Washington are no longer permitted to have it. The world is improved! We kill each other by the hundred thousand, without remorse, but we are denied our dry champagne. I suppose that George Canning would have approved the new dispensation.

---

[1] Died, February 15, 1918.

I wish you were still wise enough to help me to put together the various legs of these conundrums, or tell me the bond between my Lord Reading and his somewhat primitive associations on the one side, and his associates in the British Cabinet and Mr. Woodrow Wilson on the other, for I am getting to be wholly at a loss to comprehend what these alliances mean, or where we are to look next for our support and comfort. Sometimes I think that we are to be told to seek our ally at Potsdam against the tempests of Eastern Europe, and their after-outbreaks in the West; but I think I shall have to live at least nine months more to settle these doubts, and really I question whether a man of ordinary intelligence, even though 80 years old, can possibly put himself to such trouble. It is not worth it, especially because I have not, like you, the interest of children to attach me to the Synagogue. Really I have nothing whatever here to remind you that we had common friends fifty years ago. I can send you no news of anybody you ever saw or heard of. I doubt a little whether you have anybody whom I ever knew, to talk about. Spring Rice's last letter to me was rather full of John Morley and his reminiscences,[1] such as they were; but Morley came after my time and belongs to a circle with which I was never in concert. I feel at times a little curiosity to know something about George Trevelyan and his eccentric son,[2] but I do not believe I should enjoy the information. You may remember my old friend, Ralph Palmer, who is still alive and very deaf; but I hear of him through Mrs. Cameron who has been in England for the last three months, trying to save her daughter from all sorts of fatal oriental diseases, acquired from a long residence in Egypt. She is at their house at Stepleton in Dorsetshire, struggling with the want of food and fuel, and with the charms of a semi-arctic winter. We have had all these social advantages here too, but luckily without the diseases.

I hope that you too have got through the winter tolerably, for at least you ought to have had coal enough. I hope the family is still all right and I wish you would give them my best regards. Perhaps our next letters will grow more cheerful with the improvement of the world.

Elizabeth Ogden Adams to Charles Milnes Gaskell

WASHINGTON, April 6th, 1918.

You may have heard already of my uncle Henry Adams' death, perhaps some other member of the family has written you, but nobody is here now to ask and as I know well how large a place you held in his thoughts I have decided not to wait to ask but to write myself.

Death came suddenly without warning of any kind, he simply slipped out of life.

On Tuesday, March 26th, he had been as well as usual, some people had dropped in to see him in the afternoon and two people had dined with him in the evening, he had been in good spirits and had evidently enjoyed himself and at ten o'clock he went to bed as usual. It had been his custom of late years to take a short walk before breakfast, his doctor had advised it and he had grown to depend upon it, so on Wednesday morning when he failed to come down, Miss Tone, whom he regarded as another niece and who had been his constant companion since his illness six years ago, became anxious and went to his room and failing to get any answer to her knock, opened the door and saw him lying in bed apparently asleep. It was unlike him to sleep so late, so she crept over to his bed and then came to my room to tell me to send for the doctor that Uncle Henry seemed to be unconscious. When he came he told us after a brief examination that death had taken place some little time before. He had had another stroke, but this time so severe that death had followed on the instant; there was no evidence of struggle; he lay there as if in sleep, there was no look of pain on his face, on the contrary only peace — absolute peace. Looking back on these last six years, since his illness in 1912 I feel confident that on the whole he was happy. Of course he was never so strong again but he was able to do a great deal and, though his eyes had gone back on him to the extent that he had to give up reading and writing which was very hard for him, he was still able to see pretty well at a distance. He was surrounded by people who would have done anything on earth to make him happy, and, finally he was spared what he dreaded most, a long and lingering illness.

---

[1] *Recollections*, published in 1917.

[2] George Macaulay Trevelyan (1876–), who had written much on Garibaldi and Italian freedom.

For him there is nothing to regret, he was more than ready to go, but to us who loved him and to whom he stood for so much his loss is great, beyond all words to express.

Yours very sincerely,
ELIZABETH OGDEN ADAMS

INDEX

Abbey, Edwin Austin, 4

Abbeys, literary fraud, 571

Abbott, Grafton St. Loe, 28 *n.*

Abbott, Henry Livermore, 28 *n.*

Abbott, Mary (Adams), 28 *n.*

Abdul-Hamid II, 115, 172

Abinger, Baron, *see* Scarlett

Abyssinia, 99, 100

Adams, Abigail ('Hitty'), *see* Homans

Adams, Abigail (Smith), 269

Adams, Brooks, Chicago, 33 *n.*; silver, 57 *n.*; *Civilisation and Decay*, 70, 71, 76, 80, 83, 91, 117, 138, 140, 142; Pliny, 83; in India, 94; impatient, 144; the *Maine*, 153; on Athens, 165; gold-bug, 196; Hoar and, 202; at Russian court, 270; Dewey, 284; success, 328; a victim, 367; law of history, 392 *n.*; lassitude, 504 *n.*; gloom, 529 *n.*, 532, 545, 595; railway question, 548; cheerful, 561, 616, 622; fears, 618; accident, 619; constitutional convention, 645; mentioned, 53, 81, 89, 112, 114, 120, 135, 139, 186, 198, 199, 214, 221, 244, 258, 260, 262, 296, 313, 326, 363, 366, 393, 423, 460, 493, 522, 570, 621, 626, 636, 640; letters to, 69, 80, 82, 92, 95, 96, 99, 125, 129, 162, 177, 184 *n.*, 246, 251, 264, 271 *n.*, 333 *n.*, 359, 391, 392 *n.*, 410, 453, 548, 551

Adams, Caroline, 165 *n.*

Adams, Charles Francis, 508; life of, 29, 95, 271; luck of, 95; described, 101

Adams, Charles Francis, Jr., Chicago, 33 *n.*; Oxford gift, 44 *n.*; life of father, 271; bookplate, 464; on the *Education*, 472; moves to Washington, 492; Studies, 575; pensions, 586; death, 636; mentioned, 24, 28 *n.*, 32, 262, 276, 493, 560, 586, 593, 596, 621; letters to, 28, 95, 101, 294, 304, 389, 416, 486, 547, 550, 552, 575, 607, 609, 616

Adams, Charles Francis, 2d., 28 *n.*

Adams, Elizabeth Ogden ('Elsie'), vii, 33 *n.*, 375, 417, 592, 596, 603, 614, 616; present, 586; death of Henry Adams, 650

Adams, Evelyn (Davis) 'Daisy,' 71, 141, 422, 616; solitaire, 32; White House, 418

Adams, Frank Dawson, 325

Adams, George Caspar, 28 *n.*

Adams, Henry, sprains ankle, 6, 10, 11; declines Harvard degree, 7, 10; Western Reserve degree, 12 *n.*; at Aboyne, 13; and pestilence, 20; to visit Asia, 23; Cuba, 26, 35, 96; report on, 166, 191, 221; headquarters, 203, 206; crisis, 1893, 30; memoirs of Marau, 35; sketching, 40; Loubat award, 43; love of tropics, 46; reads history, 48, 215; Yellowstone Park, 52; gold-bug, 57 *n.*, 76, 95; Tahiti relations, 57; Mexico, 58; American Historical Association, 59 *n.*; Petrarch, 62; anarchian, 66, 106, 199, 244, 266, 283, 305, 314, 326, 369, 404, 444; Buddha and Brahma, 68, 632; silence, 70, 445, 552, 633; exchanges, 74; Norman feeling, 79; agreement with world, 89; solitary, 94, 109, 120, 275, 440, 478, 555, 568, 570, 576, 631; on his father, 101; Cardinal Manning, 103; history, 119, 267, 304, 318, 591; condolence, 125, 161, 181, 517; at St. Germain, 130; Egypt, 144, 148, 161; cream jug, 152; a good traveller, 155; Greece, 164; peace with Spain, 183, 184 *n.*; no books, 187, 545; Hay and, 187 *n.*, 236, 284; diplomatic position for, 189, 190, 192, 202; Hoar and, 202, 208; spider, 204; gleeful pessimism, 227 *n.*; a success, 231; disarmament, 231; cardinal's hat, 232; resignations, 236; supports army and navy, 240; anti-Dreyfus, 240; abandon Washington, 245; on life, 251, 471, 576; satisfactory position, 254, 260; cowardice, 256; on Lodge, 268, 590 *n.*; biographies, 271, 495, 634; economy, 274; indiscretion, 278; vices, 298; Hay's monument, 299; dynamos, 301, 315; anti-imperialism, 316; Virgin of Chartres, 317, 488; Dordy d'Ullivier, 318; self-analysis, 332, 450, 566 *n.*; on Wagner, 334, 569; copyrights, 342, 453 *n.*; McKinleyism, 356; desire to live, 365; White House dinner, 365, 388; reception, 418; vanity of men, 386; dog-wood and Judas tree, 387; prediction, 391, 393, 446, 457; geology, 400, 540; analyzed, 414, 417; tax title, 415; buys an automobile, 437, 438, 441, 459; porcupinus, 441, 446 *n.*; as Kaiser, 442; translates a French play, 451; reported dead, 468, 469 *n.*; honors, 470; on Brooks's, 478; as editor, 480 *n.*; mathematics, 488, 489, 509; no companions, 506; memory, 507, 509; Rock Creek figure, 513, 634; ignorance, 513; Letter to Teachers, 524, 525, 528, 531, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 546, 569; flattery and a critic, 526; dotage, 527; a

teacher of teachers, 546, 593; Secession Winter, 547; anniversary, 550; an optimist, 553; on La Farge, 558, 567, 572; senility, 569; work finished, 577; translating *Willame*, 579; medieval history, 581, 591; *Titanic* sinking, 594; stricken, 597; must go on, 607; English press, 616; a successful summer, 617; outlived three worlds, 630; the readable, 633; publishing, 637; with the majority, 642; Beverly Farms, 643; anecdote, 644; advice, 647; at eighty, 648; death, 650
Adams, Henry, 2d., vii, 28 *n.*
Adams, John, President, 7, 319, 357; Winstanley's portrait, 28; Cunningham letters, 512; Hamilton's attack, 566
Adams, John, 28 *n.*, 463
Adams, John Quincy, President, 101, 193, 343, 472 *n.*, 609; Boylston arms, 464; service, 491; enemies, 566
Adams, John Quincy, 28 *n.*, 32; death, 55
Adams, Louisa Catharine, 343
Adams, Marian (Morse), 463.
Adams, Mary, 28 *n.*
Adams, Mary (Ogden), 33 *n.*, 276; illness, 24
Africa, 194
Agassiz, Alexander, 27, 328, 555, 619
Agassiz, Maximilian, 27 *n.*
Agoncillo, ——, 210, 211, 215
Aguinaldo, Emilio, 214
Aiglon, l', 243 *n.*
Akers, ——, 118
Alaska, 382, 393; treaty, 397, 399
Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence, 2, 3
Aldrich, Margaret Livingston (Chanler), 263
Aldrich, Nelson Wilmarth, 460, 534, 553
Aldrich, Richard, 263 *n.*
Alexander II, of Russia, 346
Alexandria, Egypt, 154
Alexeyev, Mikhail, 431
Alger, Annette (Henry), 211, 418
Alger, Russell Alexander, 206, 208, 210, 213, 216, 218, 220, 236 *n.*, 368
Allison, William Boyd, 96
Alphonso XII, 184 *n.*
Alphonso XIII, 378 *n.*
Altgelt, John Peter, 51
Alvensleben, H. von, 347
America, insolvent, 103, 110; financial centre, 194; activity, 237, 264; boom, 276, 282; in England, 288; unsocial, 490; ideal fruit, 514; society, 572
American Historical Association, 59 *n.*
Ames, Fisher, 469
Ames, Frederick Lothrop, 32
Amiens, visit to, 245
Amos, Sir Maurice Sheldon, 643
Anarchists, 249
Anarchy, Bible of, 83; Christian conservative, 106, 199, 244, 266, 283, 303, 314, 329, 369, 404, 444; explained, 326
Anderson, Isabel Weld (Perkins), 1.
Anderson, Larz, 400; in London, 1, 276
Anderson, Nicholas Longworth, death, 22
Angell, James Burrill, 149, 152, 172, 173
Anglesey, Marquess, *see* Paget
Anglo-Japanese Treaty, 376
Appleton, Caroline Le Roy, 139 *n.*
Aquinas, St. Thomas, 295, 392, 444, 452
Arbitration, 232
Arène, Emmanuel, 521 *n.*
Aristarchi Bey, Grégoire, 112, 138 *n.*; Dreyfus, 144
Armenia, 99, 100
Armour, 225
Arnold, Mary Augusta, 492 *n.*
Arnold, Matthew, 94, 610; letters, 102
Arouet de Voltaire, François Marie, 121, 532
Art, imaginative, 81; relative prices, 232
Aryan civilization, 516
Ashton, Elizabeth Marion, 66
Asquith, Herbert Henry, 74, 495, 545, 592
Asquith, Margaret (Tennant), 74
Astor, William Waldorf, 288
Athens, 164, 170
Atherton, Gertrude Franklin (Horn), 619
Atkinson, Edward, 236
Atlantic system, 447, 461, 642
Atwater, Moetie (Salmon), 297 *n.*
Audrain, ——, 507
Augustine, Saint, 490, 526, 551, 625, 628, 635
Aulard, François Alphonse, 501
Austin, Alfred, 93 *n.*
Austria, Spain and, 180

Bacon, Augustus Octavius, 621
Bacon, Martha Beatrix, 555
Bacon, Martha Waldron (Cowdin), 555
Bacon, Robert, 555, 590
Bakhméteff, George, 174, 586
Bakhméteff, Mamy (Beale), 174 *n.*
Balestier, Anna (Smith), 5 *n.*
Balestier, Caroline, 4 *n.*
Balestier, Charles Wolcott, 4 *n.*, 16
Balestier, Josephine, 5 *n.*
Balfour, Arthur James, 2, 73, 75, 88, 97, 98, 106, 320, 410, 545, 576, 643; address, 439
Ballinger, Richard Achilles, 531, 533, 534, 565
Baltimore, fire, 423, 426
Bancroft, George, 444, 508, 628; age, 19, 398
Bancroft, John Chandler, 311
Bankers as politicians, 96, 100
Barbizon, 234

Barbour, Sir David Miller, 126
Baring, Evelyn, Lord Cromer, 150, 151
Barney, Ashbel Hinman, 614
Barney, Charles Tracy, 614 *n.*
Barra, Francisco León de la, 564 *n.*
Barrows, Samuel June, 218, 224
Bartet, *see* Regnault
Bass, Roderich, 337
Batey, ——, 311
Bax-Ironside, Henry Outram, 289
Bayard, Thomas Francis, 67, 76, 270
Baylies, Elizabeth, 18 *n.*
Bayreuth, music, 334
Beach, Michael Edward Hicks, 283, 299, 302 328
Beaconsfield, Earl of, *see* Disraeli
Beale, Emily, 244 *n.*
Beale, Mamy, 174 *n.*, 211
Beale, Truxtun, 23
Beale, Mrs. Truxtun, 500
Beaman, Charles Cotesworth, 406
Beaman, Hettie Sherman (Evarts), 406 *n.*
Beauvais, cathedral, 81
Becker, Philipp August, 592
Bedier, Charles Marie Joseph, 562, 578, 592
Beirut, 156
Belgrade, 174 *n.*, 175, 176
Belmont, Oliver Hazard Perry, 270
Belmont, Perry, 284, 293
Benjamin, Judah Philip, 102
Bennett, James Gordon, 106, 587; Cuba, 118 *n.*
Béraud, Jean, 497
Berdan, Elizabeth, 311 *n.*
Berenson, Bernard, 523
Berenson, Mary W. (Costelloe), 523 *n.*
Bergerat, Auguste Emile, 451 *n.*
Bergson, Henri, philosophy, 523, 543, 547
Bernhardt, Sarah, 243 *n.*, 298 *n.*, 311 *n.*
Bernstein, Edouard, 246, 247
Berry, Marie Caroline Ferdinande Louise, Duchesse de, 497
Berry, Walter Van Rensselaer, 555
Bertie, Francis Leveson, 504
Bertrand, Louis, 625
Besnard, Paul Albert, 497, 568
Bethmann-Hollweg, Theobald, 645
Beveridge, Albert Jeremiah, 563
Bezobrazoff, ——, 427
Bigelow, John, 216, 532
Bigelow, William Sturgis, 127, 311, 312, 326, 416, 531, 555, 570
Bimetallism, commission, 128, 133
Blackmail, 396
Blackwood, Frederick Temple Hamilton Temple, Marquis of Dufferin, 308
Blackwood, Helen Selina (Sheridan), 308 *n.*
Blackwood, Price, 308 *n.*
Blaine, Emmons, 12 *n.*
Blaine, Harriet, 150, 211
Blaine, James Gillespie, 11; resignation, 7; candidate, 9
Blanche, Jacques Emile, 496
Blandet, Edme Antoine Emile, 540
Blériot, Louis, 521
Bliss, Cornelius Newton, 236 *n.*, 385
Bliss, Daniel, 160
Blois, Château de, 86
Blow, Martha, 430
Boer War, 241, 243, 249, 250, 257, 263, 266, 271, 281, 283, 285, 322, 391
Boigne, Comtesse de, *see* Osmond
Boissier, Marie Louise Antoine Gaston, 303
Boit, John, 596
Boldini, Jean, 497, 521
Bonaparte, Caroline Le Roy Appleton Edgar, 139
Bonaparte, Jerome Napoleon, 139 *n.*
Book-plate, Adams, 464
Booth, Francis, 414
Borodin, Alexander Porfyrievich, 342
Boston, 80, 94, 414, 466, 531
Bourget, Paul Charles Joseph, 115
Boutroux, Etienne Emile Marie, 507
Bowen, Herbert Wolcott, 395
Boxer rising in China, 289
Boyer, Rachel, 242, 459
Boylston arms, 464
Brazil, 193
Brice, Calvin Stewart, 75, 311 *n.*, 363, 382
Brice, Helen, 461, 462, 498, 558
Brice, Kate, 311
Brieux, Eugène, 287 *n.*
Bright, John, 413, 616
Bright, Margaret, 616 *n.*
Bristols, ——, 2
Broca, Paul, 507
Broderick, George Charles, 15, 434
Broglie, Duc de, 87
Brooke, John Rutter, 203, 206, 207, 210, 219
Brooks, E. A., 37
Brooks, Jane Elizabeth (Orrell), 15 *n.*
Brooks, Jane (Davidson), 15 *n.*
Brooks, L., 37
Brooks, Sydney, 463
Brooks, Sir William Cunliffe, 15, 16 *n.*
Brooks's, Memorials of, 478
Browning, Robert, on the triangle, 466
Brugière, Maryon J., 498 *n.*
Brunhes, Jean, 543
Bryan, William Jennings, effect of success, 114; favors treaty, 196; mentioned, 109, 115, 184 *n.*, 208, 213, 214, 219, 220, 224, 234, 245, 247, 252, 259, 263, 265, 266, 270,

284, 420 *n.*, 426, 431, 493, 499, 578, 588, 589, 601, 610, 616, 622, 623
Bryce, Elizabeth Marion (Ashton), 66 *n.*
Bryce, James, 14, 66, 377, 484, 514, 592, 601; ambassador, 472, 601, 610; garrulous, 473 *n.*
Buckler, William Hepburn, 141 *n.*
Buda-Pest, 177
Buddha and Brahma, 68, 632
Buller, Redvers Henry, 256, 263, 265, 385
Bulloch, James Dunwody, 102
Burgess, John William, 44 *n.*
Burnett, Sir Robert, 20 *n.*
Burnham, Daniel Hudson, 367
Burr, Aaron, prediction, 201
Butt, Archibald Willingham, 577
Buxton, Charles, 102
Buxton, Sir Thomas Fowell, 102

Cabinet dinners, 420
Cabot, Amy (Hemenway), 417 *n.*
Cabot, Louis, 417, 621
Cabotin, 267
Cabots, the, 466
Cadiz, reported attack, 174
Cadwalader, John Lambert, 623
Cafetales, Cuba, 38, 40, 42
Caillavet, Gaston Arman de, 521 *n.*
Cairo, 148
California, gold, 212
Calvé, Emma, 74
Calvert, Caecilius B., 397 *n.*
Calvert, Eleanor A., 397 *n.*
Calvert place, Md., 396
Cambon, Pierre Paul, 372, 381
Cameron, Elizabeth (Sherman), vi, 24, 50, 230, 249, 259, 291, 293, 555, 603, 641, 650; social Washington, 634; letters, 637
Cameron, James Donald, 29, 158, 260, 262, 318, 382, 473, 493, 570, 603, 636; read out of party, 51; candidate for president, 56 *n.*; at Surrenden Dering, 185; politics, 203, 207, 337
Cameron, Martha, Helleu's pastel, 230; engagement, 512, 514; letter to, 600; mentioned, 24, 138, 139, 143, 158, 259, 265, 291, 293, 336, 504, 627, 641
Cameron, Rachel, 29, 322 *n.*, 323
Cameron, Simon, 325 *n.*
Cameron, Virginia Rolette, 325
Campos, Arsenio Martinez de, 184
Canada, joint commission, 209, 214, 223; questions, 261, 361, 384, 403; treaty, 560; independent, 574
Canfield, Augustus Cass, 312
Canning, George, 649
Cannon, Joseph Gurney, 428, 529
Canovas del Castillo, Antonio, 129, 185
Cape Colony, war in, 357
Capital, cosmopolitan, 124
Caratheodori, Prince, 168
Cardinal, hat of a, 232
Carlisle, John Griffin, 76, 365
Carlisle, Mary Jane (Goodson), 365 *n.*
Carlyle, Thomas, 94, 468; annoyance, 528
Carmen, Calvé in, 74
Carnegie, Andrew, 53, 124, 270, 275, 386, 598
Carow, Edith Kermit, *see* Edith Roosevelt
Carroll, Charles, 471 *n.*
Carroll, Suzanne (Bancroft), 471, 481, 501
Carter, Alice (Morgan), 381 *n.*
Carter, John Ridgely, 381
Cartier,——, 459
Carver, Mary Theresa, 611
Casimir-Périer, Jean Paul Pierre, 235
Cassatt, Alexander Johnston, 385
Cassatt, Mary, 614
Cassini, Count, 281, 325, 330, 368, 372, 431, 451, 474; on Hay, 206; Anglo-Japanese Treaty, 376; trepans Holleben, 381; daughter, 397
Castellane, Boni de, 483 *n.*
Cathedral, thirteenth century, 85, 86
Catherine of Russia, 348
Cavendish, Spencer Compton, Duke of Devonshire, 73
Cavite, taking of, 174 *n.*
Cecil, Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne, Marquess of Salisbury, 91, 98, 100, 118, 137, 180, 181, 223, 231, 249 *n.*, 271, 299, 303, 305, 320, 391, 643
Cecils, the, 557
Cellini, Benvenuto, 490
Centralisation, 127, 130, 132 *n.*, 163; all history, 153
Chamberlain, Joseph, speeches, 18, 19, 179; silver, 73, 75; policy, 106, 361; war, 241, 243; error, 255; dislike of, 276, 281; interview pictured, 278; colonies, 357; and Japan, 376; jesuitry, 412; daughter, 419; mentioned, 26, 181, 238, 263, 294, 299, 303, 331, 359, 371, 390, 391, 407, 410, 413, 425, 436
Chamberlain, Mary (Endicott), 30, 66, 256
Chambrun, Pierre de, 643
Chandler, William Eaton, 224, 266
Chanler, Alida, 321 *n.*
Chanler, Elizabeth, 275 *n.*
Chanler, Laura, 498
Chanler, Margaret (Terry), 227 *n.*, 498, 622; letters to, 444, 452, 457, 466, 471, 488, 506, 517, 523, 533 *n.*, 538
Chanler, Margaret Livingston, 263, 266, 321

Chanler, William Astor, 178 *n.*, 207, 257, 266, 268, 312
Chanler, Winthrop Astor, 227, 228, 230, 619
Channing, Mary, 387 *n.*
Chansons de Geste, 137, 571, 581
Chapman, Elizabeth (Chanler), 275
Chapman, John Jay, 275
Chapman, Maria (Weston), 275
Charcot, Jean Martin, 148
Charlemagne, Voyage de, 561 *n.*, 562, 581
Charlton, Mary Grant (Campbell), 256
Charlton, William Oswald, 256 *n.*
Chartres, 78, 245, 260, 295; glass, 113, 508; poem to Virgin, 317, 488
Chaumont, 87
Chenonceau, 107
Chesterton, Gilbert Keith, 564
Chicago Exposition, 26, 33 *n.*
China, 140, 403, 423; Boxer uprising, 289, 299; importance, 402
Chinon, 85
Choate, Joseph Hodges, 220, 226, 272, 275, 636, 640; London mission, 189, 190, 191, 192, 197, 199, 209; cleverness, 205; Secretary of State, 317; death, 643
Choate, Joseph Hodges, Jr., 313
Christina, Marie Christina, 184
Church, Catholic, 103
Churchill, Jennie (Jerome), 138
Churchill, Randolph, 138
Cicero, extract from, 128
Civilization, early, 516
Clarence, Duke of, death, 2
Clark, Champ, 588, 589, 590, 592
Clark, Charlotte (Coltman), 14 *n.*; death, 132
Clark, John Forbes, 139, 256, 434, 468, 472, 508; at Aboyne, 13; cook book, 527
Clarkson, J. S., 12 *n.*
Clay, Henry, 193
Clayton, John Middleton, 235
Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, 261, 263, 319, 321
Clemenceau, Georges Benjamin, 525, 556
Clemens, Samuel Langhorne, *Diary of Adam*, 326
Cleveland, Grover, candidate, 11; elected, 25; friends, 35, 196; western strikes, 51, 52; Venezuela, 91, 98, 374; financial message, 92, 95; hostile to Cuba, 96, 180; mentioned, 19, 82, 85, 100, 114, 203, 216, 224, 245, 261, 270, 283, 320, 505
Clouet, François, 460
Cobden, Richard, 411
Cockburn, Sir George, 294
Cockran, Burke, 12 *n.*, 273, 370
Codman, Ogden, 614
Coffin's Point, S.C., 28 *n.*, 32
Coins, Greek, 165, 176
Coke of Norfolk, 497
Colnaghi, Henry Martin, 479 *n.*
Colombia and Panama, 380
Colt, Lisetta de Wolfe, 239 *n.*
Coltman, Charlotte, 14 *n.*
Coltman, Hugo, 14 *n.*
Coltman, Thomas, 14 *n.*
Columbus, Christopher, portrait, 230, 232
Colvin, Sydney, 2, 479
Competition, counteracting, 121, 125; effect, 200
Concentration, social, 83, 246, 280, 333 *n.*, 392 *n.*
Confederacy, diplomatic records, 102
Conger, Edwin Hurd, 295 *n.*
Conger, Omar Dwight, 365
Conkling, Roscoe, 209
Connaught, Duke of, 578, 602
Constantinople, 172
Cook, Albert Stanburrough, 550 *n.*; letter to, 546
Coolidge, Thomas Jefferson, 32, 209, 270
Cooper, Anthony Ashley, Earl of Shaftesbury, 102
Coquelin, Benoît Constant, 242, 451 *n.*
Corbin, Henry Clark, 206, 207, 208, 210, 217, 218, 220
Corea, 137
Cortissoz, Royal, vi; letters to, 558, 567, 571
Costelloe, Mary W., 523
Coulet, ——, 562
Coutances, 79, 80, 480
Cowdin, Martha Waldron, 555 *n.*
Cowles, Anna (Roosevelt), 18 *n.*, 388, 418, 588
Cowles, William S., 18 *n.*
Cowper, Lord, 150
Cram, Ralph Adams, 608, 619, 621 *n.*, 623 *n.*, 636, 367
Crane, Charles Richard, 587
Crane, Winthrop Murray, 578, 594
Crathes, 20
Crawford, Elizabeth (Berdan), 311
Crawford, Francis Marion, 227 *n.*, 311; death, 517
Crawford, Julia, 520 *n.*
Crawford, William Henry, 512
Crewe, Lord, *see* Hungerford
Crewe-Milnes, Annabella (Hungerford), 35 *n.*
Crewe-Milnes, Sir Robert Offley Ashburton, Lord Crewe, 35
Croisset, Francis de, 421 *n.*
Croker, Richard, 208
Cromagnon man, 574, 600

Cromer, Lord, *see* Baring
Cromwell, Oliver, 412
Crookes, Sir William, 568
Crowninshield, Benjamin William, 22
Crozier, William, 232
Cryder, Duncan, 602
Cryder, Elizabeth (Ogden), 602
Cuba, visited, 26, 36; charm, 38; coffee culture, 42; real issue, 95, 96, 99; Adams' report, 166, 191, 221; peace, 183, 184; plotting, 203, 206, 211; sugar, 371, 384 *n.*; mentioned, 83, 90, 100, 106, 118, 146, 210, 380, 386, 401
Cubat's, 105
Cullom, Shelby Moore, 373
Cunliffe, Eleanor Sophia Egerton (Leigh), death, 160, 161
Cunliffe, Foster Hugh Egerton, 458
Cunliffe, Sir Robert Alfred, 5, 78, 377; candidate, 9, 10, 13; first meeting, 254; death, 455 *n.*; letters to, 23, 49, 62, 71 *n.*, 90, 98, 130, 132, 161, 181, 204, 254, 287, 435
Cunningham, William, 512 *n.*
Curtis, Lisetta de Wolfe (Colt) Rotch, 239 *n.*, 625
Curtis, Ralph Wormeley, 239, 245, 500, 523
Curzon, George Nathaniel, 66, 75, 227 *n.*, 299, 432, 459
Curzon, Mary Victoria (Leiter), 66, 256, 342; visit, 73
Cushing, Edith H., 499 *n.*
Cyon, Elias von, 128
Cyril, Grand Duchess, 501
Czarskoe Selo, 348

Damascus, 158
Darwin, Charles, 163, 407
Dastre, Jules Frank Albert, 543
Davidson, Jane, 15 *n.*
Davidson, Mrs., 18
Davis, Cushman Kellogg, 209, 272
Davis, John, 18 *n.*
Davis, Matilda Elizabeth Frelinghuysen, 314
Davis, Sally (Frelinghuysen), 18 *n.*
Day, William Rufus, 187
Debs, Eugene Victor, 51, 52, 53
Deffand, Marie de Vichy-Chamrond, Marquise du, 479
De Koven, Henry Louis Reginald, 272
Delcassé, Théophile, 281
Delphi, 168, 170
Demange, Edgar, 239, 241
Democracy, 392 *n.*, 453 *n.*, 480, 503; dramatising, 342
Denmark, purchase of islands, 269, 319, 373
Depew, Chauncey Mitchell, 190, 253, 325, 363, 370
Depew, May (Palmer), 363 *n.*
Department of State, instructions, 127
Dering, Sir Henry Neville, 186
Déroulède, Paul, 141, 235
Desswood, 18
Devonshire, Duke of, *see* Cavendish
Dewey, George, 174 *n.*, 175, 178, 185, 220, 240; candidate, 244, 247, 283, 385; vanishes, 277
Dewey, Mildred (McLean/Hazen), 277 *n.*
DeWolfe, Elsie, 240, 311, 462, 500
Dexter, Franklin Gordon, 32
Diane de Poitiers, 85, 87
Diaz, José de la Cruz Porfirio, 192
Dietrich, A., 141 *n.*
Dingley, Nelson, 219, 223
Dino, Dorothée de Courlande, Duchesse de, 497
Diplomats, foolishness of, 258
Disarmament, principle of, 231
Disraeli, Benjamin, Earl of Beaconsfield, 555
Dobbitt, David ('Dordy'), 265, 293
Dodge, Theresa B., 311 *n.*
Dordy d'Ullivier d'Angoulême, 318
Doyle, Francis Hastings Charles, 2 *n.*
Doyle, Mary Annabelle, 2 *n.*
Doyle, Sidney Williams-Wynn, 2 *n.*
Draper, Ruth, 560, 613
Draper, Susan (Preston), 388
Draper, William Franklin, 388 *n.*
Drayton, Caroline Astor, 530 *n.*
Drexel, Elizabeth, 501
Dreyfus, Alfred, 137, 151, 249; reopening of case, 144, 227, 234, 235, 238; sentence, 239; release, 241
Drum, Scotland, 20
Drumont, Edouard Adolphe, 110, 112, 116 235
Duel, the, 450, 451 *n.*
Dufferin, Marquis of, *see* Blackwood
Dugdale, Alice Frances (Trevelyan), 15, 30, 138
Dugdale, William Stratford, 15
Dunn, George, 579 *n.*
Dunne, Peter Finley (Dooley), 254, 366
Dupuy de Lôme, Enrique, 192
Durand, Sir Henry Mortimer, 420, 431
Durfort, Hélie de, 159
Dwight, Winthrop Edwards, 141
Dyer, Lieutenant, 141
Dynamos, 315

Eagan, Charles P., 202, 215, 217
Eames, Emily, 529 *n.*
Eddy, Spencer, 148, 189 *n.*, 250, 325, 461

Edgar, Caroline Le Roy (Appleton), 139 *n.*
Education d'un Prince, 287
Education of Henry Adams, 472, 473, 476, 477, 485, 487, 524, 526, 542, 593, 594, 648; proposed publication, 635, 637, 639
Edward VII, 2 *n.*, 433; Prince of Wales, 109; King, 312; death, 539, 542
Egypt, visited, 148
Eisen, Charles Dominique Joseph, 520
Eisendecker, ——, 388
Elections, effect, 272
Electricity, Paris Exposition, 301
Eliot, Charles William, 473, 485, 635; Harvard degree, 7, 10; letters to, 7, 10
Elizabeth of Wittelsbach, 378 *n.*
Elkins, Stephen Benton, 197, 202, 219
Elliot, Gilbert John Murray Kynynmond, Earl of Minto, 276 *n.*
Elliot, Mary Caroline (Grey), 276
Emancipation of Massachusetts, 202
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 414, 508
Emmet, Alida (Chanler), 321 *n.*
Emmet, C. Temple, 321 *n.*
Emmons, Samuel Franklin, 322, 325, 418
Emmons, Sophie Dallas (Markoe), 418
Energy, as measure, 625
Engels, Friedrich, 248
England, elections, 9, 13, 71; influenza, 69; financial crisis, 140, 143; trade balance, 198; economy, 212; collapse, 256, 266, 296; insolvent, 300; mystery, 302; decay, 308, 309, 331, 383; colonial policy, 357; waste, 391; policy, 411; socialism, 539
English, travelling, 49; altruism, 97; influence, 270; gangrene, 314
Ephesus, 162
Esterhazy, Marie Charles Ferdinand-Walsin, 144 *n.*, 238, 240, 242
Etherington, Edwin, 421 *n.*
Etherington, Marie Susan Tempest, 421 *n.*
Eudel, Paul, 502 *n.*
Europe, 179, 306; American investments, 110; exchanges, 146, 198, 200, 221; decay, 173, 182, 194, 251, 328, 344, 358; rulers, 378
Eustis, Edith, 589, 595
Eustis, George Peabody, 139, 141, 142, 178 *n.*
Eustis, James Biddle, 139 *n.*
Eustis, Marie C., 139 *n.*, 141, 166
Eustis, William Corcoran, 313
Evans, Henry Clay, 383
Evarts, Hettie Sherman, 406
Evarts, Sherman, 526
Evarts, William Maxwell, 406 *n.*
Everett, Edward, 463, 472
Everett, William, 262, 372 *n.*, 408; death, 534
Exchange, foreign, 121
Exeter Hall, London, 102

Fabre, Jean Henri, 524
Fairbanks, Charles Warren, 337, 473, 533 *n.*
Fairchild, Blair, 499
Fairchild, Edith H. (Cushing), 499
Faraday, Michael, 508
Farnam, Henri, 487
Farquhar, Sir Arthur, 17
Farrars, ——, 2
Fava, Saverio, Baron, 330
Fay, father, 630
Feuardent, ——, 230
Fenoglio, Eugénie, 496 *n.*
Fish, Hamilton, 270
Fish, Hamilton, 148, 152, 158
Fitzgerald, ——, 234
Flameng, Léopold, 497
Fleas, 230
Flers, Robert Pellevé de la Motte-Ango, Marquis de, 521 *n.*
Fontainebleau, 81
Foraker, Joseph Benson, 337, 387, 510
Ford, Worthington Chauncey, 117 *n.*; letters to, 121, 124, 193, 197, 211, 221
Forster, William Edward, 102
Fortoiseaux, 234
Foster, DeWitt C., 60
Foster, John Watson, 209, 219, 223
France, 253; decline of, 111, 231, 235, 259; actualities, 112; literature, 116; society, 133, 243, 273; rentiers, 143; alliance with, 270, 297, 300; rich, 309, 412, 435; danger, 427; unclubable, 478; want, 502
France, Anatole, 133
Francesca da Rimini, 311 *n.*
Francis, Saint, 452
Francis Ferdinand, 378 *n.*
Free-trade, 48
Frelinghuysen, Lucy, 363, 421
Frelinghuysen, Sally, 18
Frelinghuysen, Theodore, 270
Frewen, Clare (Jerome), 138 *n.*
Frewen, Morton, 35 *n.*, 47, 73, 88, 138, 260, 268, 276, 493, 557, 558; stupidity, 262, 263; letters to, 252, 455, 613
Frick, Henry Clay, 232, 275, 331
Furst, Frederick V., vii
Furst, J. H., vii
Fyvie, Scotland, 21

Gage, Lyman Judson, 135, 219, 220, 222, 224, 300, 316, 331, 368, 370
Ganay, Madame de, 497, 498
Gandwara glaciation, 541
Garcia, Calixto, 192

Garden, Mary, 397 *n.*, 496, 500, 542

Gardner, Augustus Peabody, 7 *n.*, 381, 398, 493, 586, 588, 589

Gardner, Constance (Lodge), 7, 208, 342, 493, 588; marriage, 7

Gardner, Isabella (Stewart), 139, 532, 606

Garibaldi, Giuseppe, 228

Garrett, Alice (Warder), 512

Garrett, John Work, 512 *n.*

Garrison, Catherine McKim, 532

Gases, kinetic theory of, 136

Gaskell, Catherine, 92; on Lyall, 22 *n.*; *Old Shropshire Life*, 433

Gaskell, Charles Milnes, 2, 10, 226, 255; elections, 14; at Inveroykel, 22; privy councillor, 470

Gaskell, Constance Harriet Stuart (Knox), 425 *n.*

Gaskell, Evelyn Milnes, 283, 425, 436, 439 *n.*

Gaskell, James Milnes, 2 *n.*, 66

Gaskell, Mary, 255, 283, 519, 626, 641

Gaskell, Mary (Williams-Wynne), 2 *n.*

Gay, Matilda E. (Travers), 234 *n.*, 471, 480, 481, 496, 555

Gay, Walter, 234; donation, 234 *n.*, 555

Genoa, 446

Geology, 325, 400, 540

Germany, 126, 300, 361; future, 127; expansion, 129; struggle in, 136; coalition against America, 188; peace, 246; France and, 298; Panama, 307, 401; artistic sense, 335, 452; harmless, 401, policy, 441, 447; declaration of war, 626 *n.*; hostile feeling, 628, 630, 642

Gibbon, Edward, 490, 521

Gibbs, Josiah Willard, 510, 541

Giles, William Branch, 566

Gillette, Frederick Huntington, 338

Girgenti, 227

Giustiniani-Bandini, Isabella, 472 *n.*

Gladstone, William Ewart, 3, 103, 198; elections, 13; decline, 17, 19; Morley's life of, 411, 412

Glass, medieval, 85; Cairene, 153

Glenbucket, 14

Glen Muick, 17

Glen Tana, 13, 15

Glyn, Clayton, 480 *n.*

Glyn, Elinor (Sutherland), 480

Goelet, ——, 614

Gold, production, 82 *n.*, 197, 250, 262; fetish, 94; English crusade, 98; effect on prices, 212, 222; destination, 221; Nome Beach, 261

Gold-bugs, 52, 57 *n.*; legislation, 69; success, 84

Goodson, John A., 365 *n.*

Goodson, Mary Jane, 365

Goodwin, Maxine (Elliott), 311

Goodwin, Nat, 311

Goluchowski, Agenor, 144, 180

Gomez, Maximo, 210

Goncourt, *Journals*, 81, 105

Gondi, Jean François Paul de, Cardinal de Retz, 490

Gordon, Amy (Brooks), 16 *n.*

Gordon, Charles, Marquess of Huntly, 16 *n.*

Gordon, Lilias, 57 *n.*

Gordon Lodge, Aboyne, 13, 15

Gordy, John Pancoast, 304

Gorman, Arthur Pue, 196, 208, 213, 283, 387, 422

Goschen, George Joachim, 299

Gosse, Edmund William, 2, 646

Gothic, the, 80

Goujon, Jean, 81

Governments, discredited, 378

Gran Piedra, Cuba, 41

Granier, Jeanne, 287, 496

Grant, Ulysses Simpson, 575

Grant, Mrs. 242

Gray, Anna Lyman (Mason), 406 *n.*

Gray, Horace, 327, 374, 406

Gray, John Chipman, 406

Gray, William, 13

Greene, Francis Vinton, 210

Greenslet, Ferris, vi; letters to, 635, 637

Gregory, Elinor, vii

Gregory, Eliot, 240

Grésac, Frédérique Rosine de, 421 *n.*

Griffin, Walter T., 349

Griggs, John William, 326 *n.*

Griscom, Lloyd Carpenter, 207, 420, 426, 468

Greece, 164, 170; food, 167; rites, 167; landscape, 229

Groedel, ——, 449

Grymes, John Randolph, 60 *n.*

Grymes, Medora, 60 *n.*

Guadalajara, feast, 58

Guarenghi, ——, 348 *n.*

Guilbert, Yvette, 105

Guise, Duc de, murder, 86

Gwynn, Stephen, vi

Gurney, Ephraim Whitman, 455 *n.*

Guy, Frances Evelyn (Maynard), 138 *n.*

Guy, Francis Richard Charles, Earl of Warwick, 138 *n.*

Gyldenstölpe, August Louis Fersen, 347

Hading, Jane, 242

Hagner, Isabella L., 418

Hague, Arnold, 560

Hague, Mary Bruce Robins Howe, 560 *n.*

Hale, Chandler, 322, 338, 423; in Mexico, 58; Assistant Secretary, 529, 564, 601

Hale, Edward Everett, 419

Hale, Eugene, 58, 195, 196, 199 *n.*, 202, 211, 217, 224, 266, 322, 398 *n.*, 563; swallows leek, 207, 210, 216

Hale, Eugene, Jr., 117, 210, 217

Hale, Rachel (Cameron), 322 *n.*

Halle, Sir Charles, 4

Hamilton, Alexander, 565

Hamilton, Allan McLane, 565

Hankey, Thomson, 3

Hanna, Marcus Alonzo, Senator, 135, 142; Roosevelt and, 375; death, 422; mentioned, 106, 184, 191, 197, 201, 219, 267, 273, 337, 356, 379, 383, 385, 387

Hanotaux, Albert Auguste Gabriel, 144 *n.*; Richelieu, 116

Harcourt, Sir William George Granville Venables Vernon, 9 *n.*, 19, 33, 67, 69, 73, 263, 328, 378

Harlan, John Marshall, 575

Harmon, Judson, 93

Harmsworth, Alfred Charles William, Viscount Northcliffe, 525

Harriman, Edward Henry, 429 *n.*

Harris, Addison C., 322 *n.*

Harrison, Benjamin, Blaine and, 7, 9; nomination, 10, 12; defeat, 25; retires, 96

Harrison, Russell, 12

Harrison, Thomas S., 148 *n.*

Harrison, ——, 230

Harte, Bret, 620, 634; Heathen Chinee, 293; death, 391

Hartwell, Alfred Stedman, 37 *n.*, 261

Harvard University, 581; degree, 7, 10

Havana, Cuba, 27

Havemeyer, Mrs., 614

Hawaii, 280; annexation, 183

Hay, Adelbert Stone, 53, 107, 210, 217, 321, 364, 422, 455; death, 333 *n.*

Hay, Alice, 152, 418, 627 *n.*

Hay, Clara Stone, Egypt, 139, 152; strikes, 277; stolidity, 342, 499; sadness, 364; Calvert place, 396; *Letters of John Hay*, 474, 512; death, 626; shuddered at Buddha, 632; mentioned, 10, 205, 211, 219, 254, 273, 275, 312, 365, 445

Hay, Clarence, 397

Hay, Helen, 78, 103, 149, 152, 254, 272, 459; engagement, 364

Hay, John, *Life of Lincoln*, 8, 44, 453; on Western Reserve, 12 *n.*; in Spain, 34; Italy, 35; Yellowstone Park, 53, 56; Europe, 103; predicts McKinley's success, 106; annoyances, 106; mission, 118, 120; Egypt, 148; Senate and treaties, 183 *n.*, 253, 259, 262, 273, 284, 361, 393; Secretary of State, 187, 188 *n.*, 190; Lodge and, 196; cheering, 199; Reid and, 201; disgust and ennui, 203, 210, 277, 318, 435; health, 206, 273, 278, 315, 316, 318, 324, 327, 330, 364, 373, 422, 427, 449, 451, 454; suffers, 214; protects Miles, 215; to retire, 220, 236, 268, 275, 291, 319, 321, 380, 436; on Adams, 227 *n.*, 445; position, 253, 254, 383; Nicaragua Treaty, 265, 266, 306, 322, 328; Open Door, 281, 290; career, 284; on China, 292, 295 *n.*, 296, 299; success, 297, 301; deterioration, 312; on Henry James, 333 *n.*; McKinley's death, 350; on Roosevelt, 367; MacVeagh on, 368; problems, 371; Anglo-Japanese Treaty, 376; Boers, 383; a cynic, 384; Sargent's portrait, 398; senators and, 401, 474; effect of office, 403 *n.*; biography, 416; unsupported, 420; taken to Europe, 445; death, 455; killed by Senate, 456; memorial, 467; memoir, 473; *Letters*, 474, 478, 481, 512, 560; McKinley's cost, 480; on Martha Cameron, 512; *Life*, 620, 632, 634, 635; mentioned, 2, 29, 52, 94, 102, 117, 126, 138, 141, 158, 161, 186, 190, 195, 197, 205, 211, 216, 217, 223, 244, 256, 321, 360, 379, 382, 406, 418, 433, 619, 632

Hazen, Mildred (McLean), 277 *n.*

Hazen, William Babcock, 277 *n.*

Heard, William Wright, 384

Hearst, William Randolph, 426, 430, 464, 493, 510

Heathen Chinee, Harte's, 293

Hegelianism, 248

Hell, value of, 285

Helleu, Paul César, 230

Hemenway, Amy, 417 *n.*

Henderson, David Bremner, 280, 338

Hengenmüller von Hengervár, Ladislaus, 325, 330

Henry II, Clouet portrait, 460

Henry III, 527

Henry, Prince, 140, 367, 373, 375

Henry, Annette, 211

Henry, Frances Margaret (Lawrance), 18 *n.*

Henry, George William, Lord Vernon, 18 *n.*

Henry, Joseph, 238 *n.*, 239

Hepburn, William Peters, 482 *n.*

Herbert, Lelia Belle (Wilson), 241 *n.*

Herbert, Michael Herbert, 241 *n.*, 388, 395

Hermitage gallery, 346, 348

Herrick, Carolyn M. (Parmely), 593 *n.*

Herrick, Myron Timothy, 593

Herron, Helen, 523

Herschell, Farrer, 209, 219, 223, 226

Hervey, Augusta, 2, 4, 492

Hervieu, Paul, 459
Hewitt, Abram Stevens, 395
Hewitt, Maryon J. (Brugière), 498, 500
Hewitt, Peter Cooper, 498
Hewitt, Sarah (Work), 498
Hiero, of Syracuse, 170, 171
Higginson, Francis Lee, 276, 388 *n.*
Higginson, Henry Lee, 32, 92, 606
Higginson, Hetty Appleton (Sargent), 388 *n.*
Hill, David Bennett, 12, 51, 337, 387
Hill, David Jayne, 327, 330
Hill, James Jerome, 379, 429 *n.*, 549
Hill, Juliet Lewis (Packer), 389
Hitchcock, Ethan Allen, 199 *n.*, 201, 236 *n.*, 380, 383, 580
Hitt, Robert Roberts, 190, 317
Hoar, Christine (Rice), 530
Hoar, Ebenezer Rockwood, 575
Hoar, George Frisbie, 195, 234, 292, 363; anti-imperialism, 202, 208, 209; McKinley and, 217; for President, 262; mental condition, 275
Hoar, Rockwood, 530
Hofer, Andreas, 528
Hoffman, Elizabeth (Baylies), 18
Hoffman, Wickham, 18 *n.*
Holland, Sir Henry, 408
Holleben, Theodore, 325, 330, 371, 372, 373, 388; Cassini attacks, 381
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, Justice, 373, 388, 592, 638; merger case, 429
Holroyd, John Baker, Lord Sheffield, 521
Holt, Henry, 342
Homans, Abigail (Adams), vi, 141, 142, 403
Homburg, 109
Homer, Augusta Fredericka, 327
Hood, Ellen Touzalin (Nickerson), 530
Hood, Horace Lambert Alexander, 530
Hooper, Alice (Mason), 88
Hooper, Edward William, 31, 47, 89, 254, 271; at Aboyne, 15; Harvard finances, 50; on Chapmans, 275; illness, 278, 326; death, 333 *n.*
Hooper, Ellen Sturgis, 622 *n.*
Hooper, Fanny, 254, 326
Hooper, Louisa Chapin ('Looly'), 13, 18, 33 *n.*, 271, 274, 326, 463, 500, 612, 614
Hooper, Mabel, 150, 178, 311, 342
Hooper, Mary ('Polly'), 13, 18
Hooper, William Sturgis, 88
Hopkins, Amos Lawrence, 311 *n.*
Hopkins, Theresa B. (Dodge), 311 *n.*
Hoppin, Dorothy Woodville (Rockhill), 165 *n.*
Hoppin, Joseph Clark, 165 *n.*
Horn, Gertrude Franklin, 619
Hottinguer, 179, 181, 426
Houghton, Baron, 35 *n.*
Housatonic, 29
Howard, Esme William, 472, 505
Howard, George, 314
Howard, Harriet Elizabeth Georgiana, 102 *n*,
Howard, Isabella (Giustiniani-Bandini), 472. 492
Howe, Mary Bruce (Robins), 560 *n.*
Howland, George, 20, 234
Howland, Virginia (Stackpole), 20
Hoyt, Colegate, 217
Hoyt, Edie, 646
Hoyt, Elizabeth [Sherman], 558
Hubert, Henri, 574, 600
Humberts, the, 396
Hungary, 177
Hungerford, Annabella, 35 *n.*
Hungerford, John, Lord Crewe, 35 *n.*; family pictures, 434
Hunt, Joseph Howland, 240
Huntly, Marquess of, *see* Gordon
Huntly estate, 15
Hurstbrun, ——, 240
Hutton, Arthur Wollaston, 103 *n.*
Huyghens, Miss, 612
Huysmans, Joris Karl, 115
Hyde, James Hazen, 440

Ibrahim, 156, 157
Ice and water in geology, 401, 540, 599
Iddings, Joseph Paxon, 53
India, 101, 126, 137, 140, 146, 180; silver, 131; commission, 187
Inveroykel, 20
Ireland, bill, 26; question, 436
Irvine, F. H. F., 20
Isaacs, Rufus Daniel, Earl of Reading, 646, 649
Iselins, 557
Isengrim, 562
Isham, Julia, 526 *n.*
Isis, Temple of, 150 *n.*
Isolation, American, 104

James, Alice, death, 5
James, Henry, relic, 3; distress over Sargent, 4; Sacred Fount, 333 *n.*; William Story, 414, 416; portrait, 496; Bay Lodge, 522; memoirs, 622; death, 636, 638, 639; letters from, 644; mentioned, 4, 139, 399, 486, 490, 555, 556, 558, 620, 624; letters to, 413, 481, 495, 522, 588, 612
James, Henry, vi
James, William, 524, 539, 646; the *Education*, 485; *Letter to Teachers*, 543, 546; death, 555, 558; letters to, 485, 490, 543
Jameson, John Franklin, 542; letter to, 118

Japan, value of, 290; treaty with Great Britain, 376; Russia, 420, 431
Jaurès, Auguste Marie Joseph, 235, 241, 249, 447, 556
Jay, Peter Augustus, 619
Jeanne d'Arc, 87
Jefferson, Thomas, 101, 193, 307, 319, 322 *n.*, 373
Jerome, Clare, 138 *n.*
Jerome, Jennie, 138 *n.*
Jerome, Leonard, 138 *n.*
Jerome, St., 551, 552
Jew, Polish, 338; atmosphere, 620
Johnson, Joshua, 29
Johnson, Netty, 619
Johnson, Samuel, on louse, 191, 314
Johnston, John Humphreys, 312
Jonckbloet, Willem Josef Andries, 582
Jones, Beatrix, 311
Jones, Edith Newbold, 496 *n.*
Jones, Frederick, 311 *n.*
Jones, James Kimbrough, 196, 262
Jones, John Percival, 57 *n.*
Jones, Mary Cadwalader (Rawle), 311, 493, 558
Jowett, Benjamin, 94
Jusserand, Jean Adrien Antoine, 394, 431
Justinian, Emperor, 108

Kane, Elizabeth, 277
Kant, Immanuel, 452, 524
Kean, John, 460
Keep, Florence, 539, 586, 593, 594, 596, 619
Keep, Frederick, 560, 568
Kelvin, Lord, *see* William Thomson
Kennard, ——, 530
Kern, John Worth, 588
Keyser, Cassius Jackson, 488, 524
Kidd, Benjamin, 48
Kilkof, Prince, 346
King, Clarence, 12, 20, 34 *n.*, 89, 120, 254, 278, 312, 343, 356, 456, 619; survey and, 25; asylum, 34, 47; in Cuba, 36; geologizing, 40, 50; death, 363
King, J. P., 242 *n.*
King, Le Roy, 498, 500
King, Mary Livingstone, 242 *n.*
King, Pendleton, 292, 293
Kipling, Caroline (Balestier), 4 *n.*
Kipling, Rudyard, 22 *n.*, 24 *n.*, 91, 120, 223, 319, 556; marriage, 4; on ship, 5; Naulakha, 16; recent work, 226; on Kaiser, 629
Kiralfy's, Imre, 23
Kirkstall, 513
Kitchener, Horatio Herbert, 308, 358
Kitson, Gerald Charles, 382
Knox, Constance Harriet Stuart, 425 *n.*
Knox, Lillie (Smith), 520
Knox, Philander Chase, 374, 376, 520, 529, 534, 538, 553, 564, 575, 580, 590, 604; Attorney General, 326, 405; dinner, 368; trusts, 379; Secretary of State, 515, 531, 601, 610
Knox, Uchter John Mark, Earl of Ranfurly, 425 *n.*
Koster and Bial, 394
Kruger, Stephanus Johannes Paulus, 320
Kuhn, Charles, 347; death, 247
Kuhn, Louisa Catherine (Adams), 247 *n.*
Kuropatkin, Alexei Nikolaievich, 429, 431

Labor, unrest, 402
Labori, Fernand, 238, 240, 241
Lacaita, Charles Carmichael, 2 *n.*
Lacaita, James Philip, 2 *n.*
Lacaita, Mary Annabell (Doyle), 2 *n.*
La Farge, Bancel, 211, 277, 416
La Farge, Florence Bayard (Lockwood), 277
La Farge, John, 10, 47, 50, 52, 68, 89, 94, 120, 250, 311, 433, 493; windows, 26; South Sea notes, 139; and Stevenson, 139; glass, 153, 332; legion of honor, 311; extraordinary quality, 327; on Rock Creek figure, 407; death, 555; described, 558, 572; Cortissoz's *Memoir*, 567; universities, 571
La Farge, Mabel (Hooper), 416, 595, 632
La Follette, Robert Marion, 587
La Fontaine, Contes, 520
Lamont, Daniel Scott, 93
Lamoureux concert, 142
Lamsdorf, Vladimir Nikolaevich, 343, 376, 474
Lang, Andrew, 2
Langley, Samuel Pierpont, 11 *n.*, 263, 322, 325, 389, 396, 420, 649; bolometer, 327, 330
Langweil, Madame, 498
Lanier, Mrs. James, 500
Lansdowne, Marquess of, *see* Petty-Fitzmaurice
Larking, Arthur, 165 *n.*
Larking, Dorothy Woodville (Rockhill-Hoppin), 165 *n.*
Lascelles, Frances, 34 *n.*
Lasker, Eduard, 388 *n.*
Lassalle, Ferdinand, 248
Latin, difficulties, 198
Laurier, Sir Wilfrid, 399
La Vallière, Eve, 496 *n.*
Lavenden, Henri Léon Emile, 450 *n.*
Lawrance, F. C., 18 *n.*
Lawrance, Frances Margaret, 18 *n.*
Lawrence, Dr., 18
Lawrence, Mrs. Bigelow, 242
Lawrence, Libby, 422

Le Bargy, Charles Gustave Auguste, 242, 451 *n.*
Le Bon, Gustave, 509
Le Bréau, 481
Le Brethon, Jules, 406 *n.*
Lee, Father, 628
Lee, Fitzhugh, 219
Leghaits, ——, 483 *n.*
Lehr, Elizabeth (Drexel), 501
Lehr, Harry, 501
Leishman, John G. A., 520
Leishman, Julia (Crawford), 520
Leiter, Daisy, 315
Leiter, Joseph, 141
Leiter, Levi Zeigler, 66 *n.*, 315
Leiter, Mary Theresa (Carver), death, 611
Leiter, Mary Victoria, *see* Curzon
Leith, Alexander John Forbes, 21
Leopold II, 399 *n.*
Lépine, Louis Jean Baptiste, 525, 556
Le Roy, ——, 240
Leslie, Shane, vi
Letter to Teachers of History, 524, 525, 528, 531, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 546, 569
Leveson-Gower, George Granville, Duke of Sutherland, 102 *n.*
Leveson-Gower, Harriet Elizabeth Georgiana (Howard), 102
Leyds, William Johannes, 320
Liang-Cheng, Sir Chentung, 418 *n.*, 421, 423
Library of Congress, 188, 207, 211, 214, 218, 224
Lies and liars, 99, 375, 394
Li Hung Chang, 115
Lincoln, Abraham, 635; Hay's Life of, 8, 44, 453
Lincoln, Robert Todd, 2 *n.*; entertains, 23
Lindsay, Martha (Cameron), *see* Cameron
Lindsay, Sir Ronald, 504, 505, 514, 575, 641; engagement, 512; letters to, 605, 627 *n.*
Lloyd, ——, 197
Lloyd George, David, 525, 592, 623
Lobanov-Rostovski, Alexis Borisovich, 113
Loch, Henry Brougham, 149
Lockwood, Florence Bayard, 277
Lodge, Anna Cabot Mills (Davis), in London, 73; orders, 205; needs a saint, 305; timidity, 345; White House dinner, 381, 388; death, 636; mentioned, 71, 81, 84, 129, 208, 215, 260, 263, 268, 313, 329, 334, 338, 433, 445, 493, 504, 588; letters to, 305, 463, 466, 539, 543 *n.*, 550, 615
Lodge, Constance, *see* Gardner
Lodge, George Cabot ('Bay'), 72, 105, 127, 227, 326, 334, 371, 404, 421, 493; described, 78, 522; office, 313; marriage, 314, 326; *Herakles*, 522, 588; death, 523; poems and Life, 531, 543, 560, 566 *n.*, 588
Lodge, Henry Cabot, Harrison's defeat, 25; treasury needs, 34 *n.*; visits Europe, 71; bimetallism, 73; professor of history, 77; on Adams, 78; fussing, 95; Hay on, 196; Cameron, 204; Barrows, 218; re-elected, 220; position, 267, 272; opposes Hay, 268, 620; greed, 318, 331, 381; bored, 337; Roosevelt, 350 *n.*, 373, 503; riding a horse, 364; Alaska Commission, 398, 399; in *Education*, 474; on Democracy, 480 *n.*; shriveled, 530; scared, 534, 561; Taft, 536; extra session, 562; solitary, 577; forgetfulness, 578; desperation, 589, 590; avoided, 596; memoirs, 601; Heaven in prospect, 622; on Wilson, 630; mentioned, 7 *n.*, 30, 85, 92, 96, 195, 199, 202, 203, 216, 217, 227, 230, 240, 244, 260, 262, 263, 266, 271, 278, 313, 320, 334, 337, 345, 360, 387, 420 *n.*, 428, 454, 456 *n.*, 468, 530, 538, 554, 588, 594, 602, 618, 619
Lodge, John Ellerton, 72, 227, 335, 423, 474; described, 78
Lodge, Matilda Elizabeth Frelinghuysen (Davis), 314 *n.*, 334, 398, 421, 530, 531, 558, 580, 594, 596
Lodge, Sir Oliver, 490, 509
Loeb, Jacques, 524, 543
Loeb, William, Jr., 547, 548, 551, 561, 590; Loebster, 551
Loire, art, 84
London, 1, 72, 186, 278, 288
Long, John Davis, 218, 220, 224, 368, 374
Longworth, Alice Lee (Roosevelt), 588, 622
Longworth, Nicholas, 589
Lorillard, Mrs., 501
Lorimer, William, 563
Loring, Catherine, 5
Lot, Ferdinand, 584
Loubat, Joseph Florimond, Duc de, 454; prize in history, 43
Louis Philippe, 496
Low, Seth, 226, 232 *n.*; letter to, 43
Lowell, Guy, 141
Lowell, James Russell, *Letters*, 48
Lowndes, James, 11 *n.*, 415; death, 529
Lowndes, Laura (Tuckerman), 11 *n.*
Lucas, Margaret (Bright), 616 *n.*
Lucas, Samuel, 616 *n.*
Ludlow, William, 219
Luna, ——, 215
Luquiens, Frederick Bliss, 550 *n.*; letters to, 544, 561 *n.*, 562, 578, 591, 593 *n.*
Luynes et Chevreuse, Honoré Sosthène Marie Charles, Duc de, 483

Lyall, Sir Alfred Comyn, 75, 525; meeting with, 19, 22
Lyell, Sir Charles, 19, 407
Lysistrata, Réjane in, 104 *n.*, 169

McArthur, Arthur, 293
Macbeth's castle, 20
McCauley, Charles Laurie, 388
McCauley, Sally Frelinghuysen (Davis), 18, 529 *n.*
McCormick, Katharine Van Etta (Medill), 322, 523 *n.*
McCormick, Robert Sanderson, 322 *n.*, 338, 420
Maceo, Antonio, 203
Mach, Ernst, 488
McKim, Charles, 367 *n.*
McKinley, Ida (Saxton), inept behavior, 211
McKinley, William, 115, 134, 184 *n.*, 206, 234, 259, 266, 275, 300, 318, 553; money, 25; President, 96, 104, 106 *n.*, 109, 114; situation faced, 108, 120; worrying things, 129; Spain, 165; fixed intent, 176, 185; bad business man, 188 *n.*; fitness, 191, 196; politician, 195; blunders, 196, 214; love of patronage, 199, 207; Hoar and, 217; optimism, 218, 220; position, 224, 261, 272; cant, 244 *n.*; prospects, 247, 263, 316; Lodge and, 268; re-election, 277; second inauguration, 320; goes West, 330; assassination, 350, 354; weighed, 356, 360, 368; eulogy, 367; Boer War, 383
McLean, Emily (Beale), 244, 586; death, 603
McLean, John Roll, 201, 214, 219, 244, 283, 284, 577
McLean, Mildred, 277 *n.*
McLean, Washington, 277 *n.*
McMillan, James, 189, 190
McNutt, Francis Augustus, 520
MacVeagh, Emily (Eames), 529 *n.*
MacVeagh, Franklin, 529, 534, 553
MacVeagh, Isaac Wayne, 190, 197, 363, 370, 536, 611, 636; ambassador, 35; accepts McKinley, 106; doubt, 117; Dewey, 283; morality, 313; position, 323; serious, 325; elusive egotist, 363; Roosevelt and, 368, 386, 430, 580, 587, 592; animosities, 379, 382; St. Gaudens, 382, 406; on Hay, 385; dinners, 422
MacVeagh, Margaretta, 592, 596
MacVeagh, Virginia Rolette (Cameron), 325, 382, 523 *n.*
Magruder, George Allan, 240 *n.*
Magruder, Helen, 240 *n.*
Mahan, Alfred Thayer, 44, 232 *n.*
Maine, destruction of the, 150 *n.*, 152, 153, 174, 180
Mallarmé, Stéphane, 115
Malthus, Thomas Robert, 535
Manchuria, Russia in, 384
Manning, Henry Edward, Cardinal, 411; death, 2; life of, 103
Manru, 373
Mantes, church at, 545
Marau, printed memoirs, 35, 387 *n.*
Marbury, Elizabeth, 240, 311, 451, 461, 462, 471
Marie Antoinette, 113
Marivault, Château de, 614
Marivaux, Pierre Carlet de Chamblain de, 287 *n.*
Markoe, Sophie Dallas, 418
Marriage of Kitty, 421
Marsh, Othniel Charles, 322 *n.*, 328
Marshall, John, 313
Marx, Karl, 49, 246, 535; Bernstein and, 248; theory of history, 248
Mary Stuart, 86, 113
Mason, Alice, 88
Mason, Anna Lyman, 406
Mason, James Murray, 102
Massachusetts Historical Society, honorary membership, 486; the *Education*, 637
Mata-afa, 22
Mathers, the, 628
Mavroyeni Bey, 173
Maxwell, James Clerk, theory of gases, 136
Maya, 80
Maynard, Charles Henry, 138 *n.*
Maynard, Frances Evelyn, 138 *n.*
Medill, Elinor, 418
Medill, Joseph, 322 *n.*
Medill, Katharine Van Etta, 322 *n.*
Meiklejohn, George De Rue, 206, 216, 218
Melba, Nellie, 74
Méline, Felix Jules, 309
Mendonça, ——, 192
Merger case, 404, 429
Methuen, Paul Sanford, 385
Mexico, visited, 58; *fiesta*, 58; silver, 59, 63; Roman empire, 63; demonstration, 564; troubles, 623
Meyer, George von Lengerke, 381, 461, 505, 560, 580
Midas, banker, 53
Middle ages, 332
Miles, Mary Hoyt (Sherman), 51 *n.*, 219, 263, 320, 385
Miles, Nelson Appleton, 210, 219, 224, 263, 363, 586; railroad strikes, 51; Democratic leader, 197, 202; unconsulted, 206; no friend, 213; should resign, 215; charges, 216; Roosevelt and, 366, 382; retired, 380, 385

Miles, Sherman, 320, 586, 593
Mill, John Stuart, 55, 123, 198, 377
Millet, Francis Davis, 4, 596
Mills, Elizabeth, 418
Minto, *see* Elliot
Minuto, *espada*, 37
Mitchell, Helen Porter, 74
Mitchell, Langdon, 580, 594, 622
Mitchell, Mattie Elizabeth, 481
Mivart, St. George Jackson, 285
Moncheur, Baron, 399
Monis, Ernest, 564
Monod, Gabriel, 238
Monotheism, economy of, 163
Monroe Doctrine, 193, 308
Mont-Saint-Michel, 77, 79, 87, 498
Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres, 396, 403 *n.*, 422 *n.*, 542, 544, 546, 594; Baltimore fire, 423, 426, 429; finished, 444; opinion of author, 450; readers, 453, 458; publishing, 478; reprinted, 561, 563, 564, 574, 577; distribution, 580; published, 619, 621, 623, 624
Montaigne, Michel Eyquem, 477
Montesquiou-Fezensac, Robert, Comte de, 116
Monypenny, William Flavelle, 555 *n.*
Moody, William Henry, 402, 421, 428
Moran, Benjamin, 548
More, Jasper, 9 *n.*
Morgan, Alice, 381 *n.*
Morgan, Ann, 500
Morgan, Charles Waln, 347 *n.*
Morgan, Edwin Vernon, 399; 422, 593
Morgan, John Pierpont, 75, 93, 97, 111, 230 *n.*, 296, 324, 383, 404, 570 *n.*; attack on, 374, 375, 379, 405
Morgan, John Tyler, 202, 272, 322, 369, 397
Morgan, Margaret L., 500 *n.*
Morgan, May Tevis, 347
Morley, John, 378, 650; Gladstone, 411, 412
Morrill, Justin Smith, 195
Morse, Marian, 463 *n.*
Morton, Levi Parsons, 10, 34 *n.*, 313, 636; money-bag, 96
Morton, Paul, 456
Mosaics, Italian, 108, 228.
Moscow, 339
Motley, John Lothrop, 10, 127
Mount Airy, Md., 396
Mozart, Wolfgang Amadeus, 336
Multiplicity, 492
Munsey, Frank Andrew, 587
Muraviev, Michael Nikolaievich, 144, 281, 290, 293
Music, 12th century, 610, 612, 615, 617, 630
Mycenae, 166, 171
Naples, 229
Napoleon Bonaparte, 165
Neurasthenia, 572
Nevins, Allan, vi
New England and Normans, 80
New Zealander, Macaulay's, 162
Newel, Stanford, 232 *n.*
Nicaragua Canal, 193, 322, 380; Treaty, 265, 267, 269, 272, 281, 284, 306, 320, 328
Nicholas II, Tsar, 439
Nichols, Maria (Longworth), 389 *n.*
Nickerson, Ellen (Touzalin), 530
Nicolay, John George, 8, 44
Nieces, 205, 482
Nome Beach, gold, 261
Nordau, Max, 72, 141
Normans, 79, 80
Norrie, Adam Gordon, 500 *n.*
Norrie, Margaret L. (Morgan), 500 *n.*
Northcliffe, Viscount, *see* Harmsworth
Norton, Catherine McKim (Garrison), 532 *n.*
Norton, Charles Dyer, 532
Norton, Charles Eliot, 622
Nourse, Dorothy Quincy, 482 *n.*
Nunn, ——, 548
Nuth, Catherine, 29 *n.*

O'Beirne, Hugh J., 123, 295, 310, 390
Odell, Benjamin Barker, 337
Offenbach, Jacques, 254
Ohio politics, 244 *n.*
Olmsted, Frederick Law, Jr., 367 *n.*
Olney, Richard, 82, 92, 93, 166, 180, 203, 216, 261, 505; railroad strikes, 51; Venezuela, 91; British influence, 270
Oregon, call for, 220
Orrell, Jane Elizabeth, 15 *n.*
Oscar II, of Sweden, 355
Osler, Sir William, 328
Osmond, Charlotte Louise Eléonore Adelaide d', Comtesse de Boigne, 496, 497
Ostwald, Wilhelm, 543
Otis, Elwell Stephen, 210, 277

Packer, Juliet Lewis, 389 *n.*
Paderewski, Ignace Jan, 373
Paget, Henry Cyril, Marquess of Anglesey, 242 *n.*
Paget, Mary Livingstone (King-Wodehouse), 242 *n.*
Paine, Charles Jackson, 129 *n.*
Païva, Madame de, 81, 88
Palermo, 228
Palfrey, John Gorham, 10
Palgrave, Francis Turner, 66, 67, 623; death, 134
Palmer, Anne, 141

Palmer, May, 363
Palmer, Ralph, 226, 234, 650
Palmerston, *see* Temple
Panama, 415; Canal, 306, 369, 380, 393; tolls, 599, 602, 608
Paris, Alexis Paulin, 591
Paris, Bruno Paulin Gaston, 581, 591
Paris, 29 *n.*, 78, 81, 104 *n.*, 105, 109, 143, 146 *n.*, 182, 232, 235, 237, 259, 435, 495, 574, 626; revolutions, 114; exposition, 237, 243, 287, 296, 301; cost of living, 274
Parker, Alton Brooks, 431
Parkman, Francis, 10
Parmely, Carolyn M., 593 *n.*
Pascal, Blaise, wager, 295
Passerelle, la, 421
Pastor de la Torre, 41
Paton, ——, 155
Patten, Mary, 421
Patterson, Elinor (Medill), 400, 418, 422
Patterson, Robert Wilson, 418
Pauncefote, Sir Julian, 48, 165, 261, 271, 274, 320, 372, 377, 381
Pauncefote, Selina Maude, 329, 330, 370
Payne, Oliver Hazard, 402
Pearson, Charles Henry, 46, 49
Pelléas et Mélisande, 499
Pennell, ——, 404
Pennington, Harper, 311
Pennsylvania, politics, 82, 203, 244 *n.*, 323
Penrose, Boies, 594
Pepe, cook, 38, 39
Perkins, Isabel Weld, 1
Perkins, James Handasyd, 417 *n.*
Perkins, Louisa Catherine (Adams), 417 *n.*
Perkins, Thomas Nelson, 417 *n.*
Perry, Mrs., 481
Peterhof, Russia, 345
Petit, Georges, 498
Petrarch's sonnet, 62
Petty-Fitzmaurice, Henry Charles Keith, Marquess of Lansdowne, 279, 318, 320, 321, 322, 376, 395, 438
Phase, law of, 510, 515 *n.*
Philippines, 183, 208, 210, 211; taken, 195; war, 213, 215, 216; error of holding, 358, 359; investigation, 371
Phillips, Caroline Astor (Drayton), 530
Phillips, William, 520
Phillips, William Hallett, 27, 33 *n.*, 52, 117, 158, 166; in Yellowstone Park, 53
Pickering, Timothy, 566; John Adams, 7; Washington, 552
Picquart, Colonel, 145
Pierce, Helen Noyes (Jose), 342 *n.*
Pierce, Herbert Henry Davis, 342, 346, 400
Pinchot, Gifford, 529, 565
Piombo, Sebastiano del, 232
Piper, Alta L., 385
Platt, Orville Hitchcock, 69
Platt, Thomas Collier, 190, 191, 196, 197, 202, 208, 318, 337, 363
Plehve, Viatscheslaf Konstantinovich, 431
Pliny, a comparison, 83
Plunkett, Sir Francis Richard, 347
Plunkett, May Tevis (Morgan), 347 *n.*
Poincaré, Jules Henri, 488
Politics, 392 *n.*
Port Said, 155
Porter, Horace, 188 *n.*, 230, 313, 440
Porter, Robert Percival, 210
Portsmouth, N.H., treaty, 459, 461
Potter, Arthur Bayley, 526
Potter, Ellen Sturgis (Hooper), 622 *n.*
Potter, John Briggs, 622, 632
Potter, Thomas Bayley, 526 *n.*
Poulard, Mdme., 77, 498
Press, discipline of, 384
Prie, Jeanne Agnes Bertholet de Pléneuf, Marquise de, 479
Primrose, Archibald Philip, Earl of Rosebery, 19, 249 *n.*, 271
Prince, Morton, 590
Pritchett, Henry Smith, 261
Procter, John Robert, 261, 322
Protection in England, 412; in the United States, 548, 553, 554, 564
Publishers, 528
Pulitzer, Joseph, 513
Pullman, George Mortimer, 51, 53
Pumpelly, Raphael, letters to, 400, 515, 540
Pupin, Michael Idvorsky, 489, 538

Quadt-Wykradt Isny, Count A. von, 397
Quay, Matthew Stanley, 74, 82, 207, 318, 363, 394, 397; interest of, 97
Quesada, Gonzalo de, Cuba, 118 *n.*, 192, 203, 207, 214, 217, 218, 221
Quigg, Lemuel Ely, 190
Quincy, Dorothy, 430
Quincy, Henry Parker, 477
Quincy, Josiah, 52, 296
Quincy, Mary (Adams), 477, 482, 603

R, Prince of Wales's, 67
Raffaelli, Jean François, 521
Ramsden, F. William, 37, 43
Ravenna, 108, 113
Rawle, Mary Cadwalader, *see* Jones
Rayleigh, Lord, *see* Strutt
Rea, Charles, 508
Reading, Lord, *see* Isaacs
Reciprocity, 403

Reed, Thomas Brackett, 12 *n.*, 92, 199 *n.*, 219, 370; candidate, 96, 99
Reeve, Henry, 198
Regnault, Jeanne Julia (Bartet), 451 *n.*
Reid, Elizabeth (Mills), 418
Reid, Jean Templeton, 501 *n.*
Reid, Whitelaw, 188 *n.*, 190, 191, 192, 474, 501, 520; nomination, 10, 12; return, 196; voracity for plunder, 201; Secretary of State, 317; Hay's letters, 478, 480, 481; solitary, 508; Connaughts, 578
Réjane, Gabrielle, 226, 242, 287, 304, 421; *Lysistrata*, 104 *n.*, 169
Réju, Charlotte, 226 *n.*
Renan, Joseph Ernest, 413
Resignations, 236
Revolution, 114
Rhodes, Cecil John, 385
Rhodes, James Ford, 486, 487
Riaño, Juan, 382
Rice, Christine, 530
Rice, William E., 530
Richard, Cœur de Lion, song, 565 *n.*, 610, 615
Richardson, Henry Hobson, 240
Ritz, an evening at the, 500
Rivera, Ruis, 203
Roads, 408
Robe Rouge, 287
Roberts, Charles, 433
Roberts, Frederick Sleigh, 281, 308, 358
Robin, Albert Charles Edmond, 454
Robins, Mary Bruce, 560 *n.*
Robinson, Corinne (Roosevelt), 18
Robinson, Douglas, 18, 588, 589
Rochefort, Henri, 110, 112, 114; Aventures, 116
Rochefoucauld, François Alfred Gaston, Duc de, 481 *n.*
Rock Creek, 285, 317, 613
Rockefeller, John Davison, 467
Rockhill, Caroline (Adams), 165 *n.*, 167
Rockhill, Dorothy Woodville, 165 *n.*, 167
Rockhill, William Woodville, Mongolia, 68; Greece, 165; interests, 187; library of Congress, 207, 211, 214, 218; mentioned, 52, 158, 167, 171, 173, 175, 177, 190, 261, 264, 389, 403, 420, 523 *n.*; letters to, 68, 184, 187, 188 *n.*
Rodgers, Thomas Slidell, 117, 277
Rodin, Auguste, 78, 409; decadence, 87; Eve, 230, 232
Rogers, Samuel, 379
Roi, Le, 521
Roland Chanson de, 544, 561 *n.*, 565 *n.*, 579
Roman Empire, energy, 108
Rome, Church, 233
Romero, Matias, 192
Roofs, medieval, 483
Roosevelt, Alice Lee, 375, 422, 428
Roosevelt, Anna ('Bammy'), 18 *n.*, 208
Roosevelt, Corinne, 18 *n.*
Roosevelt, Edith Kermit (Carow), 208, 365, 372 *n.*, 422, 445, 468, 531, 587, 588, 589; in White House, 388, 419, 421
Roosevelt, Ethel, 587, 588
Roosevelt, Theodore, Blaine's resignation, 7; resignation, 172; presidential candidate, 197, 275; in Cuba, 207; Albany, 208; becomes a fact, 225; opposes treaty, 267; Vice President, 284; mountain lions, 319; shooting of McKinley, 350 *n.*, 354; policy, 358, 359; MacVeagh, 363, 383, 385, 430; Lodge, 364, 530; stories of, 364, 382; at dinner, 365; appointments, 366, 380; Miles, 366, 382; Kaiser, 370, 372; estimated, 370, 374, 376, 587; attacks Wall Street, 374, 379, 405; White House dinners, 381, 388, 428; Hay, 385; selfishness, 387, 432 *n.*; indiscreet talk, 394, 419; Sargent's portrait, 398; Canada, 399; diplomatic reception, 418; want of money, 420, 587; effect of office, 422; Hearst, 426, 430; Congress attacks, 428; Holmes, 429; bore, 433, 456 *n.*; elections, 440, 468; almost sane, 445; old, 448; confusion, 454; Morton and, 456; plays the King, 459, 461; a request, 464; conservative, 469; fatigue, 475; on democracy, 480 *n.*; storm of hatred, 482, 486, 534; end of term, 511, 514, 515; St. Gaudens monument, 513; Taft and, 520, 533 *n.*, 577, 578, 580; return, 536; wants, 543; protection, 548; position, 586; leadership, 587; candidate, 587, 599, 600, 602; conduct, 588, 589, 590, 605; speech, 589; destroys, 595; droll Napoleon, 603; finished, 627; mentioned, 18 *n.*, 29, 51, 54, 178 *n.*, 220, 244, 276, 320, 337, 360, 389, 390 *n.*, 398, 436, 471 *n.*, 477, 493, 526, 538, 539, 542, 554, 558, 560, 561, 570 *n.*, 575, 576, 622; letters to, 464, 491, 513
Roosevelt, Theodore, Jr., illness, 372
Root, Elihu, 292, 331, 364, 373, 379, 380, 383, 389, 419, 454, 461, 536, 561, 587, 588, 592; English mission, 197; Secretary of War, 236 *n.*; Secretary of State, 317, 319; Smith dinner, 368; position, 394, 456; Alaska, 399; annoyed, 565; Hay and, 620
Ropes, John Codman, 247
Roseberry, *see* Primrose
Ross, Robert, 295
Rostand, Edmond, 243, 298 *n.*, 409; *Chantecler*, 539, 542

Rotch, Lisetta de Wolfe (Colt), 239 *n.*
Rothenburg, 334
Rothschild, Alphonse, 145, 187
Rothschild, Nathan Meyer, 33
Rousseau, Jean Jacques, 490
Rozhestvenski, ——, 448, 451
Rubens, Horatio, 203, 210, 215, 217, 218, 221
Rudolph, of Austria, 378
Ruskin, John, 3, 468, 623
Russell, Sir Charles, 226
Russell, Charles, Baron Russell, 241
Russell, John, Earl Russell, 528; duplicity, 95
Russell, Jonathan, 512 *n.*, 565
Russia, 90, 113, 119, 129, 257, 269, 290, 315, 322; importance of, 70, 72, 213; disintegrator, 100; mystery, 126, 127, 282, 343; finance, 128, 425, 427; speculation, 144, 421; Persia, 276; isolation, 281; quarrel, 317; danger from, 324, 419; travel in, 339; architecture, 340; Manchuria, 384; madness of, 423, 424, 432; war with Japan, 431, 437, 439, 441, 459; peace, 462

Sacred Fount, James', 333 *n.*
St. Denis, 113
St. Gaudens, Augusta Fredericka (Homer), 327, 613
St. Gaudens, Augustus, 235, 367 *n.*, 382, 386, 433; 619; worldly knowledge, 138 *n.*; Sherman, 230, 232; melancholia, 233 *n.*; at Amiens, 245; inarticulate, 327; work, 406; on Rock Creek figure, 406, 513; Porcupinus medal, 441
St. Germain-en-Laye, pavilion, 130
St. John, Mrs., 17
St. Leu d'Esserent, church, 245, 614
St. Petersburg, 341; Winter Palace, 346
Saint-Saëns, Charles Camille, 612
St. Thomas, purchase, 183, 319, 373, 403
Sala, Maurice, 27, 36, 141
Salamlik, 172
Salisbury, Marquess of, *see* Cecil
Sally, 590
Salmon, Beretania, death, 57
Salmon, Moetie, 297 *n.*
Salmon, Tati, 23 *n.*, 24, 25, 387 *n.*, 445
Salons, Paris, 105, 496
Salzburg, 336
Samoa, treaty, 259, 265, 272
Sampson, William Thomas, 178 *n.*, 224, 375
Sands, Samuel S., 503
San Francisco earthquake, 469
Santayana, George, 646
Santiago de Cuba, 37
Sanz, Rafael, 40
Sarcey, Francisque, 141, 142
Sardou, Victorien, 243, 298
Sargent, Hetty Appleton, 388
Sargent, John Singer, 272, 486, 497, 522, 620; quarrel, 4; Wertheimer portrait, 137; in Egypt, 150 *n.*; Hay and Roosevelt, 398
Saxton, Ida, 211 *n.*
Saylor, Henry D., 366 *n.*
Scarlett, Helen (Magruder), 240 *n.*
Scarlett, William Frederick, Baron Abinger, 240 *n.*
Scheurer-Kestner, Auguste, 145
Schiff, Jacob Henry, 385
Schley, Winfield Scott, 174 *n.*, 175, 176, 178 *n.*, 180, 375
Schmidt, Hermann, 76
Schneider, ——, 238
Schopenhauer, Arthur, 524, 535
Schurman, Jacob Gould, 419
Schwab, Charles M., 331
Scott, Walter, 615
Scott, Winfield, 203
Secretary of State, 317
Selores, Mrs., 365
Sempill, William Forbes, Baron Sempill, 16
Senate, 302, 401, 503, 510; treaties, 183 *n.*; greed of, 201, 318, 323; eliminating, 236; abolition of, 266, 273; chaos, 272; cowards, 280; Panama, 307
Seward, William Henry, 270
Shafter, William Rufus, 193
Shaftesbury, Earl of, *see* Cooper
Shahan, Monsignore, 565 *n.*
Shakespeare, merit in, 249; early death, 527
Shaw, George Bernard, 518, 564
Shaw, Lemuel Mortier, 366 *n.*
Sheffield, Lord, *see* Holroyd
Sheridan, Helen Selina, 308 *n.*
Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, 308 *n.*
Sheridan, Thomas, 308 *n.*
Sherman, Charles, 51 *n.*
Sherman, John, 135 *n.*, 217, 298, 406, 508; intrigue, 196, 203
Sherman, Mary Hoyt, 51 *n.*
Sherman, William Tecumseh, St. Gaudens, 230, 232
Sichel and Bing, 233
Siegfried, ——, 84
Silence, 70, 382, 445, 552, 633
Silver question, 26, 51; defeat of silver, 57 *n.*; in England, 73, 131; investments, 110; commission, 128, 133; abandoned, 132 *n.*, 134 *n.*
Slidell, John, 102
Smalley, George Washburn, 94, 211; annoys Hay, 106, 267
Smith, Anna, 5 *n.*
Smith, Charles Emory, 368

Smith, Helen, 389 *n.*
Smith, Lillie, 520
Smyrna, 160
Socialism, 178, 197, 235, 248, 249, 518
Sofia, 174
Solidarity the law, 248
Sophocles, Evangelinus Apostolides, 647
Sorel, Albert, 305
South America, 251; Spain and, 192
Soutzo, ——, 166, 167, 168
Spain, Cuba, 118, 134; war with, 158, 163, 172, 175, 180; dynasty, 180, 184; peace, 183, 184, 195, 199 *n.*, 208, 209, 215, 223; collapse, 184; South America, 192
Speck von Sternberg, Hermann, 370, 381, 388, 394, 395, 397, 421, 423, 424, 431, 433, 468, 473, 493, 508; death, 505
Spires, twelfth-century, 243, 246, 260, 295
Spooner, John Coit, 385
Spring Rice, Cecil, despair of, 326; desire to return, 370; comments on, 447, 448; Carlyle, 528; illness, 618, 619; sonnets, 644; recall, 646; death, 648; mentioned, 34, 48, 51, 72, 138, 267, 316, 390, 473, 610, 618, 621, 643, 650; letters to, 122, 126, 128, 135, 258, 314, 329, 598, 603, 608, 644
Spring Rice, Frances (Lascelles), 34 *n.*
Stackpole, Joseph Lewis, 275
Stackpole, Virginia, 20
State-socialism in Hungary, 177
Statesmen, 463
Stepleton, 627
Stevens, Joe, 557
Stevenson, Adlai Ewing, 129
Stevenson, Robert Louis, 24 *n.*; Samoan story, 22; La Farge and, 139; *Letters*, 269, 271, 277
Stewart, Isabella, 139 *n.*
Stickney, Joseph Trumbull, 246 *n.*, 422
Stimson, Henry Lewis, 589
Stockholm, Sweden, 349
Stockton, Howard, 92
Stoddard, Charles Warren, 11 *n.*
Stoeckl, Edward de, 139
Stonehenge, 458
Storer, Bellamy, 383, 468, 538; resolution, 52
Storer, Maria Longworth/Nichols, 389, 468, 471
Storey, Moorfield, 552, 575 *n.*
Straus, Oscar Solomon, 520
Strutt, John William, Baron Rayleigh, 568
Stubbs, William, 332
Stuyvesant, Rutherford, 619
Suchier, Hermann, 579 *n.*, 592
Südfeld, Simon, 72 *n.*
Sumner, Alice (Mason) Sturgis, 88 *n.*
Sumner, Charles, 88 *n.*, 414
Sun, 12, 273
Surrenden Dering, 185, 391
Sutherland, Elinor, 480 *n.*
Sweden, emigrants, 352
Swinburne, Algernon Charles, 517, 638 *n.*, 646
Sybel, Heinrich von, 10
Symmachus, letters of, 303, 551
Szechenyis, Gladys (Vanderbilt), 148 *n.*

Taft, Helen (Herron), 523 *n.*
Taft, Ruth, 560
Taft, William Howard, Philippines, 389; character, 456, 502, 511; campaign, 504, 505; weakness, 523 *n.*, 534 *n.*, 535, 536, 578; Canada treaty, 560; Mexico, 564, 587; disaster, 573, 575, 577, 607; appearance, 577; renomination, 586, 594; a disappointment, 590, 593, 610; mentioned, 492, 493, 503, 514, 531, 538, 553, 569, 570 *n.*, 592, 604
Tahiti, 387 *n.*
Taine, Hippolyte Adolphe, 10, 501
Takahira, Kogoro, 442
Taormina, 229
Tariff, 591 *n.*, 600 *n.*
Taylor, Henry Osborn, vi; letters to, 331, 525, 581 *n.*, 623 *n.*, 639 *n.*
Taylor, Julia (Isham), 526, 581 *n.*
Taylor, Richard, 155
Taylor, Zachary, 364
Teller, Henry Moore, 51, 199 *n.*, 393
Tempest, Marie Susan, 421
Temple, Henry John, Viscount Palmerston, 413
Tennant, Margaret, 74 *n.*
Ternina, Milka, 271, 274, 280, 311, 312, 326
Terry, Margaret, 227
Terry, ——, 84, 87
Teton mountains, 55, 56
Teyte, Maggie, 500
Thayer, Elizabeth Hastings (Ware), vi
Thayer, William Roscoe, *Life of John Hay*, 620, 632, 635, 636, 638; letters to, 619, 633, 637
Thibaut IV, of Navarre, 612, 617
Thode, Henry, 452
Thomas Aquinas, Saint, *see* Aquinas
Thompson, Waddy, 566
Thomson, William, Lord Kelvin, 392, 407, 506, 509, 518, 519, 524, 528
Thomson, William Hanna, 507
Thoron, Ann Barker (Ward), 500 *n.*
Thoron, Elizabeth (Warder), 500 *n.*
Thoron, Ellen, 512
Thoron, Joseph, 500
Thoron, Louise Chapin (Hooper), vii, 500 *n.*

Thoron, Ward, vii, 500, 521, 530, 561
Thwing, Charles Franklin, letters to, 467, 647
Tillypronie, 13
Times, London, untruthful, 99
Tiryns, 171
Titanic, 585, 593; disaster, 594
Tocqueville, Alexis Charles Henri Maurice Clérel de, 377
Tollemache, Lionel Arthur, 94
Tone, Aileen, vii, 586, 608, 614, 628, 630, 650
Tourists, 79, 87, 157 *n.*, 160, 162, 440
Touzalin, Ellen, 530 *n.*
Tours, Cathedral, 85
Tower, Charlemagne, 178 *n.*, 180, 281, 342, 389
Tower, Helen (Smith), 389
Townsend, R. H., 313
Trades-unions, 184 *n.*, 191, 402, 406, 586
Transvaal, 99, 100
Travel and travellers, 336, 355
Travers, Matilda E., 234 *n.*
Tréfouret, Jeanne Alfrédine, 242 *n.*
Trevelyan, Alice Frances, 15
Trevelyan, George Macaulay, 650
Trevelyan, George Otto, 9 *n.*, 14, 15 *n.*, 130, 377, 650; snubbed, 19; books, 223, 424
Triangle, Browning on, 466
Tropics and dark races, 46
Trusts, 97, 123, 379
Tryon, Sir George, 150 *n.*
Tuckerman, Emily, 560
Tuckerman, Laura, 11 *n.*
Turkey, 90, 100, 103, 112
Turner, George, 399
Tyringham, 640
Tytus, Robert de Peyster, 640 *n.*

Umbria, 29
Unity, 507
Universities, 443, 571
Usurer, limitations, 100

Valois, art, 81, 84, 86
Vanderbilt, Alice (Gwynn), 148
Vanderbilt, Cornelius, 148 *n.*
Vanderbilt, George Washington, 623
Vanderbilt, Gladys, 148
Vanderbilt, William Kissam, 503
Van Hise, Charles Richard, 325
Van Loo, artists, 479 *n.*
Vanity of men, 386
Van Vorst, John, 240
Van Vorst, Mrs., 500
Velasquez, Diego Rodriguez de Silva y, Castle Howard, 288, 314
Venezuela, 393, 395, 397; Cleveland's message, 91
Verlaine, Paul, 116
Vernon, Lord, *see* Henry
Versailles, Petit Trianon, 113
Vest, George Graham, 202
Victoria, Jubilee, 129; death, 312
Vienna, 178 *n.*, 337
Vignaud, Henry, 313
Villalon, Colonel, 203
Villehardouin, Geoffroy de, 341
Viollet-le-Duc, Eugène Emmanuel, 113, 483
Virgin of Chartres, 387, 395, 631; poem, 317, 488
Vitré, 499
Voltaire, *see* Arouet de Voltaire

Wade, Maggie, 33 *n.*
Wadsworth, Alice (Hay), 627 *n.*
Wadsworth, Herbert, 430
Wadsworth, James Wolcott, Jr., 627; on Harrison, 12 *n.*
Wadsworth, Martha (Blow), 26 *n.*, 313, 430
Wadsworth, William Austin, 398
Wagner, Richard, 274, 334; life, 569
Walcott, Charles Doolittle, 325
Waldeck-Rousseau, Pierre Marie René, 242, 360
Wallace, Alfred Russel, 569
Walpole, Horace, 479
Walsh, Thomas James, 400
War, stimulates prosperity, 153 *n.*; economical, 164; department, 206, 210, 219; attitude towards, 255; world, 626, 641
Ward, Jean Templeton (Reid), 501 *n.*, 557, 558
Ward, John Hubert, 501 *n.*, 557
Ward, Mary Augusta (Arnold), 492
Ward, Medora (Grymes), 60 *n.*
Ward, Samuel, 60 *n.*
Ward, Samuel Gray, 475
Ward, Thomas Humphry, 492
Ward, William, Earl of Dudley, 501
Warder, Alice, 512
Warder, Elizabeth, 103 *n.*, 160
Warner, Molly, 485 *n.*
Warsaw, 338
Warwick, Earl of, *see* Guy
Washington, George, Pickering on, 552
Washington, aspect, 190, 253, 314, 318; 563; inauguration, 319; court, 330; morality, 400
Waugh, Isabel, 3 *n.*
Webster, Richard Everard, 241
Weeks, Raymond, 579, 581 *n.*; letters to, 581, 597

Wells, Herbert George, 532, 564; Tono Bungay, 542, 552
Wertheimer, Asher, 137
West, George Cornwallis, 138 *n.*
West, Jennie (Jerome) Churchill, 138 *n.*
Western Reserve University, degree, 12 *n.*
Weston, Maria, 275 *n.*
Wetmore, Edith, 272
Wharton, Edith (Newbold Jones), 471, 496, 519, 641; Bay Lodge, 522, 531
Wharton, Edward, 496 *n.*
Whistler, James Abbott McNeill, 273, 567
White, Andrew Dickson, 226, 232 *n.*
White, Emily (Vanderbilt Sloane), 17 *n.*
White, Henry, diplomacy, 17; at circus, 23; bimetallic commission, 128; embassy, 188 *n.* 383; episode, 523 *n.*; Pan-American Commission, 535; Bryan, 611; mention, 67, 330, 381, 420, 483, 499, 503, 504, 520, 525, 557, 558, 560, 568, 580, 589, 590, 596, 606, 619, 620, 640; letters to, 188, 474
White, Horace, 51
White, John, 557, 558, 560, 594
White, Margaret Stuyvesant (Rutherford), 17 *n.*, 141, 496, 504, 555, 619, 640; letters to, 565 *n.*, 601
White, Montague, 257, 266, 269, 320, 331
White, Richard Grant, 312 *n.*
White, Stanford, 312, 400, 460
Whitney, Helen (Hay), 364, 460
Whitney, Payne, 364, 460
Whitney, William Collins, 106, 283; Hill and, 12; death, 422
Wickersham, George Woodward, 534, 619
Willame, Chanson de, 579, 582, 591, 597
William II, 98, 140, 165, 246, 254, 296 *n.*, 301 *n.*, 302, 303, 370, 371, 451; policy, 372, 374, 433; wild talk, 394; Kipling on, 629
William IV, 568
Williams, George Fred, 262, 296
Williams-Wynn, Mary, 2 *n.*
Williams-Wynn, Sidney, 2 *n.*
Wilson, Francis, 154
Wilson, Huntington, 564, 586
Wilson, James Harrison, 219
Wilson, Woodrow, 588, 609, 648, 649; candidate, 599, 600, 604, 605; Lodge on, 630; success, 643
Wilson, ——, 16
Winstanley, William, 28 *n.*
Winthrop, Egerton Leigh, 337
Wister, Mary (Channing), 387 *n.*
Wister, Owen, 387, 389
Witte, Serge Julievich, 128, 253, 297, 309, 347, 362, 409, 432, 459; described, 343
Wodehouse, Henry, 242 *n.*
Wodehouse, Mary Livingstone (King), 242 *n.*
Wolcott, Edward Oliver, 12 *n.*, 57 *n.*, 129 *n.*, 133, 190, 284, 313, 317, 370; defeat, 135, 323, 393
Woman, American, 457, 464
Wood, Leonard, 216, 219, 389, 564; Cuba, 203; weighed, 206
Woolner, Isabel (Waugh), 3 *n.*
Woolner, Thomas, 3 *n.*; death, 24, 67
Worcester, Alfred, 603
Work, Sarah, 498 *n.*
Wrest Park, 481
Wright, Orville, 521
Wright, Wilbur, 509

Yale College, 545
Yarmouth, ——, 311
Yellowstone Park, 52
Young, Sir George, 514, 560
Young, John Russell, 207

Zola, Emile, 158, 181, 182, 241; Rome, 105, 115; Dreyfus, 145; sent to prison, 150; Paris, 179
Zorn, Anders, 349